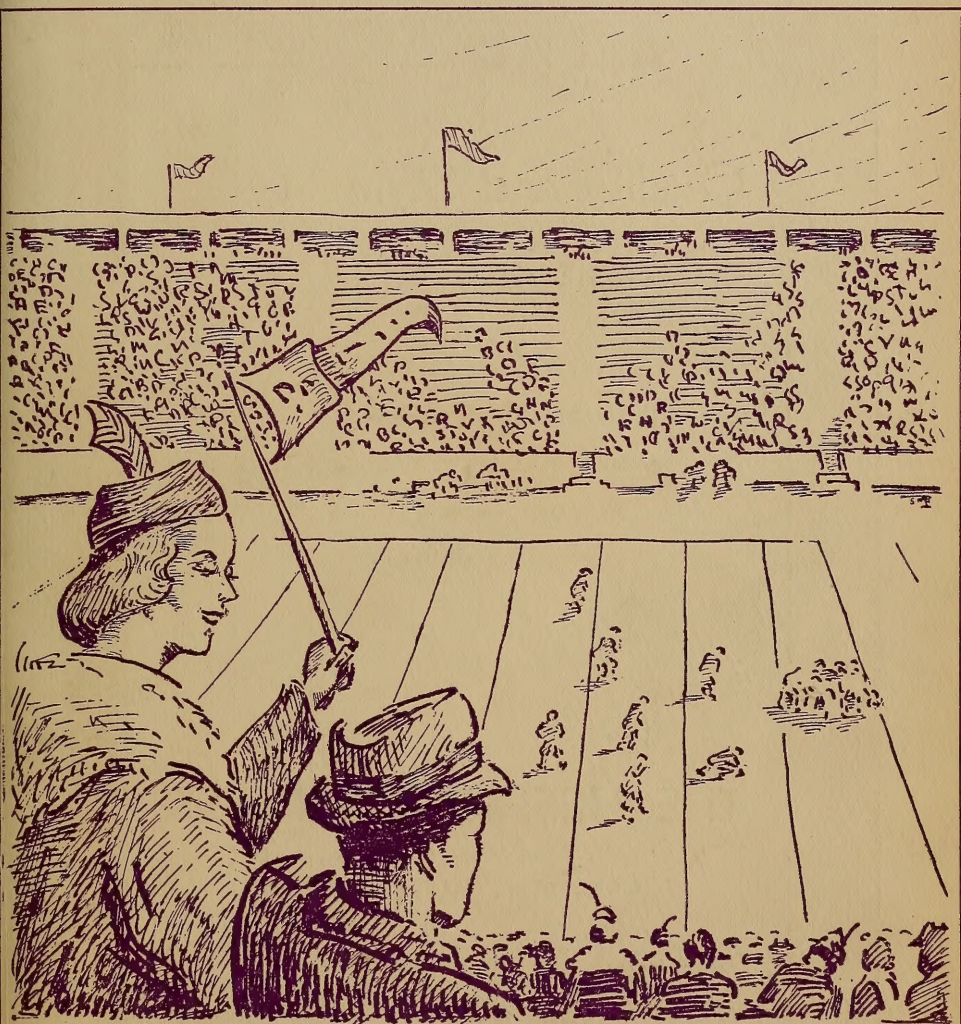


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NOVEMBER, 1938

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MARGARET RAND

Dean of Lasell Junior College

Graduate of Smith College, 1897

Teacher, Lasell Seminary, 1904-1919

Graduate Student, Columbia University, 1919-1921

Dean of Hiram College, Ohio, 1921-1929

Honorary Member of Phi Beta Kappa, Smith College Chapter

FOOTBALL SIDELIGHTS

Antediluvian Alumni

Too absorbed in Wall Street to notice how the jostling crowd elbowed him along toward the Stadium, Mr. Ante Diluvian, Class of '95, was obliged to stoop several times for his custom-made derby before reaching the box where a party of alumni had already settled, looking like the Supreme Court in session.

"Prospects of a wonderful game," spoke an eminent banker.

"Of course—of course," agreed Mr. Ante Diluvian with half interest. Perhaps it should be explained that Mr. Ante D.'s only interest was his son who, at this very moment, was a player on the field.

There was a roar from the stands as the football soared high after the kick-off. Mr. Ante D. wiped his glasses with deliberate movements; then rested with head cupped in palms.

Once again a ripple of excitement ran over the crowds. The announcer's voice was like a prophecy, rising in fervor, falling with expectancy. Then presto! Young America rose to its feet, gesticulating wildly, yelling, throwing up hats.

Mr. Ante D. selected several black cigars from his vest pocket, calmly offered them around. (They were accepted just as calmly.) With ponderous movements he struck a match, watched the tiny flame flicker a moment, then applied it. Stocks are going up, he thought. Several more points, and I can sell for my own

price. The hush that followed was like the decrescendo of a symphony orchestra after a mighty climax.

Mr. Ante Diluvian wondered about the change, started to inquire, then checked himself. "Fine game," he muttered dutifully to the financier, who was too lost in meditation to hear.

Dorothy Carneal

The Grandstand Quarterback

Taking all species into consideration,—plant, animal and mineral, it is easy to say that one of the lowest forms of animal life is what is known as the grandstand quarterback. He usually makes his appearance along about October on a Saturday afternoon in the vicinity of a gridiron. Equipped with blankets and banners and clad in rather frowsy looking sport clothes, he sallies forth, ready to do or die for the dear old alma mater.

Once there he shouts until he is hoarse, continually jumps up and down, and glares at anyone who dares to tell him, "Down in front." From his vantage point, he lends his superior knowledge to all the players on the field, and willingly directs every play. When a player does anything wrong, he either chastises him with a mild yell, or shouts, "Throw him out."

Now, I've really no dislike for this inferior being. But my point is this: he probably never ran farther than from his house to the station; probably never had his face pushed in the mud, or had someone's knees stuck in his stomach. He probably couldn't catch a ball if he had a basket.

However, it's not fair to condemn him utterly. He's probably a whiz at croquet.

Elmor Campbell

Do You Recognize Them?

Pennants, fur coats, exhilarated crowds, chrysanthemums, cheers, and blatant brass bands,—with the arrival of autumn the football season is in swing again. The season of keen enthusiasm, eagerness and excitement—



Invitation to the Game



Leaving Lasell for the Game

Various types of girls may be noticed in the crowds: The gum-chewing, uniform-worshipping, "ain't he cute?" type. With frantically pointed finger, "Hey, lookit that blonde guy second from the end. Gosh, he's cute! I hope he don't get hurt." Then there is the serious type, who knows the game from end to end, and has a brother on the team. She carefully appraises both teams, sums up their possibilities of winning, glances disdainfully at a collegiate girl who has just remarked, "Isn't Dick good-looking in his uniform?" To her the game is more than a mere display of masculine appeal; it is a battle requiring stamina, courage, and skill. There is the squealing, hat-jamming type who pounds thoughtlessly on her escort's arm. At times she asks painfully unintelligent

Trying to Learn

"Oh, Bill, look at the boys running around the field in those odd-looking creations. It must be a marathon. What did you say? Oh, that's the team. Well, why don't they get started? There's no sense in their wasting time just running around the field. Oh, look, everyone's running after that poor boy. I wonder what he's done! The kick-off? What's that? Oh, I see. And then when they get the ball away from him, everyone runs the other way. Bill, why is that boy running around with a victrola in his mouth? Well, how could I tell it was a megaphone from way up here! Oh, that poor boy lying on the field! I don't see what everyone is cheering for. I think the boys on your team are brutes, darling, knocking down a poor defenseless boy. And the way they piled up on him. Someone ought to stop it. Are you cold, Bill. Your face is purple. Well, I don't see what's bothering you. A touch-down? I can't believe it. No goal? Well, why didn't they let a good player kick the ball? Where are we going, Bill? I don't want to go home yet. The game is only half over. Oh, Bill——"

Frances Gay

questions; at other times she displays a green-horn's knowledge of the game.

Girls, which type are you?

Natalie Bodwell



At the Game

Hypocrisy

O-o-h, I knew this would happen. Rain, freezing cold, red nose, and all that goes with it . . . curses on the fellow who thought up football and hard benches. Oh, dear heaven . . . Pete really likes the stuff. Look at the fool waving his silly flag and . . .

"Yes, I adore football, Pete,—Harvard has, by far, the best team this year."

Harvard, Harvard, if I hear that word again, I'll scream. How these rah-rah college boys bore me to death. I might love Pete on a dance floor, but I hate him when there's water trickling down my neck off my best hat. How could I tactfully suggest . . . ?

"Oh, hurrah, hurrah—Pete, darling, they made a touch-down. Oh, I'm so excited . . ."

Excited, phooey—but it does mean a worthwhile evening if Pete wins his bets. Look at those stupid men stumbling through the mud after that silly ball . . . what will humans do next to make themselves uncomfortable? Oh, dear, Pete has that explaining look in his eyes—I suppose I'll have to look intelligent . . .

"Yes—yes? Really, Pete, how do you know so much?" Man, if you knew anything you'd take me home out of this wet. "Why, no, I love the rain." Yes, and I also love soaking feet, ruined clothes, screaming, steaming humanity, and football maniacs.

"Oh, I see—and that one takes the ball in front." Poor Pete, I know more about this game than you can ever tell me—if only the

end would come—now Dartmouth makes a touch-down and I'll have to register my sorrow.

"Oh, Pete—isn't that horrible?" It's wonderful—now we can go home, and I can move out of this pool I'm sitting in. Never again, I promise myself.

"Next week, Pete? Why that would be grand. I bet it rains again—wouldn't that be funny?"

Shirley Raymond

Gas in the Reserve Tank for Pennington

Squeaks, rattles, and gratings spluttered to a halt as a Model T., beaming under a fresh coat of violent red, drew up to the curb under the deft guiding of its owner and only permanent part—"Itch" Pennington.

His fair lady-love, taking the last curler out of her hair, was notified of her young gallant's presence by a horrible rasping "euga" which sharply broke the habitual quiet of Chestnut Avenue, the most reserved of Springville's three short residential streets. At the sound of the horn Margaret's features underwent an abrupt change. From smiling at her blond hair in the mirror, she assumed an expression of acute agony, and followed it up by marching grimly out to the impatient knight and his offensive steed. The swain, however, failed to grasp the tension in the air, and blandly greeted her with, "Climb in," adding, "I've got two gallons of gas."

Not getting any response either verbal or physical, he sensed there was something wrong somewhere, a cloud in the atmosphere, a loose nut in the carburetor, he thought.

"S'matter, Marg?" And on further observation he announced, "You look mad."

"Do you really expect me to go to the dance in that Thing?"

Obviously he didn't get it yet. "Oh, meet the 'Rolls Royce', Marg. Rolls, this is Marg. Does fifty down hill," he explained.

"Well, wind it up and go play steam-engine." She turned to go.

The light dawned at last with unpleasant



Talking It Over

force. "Wait a minute! You've got her all wrong. Roll's the best little car going. Come on Marg, you'll love her."

"I'd rather go on roller-skates."

The reply jarred him.

"Since when have you got so high-hat? You ought to be proud to ride in it. I bought it myself and fixed it up; and it's a darn good job. Not another like it."

"Thank heaven for that. I wouldn't go to the dance in that *tin box* for anybody!"

"That final?" he was suddenly cold.

"Final."

"Then listen to this; either you ride in this with me, or you say goodbye to Itch Pennington Third, Esq."

"That final?" she hesitated.

"Final."

"Then goodbye, Itch Pennington Third, Esq."

Not till after she had slammed the door did the full realization of what had happened come to him. Ten minutes ago he had been bound for the first spring dance at the Club with the "swellest" girl he knew. Now here he was completely "broken" with her forever. He'd been "going" with her for a month, much to the jealousy of the gang. They were waiting around like hungry wolves till Marg and he broke up. When they found it out, they'd date her up so fast he would be lost in the dust. Somehow he didn't like the idea of those gorgeous brown eyes and blond hair going out of his life and into the lives of "Dunk" Harrison, "Skids", and "Swank" Fills.

He still had the "Rolls Royce" though. He looked at it lovingly; this was one lady who wouldn't walk out on him, he thought.

All at once an idea struck him. Life wasn't so dark. There was gas in the reserve tank, he thought.

Fifteen minutes later found our gallant hero sitting disconsolately in his car talking to Skids Tompkin. But don't let him delude you. The gloomy look is merely a pose affected to deceive the unwary Skids. We find Pennington is not the fine young man we took him for. He is capable of great cunning, of guile,

of fraud! Let's hope no good will come of his duplicity. But it's only a half-hearted hope, for we really are on his side.

The conversation between our young criminal and his victim would seem to consist, to the ear unused to the vernacular of the mid-west high-school youth of the day, of nothing but "Yeah", "O.K.", "Sure", "Tough luck". But beneath the rough coating Pennington the Third spoke with the genius of a diplomat.

The end of the dialogue was that gullible Skids fell unsuspectingly into the unscrupulous conspirator's artifice. As a result of the hints dropped him, Mr. Tompkin received the pleasant impressions that Marg and Itch had "broken up", that Marg was without a date to the dance, that he himself was in the same regrettable position, and that Itch's new "Tin Lizzie" was ready for hire provided he swore to say it was his own. He was also carefully informed that "Lizzies went over big with the girls, as all the college fellows had 'em."

Never did Skids' trusting heart question the sudden smiling of fortune. His was to act. In ten minutes he had made the date with Marg and awaited happily outside her door—plus car.

Mr. Tompkins found her first words puzzling,

"So it's a game," she remarked dryly.

"What's a game?"

Receiving no answer, he changed the subject, "How d'ya like my car?" he grinned.

"Your car?" she asked in surprise; then said dryly, "It must be an epidemic."

"Sure it's my car. Anyone that *is* anyone has one," he boasted; "all the college fellows 'specially. Like it?"

"They do?" Marg answered slowly. "Why, they are sort o' cute, aren't they?"

"Sure. Come on in and let's go to the dance. We're late."

"The dance! Oh golly, I, I can't, Skids. Gee, I'm awfully sorry. But oh, I've been awfully stupid; I can't explain—"

"But Marg—"

(Continued on Page 10)

SPORTS

*Elcanor Pierce*

Late in September Miss Mac and other instructors in gym lost no time in beginning hockey and soccer practice. Every afternoon the athletic field was a scene of much activity both on the part of the students and of the undying efforts of our able instructors. Before long we noticed the bulwark of our various teams. Priscilla Sleeper, Louisa Clark, Nancy Brown, Louise Johnson, Norma Jacobus, and others were distinguishing themselves in either soccer or hockey. Practice continued until late in October, when the teams were finally and wisely chosen.

Our first hockey game of the season was played between the mixed and the seniors. Both teams fought with zest and enthusiasm, the score finally remaining at 1-1. For the seniors we had,—L. Clark, C; Forsyth, LW; Johnson, LI; Jacobus, RI; Raymond, RW; Michael, LH; Marr, CH; Allen, RH; Edie, LH; DeWitt, RF; Prue, Goal; and subs, Smith, Woodruff, Thomas. This team, although they did little in scoring, kept the score at a tie and were pleased with that.

In the mixed lineup we had,—Ramsdell, LW; Magan, LI; Kelsey, C; Prouty, RI; Lindth, RW; Caldwell, CH; Shanley, RH; E. Gorton, LF; N. Gorton, RF; Black, Goal, and subs Keenan and Weedan. This team made a fine showing and really kept the seniors in suspense until the end.

On November 1, a battle was fought between Junior I and Junior II, the score 7-0 in favor of Junior I. Sleeper, RL; Huges, LW; Spaulding, LI; Bailey, C; Wilband, RW; Somerville, LH; Beakes, CH; Bonnie, RH; Fur-

bush, LH; Matthews, RF; Doyle, Goal, and Craig substitute for Somerville in LH. This team showed great coöperation, and the team worked well as a unit. Their passes, the teamwork of the whole group, has put them at a decided advantage. For Junior II we had Bramhall, LI; Blackburn, LW; Ross, C; Crosby, RI; Brown, RW; Corboy, LH; Richardson, CH; Cook, RH; Rose, LF; Sullivan, RF; Woodard, Goal and Grace, Freeman, Richer, Rendall, and Annis, subs.

The seniors met the Junior II on November 7. Here the seniors ruled wisely, for the result was 3-0 in favor of the seniors. In the line-up we had,—Clark, C; Forsyth, LW; Johnson, LI; Jacobus, RI; Raymond, RW; Michael, LH; Marr, CH; Allen, RH; Edie, LH; DeWitt, RF; Prue, Goal, and subs, Smith and Thomas. This team had improved greatly in teamwork and did a great piece of work. We thank Jacobus, Clark, and Johnson especially for their fine showing in the forward line.

The Junior II had the following line-up. Bramhall, LI; Blackburn, LW; Ross, C; Crosby, RI; Brown, RW; Corboy, LH; Richardson, CH; Cook, RH; Rose, LF; Sullivan, RF; Woodard, Goal, and Grace, Freeman, Richer, Rendall, Burns, and Annis, subs. Although they lost the game, they worked hard and gave a fine showing.

November 8 found the Junior I fighting the mixed. The score, 2-0, in favor of Junior I. A record of soccer games and the results of fall sports will appear in the next issue of the LEAVES.

Meredith Prue

Exuberance

The fifth grade wriggled in their seats, collectively, and singly, with eyes riveted on the slowly moving clock. Their freshly polished faces bore expressions of mystery, and a few traces of scrubbing. The little boys' ears still held a ruddy glow, while their once mud-encrusted shoes showed real labor in their mirror-like appearance. Each little head contained the same thought. "It's the last day of school, and we'll be the first class to be promoted." The principal entered, and the children squirmed through the crowded doorways into new rooms. Sally Jones pulled off two buttons while vainly trying to see her best friend, Betty Smith, in the new room, and Teddy Black almost broke a leg jumping over desks in an attempt to get a seat with the gang. In a moment children seemed to fly from the building with roller skates, jump ropes, and bicycles. Some were propelled to waiting cars by anxious mothers who shouted distractedly upon the inquiry of acquaintances, "Yes, we're leaving for the beach now," and sped away amid children, pets, and suitcases. The remainder of the crowd huddled together in little groups unconsciously shouting to people at close range, while two little boys craved one last yank at two pairs of pigtails as the crowd dispersed.

Vyriling Rawson

Are These Your Thoughts?

"This dance is turning out pretty well . . . Jack is a smooth dancer . . . Hope I can follow him . . . Oh, there's Sue . . . in Carolyn's dress . . . Looks better on Sue . . . Jacquelin is certainly acting silly . . . Anything to make an impression . . . So that's Pat's man . . . Well, I've seen better in my day . . . Harvard is here in full force tonight . . . There's Joe and Phil . . . They're two smooth numbers . . . The music's not bad . . . Trying to copy Hal Kemp . . . Why is Betty staring at me? Is my dress torn? . . . Guess she's jealous . . . she certainly is with a silly looking lad . . . Why did Peg have to get a yellow pique like mine?

. . . Why . . . There's Mike! . . . With Janice tonight . . . Seems like Michael and I will have a "beautiful friendship" from now on . . . However, this Jack is very nice . . . Perfect car . . . with a radio . . . Wonder if we'll go somewhere after? . . . I'm hungry . . . Ah, intermission . . . My feet hurt . . . Does Kitty have to act like that? The boy looks disgusted . . . A chair at last . . . Where's Jinny? . . . I have things to tell her. . . ."

Marjorie Wells

A Memory

A small canoe upon a lake,
An azure, cloudless sky;
A sleepy heron, half awake,
And brown ducks paddling by.
Such things as these can help to make
Memories of days gone by.
Such simple things bring in their wake
A tear, a smile, a sigh.

Betsy Bassett

Gas in the Reserve Tank For Pennington

(Continued from Page 8)

She had run into the house.

Amazement flooded his countenance. These women, he couldn't understand them.

Driving home he became aware of—yes—there was Itch running after him and yelling at him to stop.

"I say Tompkin, just got an important telephone call, very important call,—I gotta have the old buggy."

Bewildered Skids found himself alone on the sidewalk pondering on the peculiarities of human nature.

* * *

"Gee, Itch, will it really go fifty down hill?"

"Sure thing, Marg. It's a pip." Then the mischief in him asked, "How on earth did you happen to change your mind about the car, or about me?"

She answered softly, "About both. I think they're both pips."

Pennington smiled to himself. "So do I," he thought.

Constance Ackerman

It Was Not the Way

Lissa Trava settled back in her fur collar to think,—to think about that glorious freedom which was to be hers forever. The autumn fields seemed to whisk by in alternating shades of auburn and brown. Auburn she thought, auburn color like Brooks' hair. But then she hadn't seen Brooks for almost eleven years, and maybe his hair wasn't auburn now. Still, things don't change very easily. All sorts of thoughts seemed to blend into her mind as she sat there in the train in the early part of the afternoon. Funny how thoughts come and go and lead on to one and then another. Before you know it you seem to have covered a multitude of years and thousands of experiences. Reflections would weave in, mingle for a moment and then give rise to something else.

For a few moments she seemed to see herself as her audience had seen her last night. It was her last concert. They had seen only an exotically beautiful woman from whose fingers amber liquid music seemed to flow with turbulent magnificence; music to satisfy their eager souls. They had not known that she was playing her freedom song. They had not known she was freeing an empty ache, a yearning of years for fields of deep, red-scented clover; for the whistle of woods and hills; the leaning flames of sumac; the strange incense of cherry bark; the auburn hair of Brooks. They had not known it in the music. Not even Andrew knew. Dear Andrew. Andrew who had snatched the corn-flower-colored hair girl in the blue pinafore with the dirt-stained, delicate fingers, and dressed her in blue velvet, setting her hands and her music before an adoring world. Dear Andrew. Andrew who had fussed and stormed and stomped around in her room last night mumbling that she'd have to come back, while she had just smiled the secret smile and said nothing. How tightly she hugged all this to her heart. Her art was to be no more. She pulled her collar more closely to her face as if to shield the secret, and moved nearer to the window. Remember Lissa, she reflected, remember—? Echoes of old fra-

grances; leaves of dreams whirling; blue haze of the past.

Meanwhile the train had begun to move more slowly. Then the outdoors became suddenly stationary before her eyes. She felt herself trembling at the sight of the familiar old station. Having stepped down onto the platform she paused a moment, and a picture of eleven long years ago arose to cloud her eyes with its smoke. Smiling faces of friends; the tear-stained one of dear Aunt Bess; sweet, lush scent of country flowers; Brooks' auburn hair and shining teeth; the sunshine, the cheer, the pleasure. The echo,—The echo: It resounded in her ears and eyes. Today there was no one there; no one to welcome Lissa Trava back home. She suddenly felt grateful to them for their sweet ignorance.

She told the funny little man with the ancient machine to put her bag in front. After giving him the address she remained strangely silent and coldly rebuffed his attempts to make conversation. The amazed man resigned to his fate chewed thoughtfully on his tobacco wondering why this city girl wanted to go out to that old place since Bess Travers had died nigh on seven years ago. Anyway, this would be something to tell Martha when he got home tonight. Lissa in the back seat watched the autumn village pass before her eyes and then wander slowly to the background. The road became more and more uneven as they traveled on. Lissa searched the empty corners of her mind to remember names; faces; this last rail-fence; that old orchard left alone. The driver dragged the car to a chugging stop and turning around smiled. Lissa made no response. The old man nodded and in a rather bewildered state he pulled down the bags and placed them together before the gate. Lissa paid him and waited for the sound of the engine to die away before entering the grounds of her house. Pangs of remorse came to her as she looked at the house from the gate. Why hadn't she sent a caretaker here after Aunt Bess died, she questioned herself. The aged shingles of the house were dried and warped.

The left wing looked as if the wind had blown too lustily around it on many a winter night. Webs of dust were spread on each pane of the long low windows. Her eyes wandered up and down and over the house and suddenly rested on one window in the right-wing. "My room," she whispered. "My room with the apple-green curtains. My room where the sun woke me every morning. My window where I used to watch Brooks on an early Spring morning riding the chestnut-colored horse in the open fields. Brooks riding like the son of the north wind, sweeping and dipping into tall grass and sun flowers—galloping across short cropped grass. And then bounding up to my window breathing hard and with flushed face to throw pebbles up on my window. All the while I pretended I was Sleeping Beauty and Brooks was the Prince Charming come to wake me." She smiled inwardly.

But now the window was dirty and discolored. She opened the gate and slowly walked through the deep, coarse grass to the right side of the house. The window, broad and deep, was a picture of sadness. "I can't believe that was my window," she whispered again. "Why, the ivy is creeping across it to keep out the sun. The spiders are winding their webs from pane to pane. The once soft grass is now like witch's hair. The weeds have choked out my flowers, Aunt Bess's flowers, the earth's flowers."

She turned around to look at the orchard. This cannot have changed, she prayed. As she looked, the words which had come to her in the car arose before her mind now. An old orchard left alone. Rugged, haggard trees stood like old soldiers in rows. Gnarled and bent they looked as if they had been striving to reach upward but some consuming force had pulled them downward. Some of the trunks of trees were hidden by weedy grass. No bitter-sweet smell of cherry bark edging the air; no spice of mint; no wild grape vines spreading and reaching ripe and mature and sweet. Lissa took off her hat to let the wind ruffle her hair. "At least you have not

changed," she murmured. "And the fields, Lissa," her heart breathed, "are they too changed? There is no boy sweeping the field, his horse's mane proud on the neck that needed no rein to keep it arched. There is no waving corn nor ripe vines. There are only the wistful colors of today,—only grey-dried grass. Only clumps of rocks. Only dirt and tall weeds. It is a cow pasture, now Lissa. There is no beauty. There is no Brooks."

A squirrel frisked down a tree. The wind blew dreamily. The grass waved a response. Lissa began to run,—to run through the tall grass, the dried vines, the ragged trees to the old white house beyond the field. She stopped short when a dirty wizened man came out the back door with a milk pan in his hand. He looked up with a surprised expression in his eyes when he saw this beautiful woman whose eyes seemed to be burning. Lissa stepped forward. "Brooks Georgian? Does he live here now?"

The old man raised his eyes towards the sun and watched a bird on a southward flight. A few leaves whirled around him—

"Brooks Georgian—been dead—for five years." He turned and left her standing there. A pheasant flew across her path and vanished into a glowing bush. Words and music came tumbling, whirling and twirling into her mind—*"In this whirling world where is the love that we cherish? Where is the quiet gone?"* She sank down on the nearby stairs feeling empty and hollow. She knew now that during her years of trying to satisfy her heart's hunger for fame she had cast away the one thing her whole soul had desired. Numbed and cold she got up and followed the way back to the home and in utter anguish she watched the sun set behind the old brown house. How long she stood there in her misery she did not know. The sun had gone down and she felt the chill of evening on her skin. The sun is set; my home is hushed; the cord was severed when I left years ago. I should have realized. With slow, halting steps she left the house and locked the gate. Without looking back she picked up

her bags and started down the old road which lay musing in the evening dusk.

When she arrived at the station it was already night. She was fortunate the station master told her, for the train back to the city was due any minute now. In the other room she tried to straighten her hair and applied her vivid lipstick carefully. Red badge of courage she thought.

Into the night she rode in the train, into the night and into the black and white city. People who saw Lissa Trava in the station that night turned to whisper amongst themselves that Lissa Trava was beautiful. How white she looked tonight, but so very beautiful.

When Lissa's taxi drew up before her apartment that night the Elizabeth Travers that the world had never known was gone. No one, she vowed, no one would ever know this. Lissa Trava would go on being the way the world desired her to be. Inside soft glowing lights made a blur on the window. Upstairs a maid came to draw a curtain a little lower. The street lights shone on the empty street. High above the stars shone. Lissa Trava mounted the stairway and rang the doorbell.

Several months later standing by the window fairly hidden by the folds of the heavy velvet Lissa Trava watched the city move and breathe in the clasp of night. She did not hear the music nor the voices of the gay merry-makers in the adjoining room. She just watched with empty aching eyes nothingness fade into nothingness. Near the curtain hiding her so safely from view a young man's voice arose to shatter her reverie. "Lissa Trava's comeback certainly was successful," it said.

"Lissa Trava?" responded a thoughtful voice, "I wonder where she came from. Do you remember earlier this evening when she played that piece—the one—I think it was the one—she played at her farewell concert. She just sat there as if she were the only one in the room—she and the music. Strange there has never been a man in her life." His voice trailed off in thought. And together they wandered back to the noisy crowd to think of other things.

Lissa leaned her hot, tear-covered face against the cool pane of the window and watched the stars gleam in the darkness.

*"Where is the love that we cherished—
where has the quiet gone—"*

Eldora Kirton

Skiing

When I am on a pair of skis
And standing on a hill,
I get all wobbly in the knees,
Afraid I'll take a spill.

The skis are set, the poles are back,—
I'm filled with expectation;
My friends have gathered all around
In great anticipation.

Alas, the skis begin to slide,—
Where is my perfect form?
Where is the balance I assumed
When I began this poem?

Jean Burns

HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES

(True experiences of three Lasell girls.)

Imprisoned Among Chickens

Were you ever pursued by an intoxicated cow? Perhaps you do not know that apples lure the steers and bossies into a frolicsome drunkenness. Neither did I know at the age of five when I set out to view a farm. As I gamboled about in the tall grass seeking various members of the barnyard family known to me as chick-chicks, gobble-gobbles, and moo-cows, I spied one of the latter gaily munching apples from a nearby tree. I walked confidently toward one of our gentlest animals sure that she would not peck my finger, as the hen had done when I tried to pat her. Thus I was somewhat unprepared for the galloping beast which came toward me like a runaway colt, mooing sonorously. To me, this was a fierce unknown monster plunging toward me. With a frightened wail I hastily scanned my surroundings. This bird's eye view did not prove very fruitful. My only haven was a henhouse, for which I set out amid terrified sobs. The more exhausted I became, the more lively the cow. It seemed to me that any moment her heaving

bulk would reduce my straining body to mere pulp as I strove to gain shelter from my fierce assailant. Although the distance which I had to cover was not more than twenty-five feet, it seemed miles as my feet dragged and my mouth grew dry. I was no longer able to make even a faint sound as I pushed open the door and retreated within the henhouse. Even when I had satisfied myself that Bess had no intention of entering my stronghold, I could not breathe normally. For I discovered that these irate chickens were not the sweet little balls of yellow fluff which I had seen in the store windows at Easter. These birds clucked their disapproval and flapped their wings viciously. In vain I shouted my already parched throat hoarse until in utter despair I sank down upon the dirt floor resigned to my plight. There I was discovered an hour later, a dirty, tear-stained little girl, by a distracted mother. I swore eternal hatred to cows and to this day I go out of my way to avoid encountering one.

Vyrling Rawson

Fatal? Almost!

It was one of those cold and bleak December Sunday afternoons when my friend and I decided to go to the ice rink for some fancy ice-skating. After an especially hard week at high school, we felt we were entitled to an afternoon of sheer amusement and pleasure; therefore, ice-skating it was . . .

It was no exaggeration to say that it was the best time we had ever had at this particular spot, but only too soon we had to leave! We jumped into my friend's car and changed our skates, only wishing that we might have stayed longer. As the car was parked in a large field, it was necessary to turn it completely around in order to get out the same entrance by which we had entered. Suddenly, while backing, the car hit a large stump, and, turning at such a terrific speed, we were tossed completely over. Never shall I forget the horrifying sensation! It seemed as though I were grasped and thrown through the windshield. The terrific force of my hitting the windshield

instantly hurled me to the back seat and immediately I passed into oblivion.

When I regained consciousness, I was lying in my own bed and the doctor was hovering over me. Luckily, a gentleman had heard the crash; he dragged me from the car and took me home in his car—all unbeknowing to me. The pain that I felt in my head and mouth was hardly bearable. It seemed as though someone were slashing my head into quarters! A few days later I was told that I had had a brain concussion, and my mirror told me that three of my teeth had gone (which we afterwards found in the back seat of the car), and my mouth was torn almost beyond recognition. I was also told that my friend had received only a slight scar on one of her arms as the steering wheel had guarded her against my experience—lucky girl!

I was in bed after that for about two months and was not allowed to go to school for still another month.

I have now completely recovered from the accident, but to forget it is, of course, impossible. And' now, thanks to modern science, I have a completely renovated mouth and a few new teeth!

Barbara Kingman

Green Secret

Motes of late afternoon sunlight danced down the dust-specked ray that illuminated in a startling fashion one spot of the creaking, ancient floor. All day long I had spent the hours rummaging around in the attic, picking up out-of-date dresses to see what could be used for the play that our dramatic club of neighborhood talent was going to produce the next week. Of course I was delayed countless times when I ran across forgotten oddities that were worn out in the service of our family years ago. Quite unexpectedly I was weary, tired of the darkness and the dust that filled my nostrils. I wanted the free, white sunlight to scorch age and decay away and the swift wind to tear aside the peculiar weight that only darkness and dust can bring.

The Vultures Circle Overhead

Rachel Drew burst in upon the sewing bee like a rainstorm on a hot summer day. The plants absorb the rain hungrily, and hungrily the arid talkers snatched at Rachel's news.

"My dears," she gasped, "have you heard? Jessie Mathers, that's Lil' Crowley's brother's child from Iowa, *actually* eloped last night!" Rachel delivered this thunderbolt, then settled back complacently, all too willing to hear the barrage of questions she *knew* would be hurled.

"Rachel!" Lizzie Watts screamed. "*Who* is the man?"

"Ah," Rachel smirked. She was so anxious to tell, and yet she did so want to keep the others at bay a moment longer.

However, Martha Jones stepped in, rather psychologically at that point. "Rachel Drew," she accused, "bet you don't *even know*."

"Do too," snapped back Rachel. "'Twas Jack Fernley, that *artist* fellow from Chicago!"

"No!" The women looked aghast. "Not the one who's been *married* twice?"

"None other. And what's more, he's got *two* children, *each* by a *different* wife."

That afternoon before she left for town, Mother warned me not to go in swimming because it was too rough. Having absolutely no fear of the water, I tossed aside her admonitions with a careless shrug, and plunged into the curling, laughing surf. A buoyancy filled my heart that made me feel as though I were sharing an untold secret with the waves.

I swam out quite far to see if I could discover the sandbar my friends had been telling me about. When I reached the place where I thought it should be, I sank under, going down, down through a murky green. I knew the sandbar should be there, but I couldn't find it. It was tantalizing. Several times I tried, but I always ran out of breath and had to return to the surface.

I stubbornly tried for the last time. I pushed my way swiftly downward. As I went, the water grew dark and still, but I could hear

"You don't say." Lizzie spoke wonderingly and clucked her tongue in an admonishing manner. Then, with a predatory gleam in her eye, she continued. "Didn't I hear a new schoolteacher was comin'?"

"Yes, indeedy," piped up Sarah Parker, "and she's a *red-head*!"

"Well, that'll please Jebb Fisher. He takes a shine to the pretty school-mistresses."

"Say girls," Martha Jones broke in, a confidential ring to her voice, "did you see the new fur coat *Lydia* Fisher is wearin'? Really, for anyone in *their* position . . ."

"You'd think she'd have more pride," Lizzie pronounced scornfully. "The idea of her and her ways! Here *we* are. Decent, law abiding citizens and she . . ."

"Yes, and they can't even pay for . . ."

"Speakin' of payin', old Bill McTavish *still* owes on his Ford. Lem says . . ."

"*Well!* I don't wonder! He's old enough to know better than to fool around with *that* woman. Do you know what I heard . . .?"

And so on far into the sewing bee.

Marjorie Wells

the persistent rhythm of the sand as it everlastingly moved with the turmoil overhead. My lungs seemed as though they would burst with the confined air, and my head throbbed with the rhythm of the sand. Finally I touched sand. I grabbed a handful of tiny pebbles and pushed as hard as I could upward. I felt an overpowering desire to open my mouth, but it was knowledge that kept it closed. I felt as though I were struggling up a slippery ladder that fell away at every grasp. Finally light swam in the water, and I burst into the glorious air.

For a long time I lay exhausted, thrown about by the frivolous waves. When I reached the shore at last, I still clutched a few grains of sand, and the water laughed and laughed at my feet, still holding its green secret.

Jane Leckie

For School-Teachers Only

Since a large percentage of one's youth is spent in school, it is not strange that one's teachers should be a vivid part of childhood recollections. I can recall my grammar school teachers with great ease. The former must have made a deep impression on me, for their faces and words are continually coming back to me.

My kindergarten teacher was plump and jolly. Her specialty was telling stories. One day, she told us a tale of a knight in armor, and then allowed us to volunteer any extra information that we had on the subject. One especially offensive little bully announced hoarsely that his parents were going to give him a knight's "suit". Not to be outdone, I waited until the envious chorus had subsided, and then said confidently "My mother is going to buy me an Indian suit." Never shall I forget the scorn in her green eyes as the teacher said in a scathing tone, "We are not interested in Indians." In that awful moment, I learned what it is to fear and hate a person.

In complete contrast to the kindergarten teacher was the first grade teacher. She was tall, gaunt, kindly. Her expression was harried and her voice harsh, though not unpleasing. On the first day of school, I stayed after classes to erase the blackboard. With the curiosity of a six-year-old, I watched Teacher put on her coat and hat, preparatory to going home. When she lifted one rubber, an expression of dazed horror went over her face. With a stifled exclamation, she gingerly pulled out of the rubber a very small, very dead mouse. Unsteady but unhesitating, she walked across the room to the wastebasket with it. Round-eyed and open-mouthed, I silently applauded her courage with a child's admiration of daring. Whenever I try to define the adjective "gallant", I think of the teacher with the mouse.

As in the above instances, when I conjure up my recollections of school teachers, I think not only of the persons themselves. I think also of the basic qualities which they symbolize.

Anonymous

No Love Lost

This and the following story were based on the same plot.

Plot

There are two sisters,—one pretty, spoiled, a social success, the other plain, ignored, intelligent, jealous of her sister's many friends, and contemptuous of the way in which she treats her suitors. The plain sister decides to take the most eligible suitor right away from the pretty one, in revenge. She gets more than she bargains for when she wins the man,—he turns out to be far from eligible. At last in desperation, she must call on her pretty sister to woo her erstwhile suitor back again.

It was early April in Paris. The year was nineteen-sixteen. In her mother's apartment overlooking Rue de Victoire, Amalie was sitting by the window, thinking. Suddenly, she brought her small brown fist down on the Louis Quinze table with a bang!

That settled it! Things could not continue as they were. Was it not enough that Marta, her beautiful sister, should be pampered and made of, that she should be given the least dangerous missions of her mother's spy service, which had French spies in the German army who sent messages to Maman here in Paris? Was it indeed not enough? Why must Marta collect the most dashing officers that wartime could give to the Corps Diplomatique, and keep them in an adoring circle about her, in order to use them to help her carry out her assignments of carrying messages from Maman to the French intelligence service? Was it not Marta's duty to give her life for France, if necessary?

She, Amalie, had been a trusted member of Maman's spy service since the war began in nineteen-fourteen, when she was eighteen. And now, her shoulder was furrowed by a cruel scar made by a bullet from a German Mauser pistol, the time she carried the code message from agent thirty-six in Alsace to M. Antonin in Beauchamps. Was it not her duty to La Patrie? That Marta—she refused to run any danger. She would say with a lazy laugh,

"Little Amalie, a scar or two will only make your dear monkey face more interesting, eh? But I—I must protect my face. So you will carry the message to the intelligence office in Neuilly, hein? For that, you may have my green evening dress. The color is not becoming to me."

And Maman, poor, harried Maman, working night and day in constant danger, for France. How could she help her small Amalie? She would say, "Marta has beauty; you have intelligence. So! Do accordingly." No, Maman could not help.

But to return to Marta's dashing officers. Would it not be a good way to assert herself if she, the plain Amalie, should "catch" Marta's prize suitor, say Colonel Alexandre, right away from her? Amalie stood up, and walked over to the pier-glass. If only she were not so plain and brown! Brown hair, brown skin, brown eyes, brown dress. And Marta was so blond. Still, she would do what she could with the Colonel at M. Antonin's charity ball tonight. Perhaps Marta's green dress would do something for her. She hoped that Marta wouldn't talk so much about Maman's spy system to Colonel Alexandre, tonight. It probably wouldn't do any harm, but one never knew in wartime.

But then, the Colonel wouldn't be talking to Marta, or she to him. He would be chatting gaily to Amalie, the small, the plain, the brown, the scorned, but very intelligent Amalie!

* * *

Mme. Antonin rolled her eyes as she chatted with la Comtesse de Brissac. "I've never seen such a thing! Madeleine's so plain little Amalie, so unattractive before tonight—now, transformed. What has she done, I ask? And the Colonel, handsome, wealthy, who has his choice of all the titled girls in Paris—he seems enchanted by Amalie. She fairly sparkles!"

La Comtesse nodded vigorously, so that the folds of fat under her chin trembled, and clasped her hands at her spacious bejewelled bosom. "Indeed, I had thought that Marta had singled him out for attention—if she ever

singles any man out for any length of time. Her nose will be—how do you say it—out of joint! Ah! Look! There go Amalie and the Colonel. She has her wrap. They are undoubtedly going for a drive in the Park."

* * *

One evening late in May, Amalie was again sitting in the bay window of her mother's salon. She was thinking furiously.

Colonel Alexandre was a German spy. She was sure of it. At first, she had thought that he was in love with her. He spent so much time with her that it had been hard to carry Maman's messages, so that he should not know about them. But he had begun to ask so many questions, casual, on the surface, but with a dangerous significance underneath. Apparently, he had learned much from stupid Marta about the spy service. If he were really a French officer, he would know all about it, anyhow.

This afternoon, the Colonel had come to call on her. He had talked to her in his perfect French of his education for the diplomatic Corps. Amalie had said innocently, it seemed, "You said you attended the University of Heidelberg?" Dreamily, he had answered, "No, München." Then he had started, and explained that he had been required to study there. But Amalie knew that French officers did not say "München," much less study there. He had known it, too, and looked at her with murder in his eyes, although they joked together in front of Maman. Now, she must act quickly and turn the pseudo-Colonel over to the military police, before he revealed Maman's spy service to the German intelligence service. The police would accept her word that he was a counter-spy.

The door opened. Marta entered. "And how goes the romance with the handsome Colonel, little Amalie?" she asked in a half-amused, half-contemptuous tone. You certainly worked fast! Of course, I know that I could—well—get him back, by snapping my fingers, like that."

Amalie decided to lay her cards on the table.

"Listen, Marta," she began, "he's a German spy. Oh don't ask me how I know, or anything—just listen. We've got to work quickly. I'm sure he knows about Maman's work, and he knows that I have good reason to believe that he is a spy. Now! You've got to call him at the Embassy, and ask him here for tea. Be casual. Say that I've gone out, and that you and Maman are here alone. I'll call the military police and have them here to arrest him. Heaven knows what we'll do if he hasn't any papers or anything with him. The police can't hold him then, even on my evidence. But I have a hunch that he'll bring anything incriminating with him, and not leave it in his room at the Embassy. Now go! Telephone! I'll do the rest! Hurry, for God's sake!"

"But what if he won't come?" stammered Marta. At her best, slow-witted, she was bewildered by the sudden turn of events.

"He'll come, don't worry. He won't miss a chance to see you. Please hurry! I'll see that you get the credit for capturing him if only you'll telephone!"

* * *

Amalie woke early the next morning. She looked at the clock. At the fort, the firing squad and the German spy had just had a brief and final rendezvous. Amalie sighed. She might as well get up. The dashing young officers at the Embassy began calling the beautiful Marta on the telephone as early as eight o'clock in the morning.

Elizabeth Leland

Black Delta

Andrew Jackson Smith, a Negro lawyer, settled back in his chair to listen sympathetically to the story of Mrs. Henry George. Mrs. George was very large and very black. Her sweet pitiful face was deeply lined. She sat down thankfully in the chair offered her and wiped her bloodshot eyes.

Rocking back and forth convulsively, she began her story.

"Ah tells you Mist' Smith, it's jes' too awful. Ma own chillun dat Ah lubs so much

bein' in sech a row! Oh, ma pore Mary—she wuz sech a sweet gal—Ah musn't tak yo val'ble tahm, though, suh. Ah'll tell you the whole story as bes' Ah can. Please fogib me fo bein' so upset, suh—Ah jes' cain't seem to b'leev it.

"Well, Liza mah baby, she's nahnteen yeahs ole, is as purty a gal as you evah seed, an pop'lah? Lawd, ebery Niggah in N'Orleans jes' busts hisself to tak huh to dances. She cain sing, too. Huh voice is jes' lak honey, it's so sweet. She used to sit on de po'ch ob de cabin an' play huh geetah an' sing soft to de moon ober de Bayou. Ebery naght fo-fahve Niggahs comes to see huh, an' she jes' flirts wid em' an' neber boddors to lub any ob 'em. Sometimes she wuks in de mill an' gets to meet lots ob real swell Niggahs f'm N'Orleans. Dey all laks huh an' she cain jes' twis' any one ob 'em 'roun' huh lil' fingah. She neber helped me much, but she alus wuz kand ob sickly, so Ah jes' lets huh loaf 'roun' de cabin when she's not wukkin', an' sing doze sweet songs fo me.

"Mah udder chile, Mary, Ah cain't unnerstan' nohow. She's a sma't gal an' got a scholarship to dat Niggah school in Kaintucky. She wuz alus quiet an' jes' sat 'roun' de cabin readin' high-fallutin' books all de tahm. She wuz sweet lookin', not purty lak Liza. Huh eyes weren't sot' an' roly lak Liza's, but sha'p an' spahkly. Sometimes she scaied me sh wuz so sma't. But she wuz mah own flesh an' blood an' Ah lubbed huh. Evah since mah man done gone, dey're all Ah have.

"Well, Mist' Smith, las' week she come home f'm dat school fo huh vacation. She'n Liza nevah did see much ob each udder, so Ah thought here's a chance fo ma chillun to get 'quainted an' lub each udder.

"Well, Ah 'clare suh, she done ac' so funny—she jes' sat 'roun' an' watched Liza wid doze sha'p eyes ob hern. Ah could tell dat sumpin' wuz wrong so Ah watched huh an' done foun' out what it wuz. She wuz jes' plain jealous, dats what she wuz, jealous. Here she wuz, goin' to a swell school an' wid brains an'

everything but she jes' done crave to hab de men-folks lak huh an' hang 'roun' huh lak dey done Liza. Ah could jes' tell dat she didn't lak de way Liza treated de men—so kahnd ob lak dey wuzn't dere.

"De udder day Ah noticed a change in Mary—she seemed to kahnd ob spruce up, yo maght say. She done fix huh hayuh an' put on a purty new dress an' hagh heels an' sort ob walked wid huh hips—lak Liza. Fo awhile Ah jes' couldn't figgah it all out, but yo cain't fool dis here ole Niggah long—Ah knowed what mah chile wuz a' doin'. She wuz fixin' fo to get a man—one ob Liza's men, at dat; at leas' she seemed to look mos' at Sam Jones. He's de bes' lookin' man dat Liza had. He sho' wuz han'some an' a good dancer, too. Ah knows dat if Liza had a mind to marry any one ob huh men, Sam Jones would be de one. He's tall an' thin an' mussly. De only 'jection Ah had to him wuz his eyes—dey seemed kahnd ob wile, suh, kahnd ob wile"

"Will you 'blieve it, Mist' Smith? Mah plain lil' Mary jes' hung 'roun' dat man an' showed off huh curvy body an' fo' he knowed it, he wanted her. Ah knowed all along dat she wuz too sma't to want him, but jes' done it to get back at Liza fo bein' so flighty.

"Liza wuz mad—Lawd, she wuz mad, but jes' de same, one naght she went to a dance wid t'ree udder Niggahs. Dat naght Sam come to see Mary an' she done ac' so sort ob suggestin'-lak dat dey done went for a walk an' he tuk huh on de dahk delta

. . . . "Well, she don went wile an' wanted him to marry huh—huh bein' a good gal, Mist' Smith.

"Sam, he wanted to marry huh, hones' he did, but he ups an' confesses dat he got a wife an' chillun up Noth. He still claimed he lubbed Mary, though.

"Well, Mary, she jes' 'bout dahed, she wuz so 'shamed an' scaid. Not knowin' what she wuz doin', pore chile, she went to Liza an' begged huh to tak him away f'm huh—thinkin' somehow dat maght help.

"Sam, de no-good Niggah, heard about it

an' jes' 'bout went crazy. He wuz scared ob what maght happen, an' he lubbed huh, an' he didn't know what to do. He come an' begged Mary to go fo anudder walk wid him. She went wid him—to talk up Liza.

. . . . "Dere, on the same delta whare he done tuk huh a few naghts befoe, he—kilt huh, Mist' Smith—done slit huh sweet lil' throat wid a razor lak a cheatin' crap player."

Here Mrs. George broke into sobs that racked her whole body. Finally she recovered herself enough to continue.

"After he done dat, he went plumb wile an' picked huh up in his ahms an' carried huh to mah cabin do' an' showed huh to me—cryin', crazy-lak all de while.

"Well, Ah jes' couldn't stan' de saght, Mist' Smith, so—Ah grabs de razor out ob his han' an' kilt him lak he done kilt mah own sweet chile—an' yo jes' cain't blame me, suh,—yo jes' cain't blame me!"

Rosetta Case

The Man in the Brown Suit

He was a conspicuous figure in the crowded room, his prominence being due not to his unusual height, which caused him to tower well above the men about him, but rather to his peculiar and striking mode of dress. The coat which descended in flabby folds from his rigid shoulders seemed to be cut according to the English style, rather than that affected in America, and was apparently of that period designated as the Victorian era. It buttoned high at the waist, and flared out below into what may be described as a skirt, the whole cut of which was manifestly ill-suited to the spare and bony structure of its wearer. It appeared to be of a rusty brown hue, and was of the stuff known to tailors as fustian. The frayed edges of the cuffs bespoke carelessness on the part of the wearer, and the crooked set of the dull purple tie betrayed a man who depended on haste, rather than care, in dressing. In the coat lapel was a sort of plaque, large, circular, and of a metal which seemed to be gold, but which on closer inspection showed

numerous abrasions on its surface where the baser metal beneath had triumphed over the nobler, costlier stuff which coated it.

The man's head was of massive, almost leonine proportions, while his features were rather small and delicately molded. The intense blue eyes, however, deep-set and brilliant, dominated the face; the shaggy, peaked brows which lay above them gave an introspective, brooding aspect to the otherwise guileless countenance, rather than the appearance of craft or malice. His thick, rough mane added to the impression of untidiness given by his dress, and continually slipped down over the bright eyes, veiling them in shadow.

Elizabeth Leland

SWING YOUR PARTNER!

Next best to dancing is watching others dance. The college prom displays just as many varied and odd dancing techniques as a performance of the most modern school of esthetic dancing.

Time was when a lady was disgraced if her partner didn't waltz her around in a stereotyped, stately manner, as all the other swains were doing. Nowadays, the keynote seems to be originality and variety. Each new era in the realm of art begins with a few false starts, or rough edges, which are eliminated later. What may be called a new era in dancing has made its appearance. Some of the rough edges are very interesting:

Some men apparently choose to dance with their partners' heads well over their escorts' shoulders, so that the girls have that drowning, cut-off-at-the-neck look, face to. Tall men are often obliged to "scootch" down to five-foot-one partners. An occasional short man dancing with a taller girl has a lion-like, masterful attitude, as though he were doing a good job of steering a truck through heavy traffic.

The lampooned cheek-to-cheek dancer breathes in his lady's ear. Handsome men sometimes seem to have their partners spread-eagled across their shirt fronts. A Harvard man may seize his partner by the hand, and run with her in a crouching position under a



MARY F. LICHLITER

Former Dean of Lasell

September, 1934—September, 1938

long "London Bridge" with the carefree abandon of childhood.

Elizabeth Leland

Two Hands in Church

The white, well-cared-for fingers clutch the bill;
They curve like talons; in their sleek, smooth grasp
The paper crumples; hard against his will
The rich man lets the dollar leave his greedy clasp.

All gnarled and horny is the poor man's palm,
The fingers work-stained; in his open hand he bears
Five shining pennies; these he gives without a quail:
His scanty, hard-earned pay he gladly shares.

Anonymous

Vanity

She sat before her looking glass,
And she combed her golden hair,
She thought she'd never seen a lass
So pretty and so fair.

Ah yes, she was a lovely sight
As anyone could see.
Her age? She looked (in that dim light)
Well, let's say twenty-three.

So while she combed, she hummed a tune
And sang the silly words—
Of love and laughter and the moon,
Of flowers and of birds.

But as she gazed, she dropped the comb
And sharply caught her breath,
The song had ceased, her lips were numb,
She turned as pale as death.

It seemed as though her heart stood still
And how her eyes did stare,
She trembled as though struck by chill—
She saw her first gray hair!

And while she sat there, turned to stone,
Oh pitiful, pretty thing!
She heard the buzz of the telephone,
She heard her sweetheart ring.

The saddest story ever told,
The saddest ever read,
For when she spoke, her voice was cold,
"I'm not at home," she said.

Hilda Lane

A Lament

When I was young, I found a purse,
As full as Santa's sack
With ten and twenty dollar bills,
Ah me! I gave it back.

Still later on I found a man
Named John— (I called him Jack).
Another woman had first claim,
Ah me! I gave him back.

So here I sit—no dough, no man,
And how I feel the lack!
Oh what an utter fool I was,
Ah me! I gave them back.

Hilda Lane

NEWS FLASHES

September 14—Juniors and new students registered; orientation began.

September 15—Stunt night in the barn; seniors entertained the juniors.

September 16—Student Council tea in the barn for the juniors; big success.

September 17—Junior class toured historic Boston by bus.

Seniors arrived at Lasell with loud shrieks and welcomings.

Formal dinner and faculty reception at Winslow Hall.

September 18—Beginning of Freshman week; seniors initiated the juniors!

September 19—School opened with 424 students, largest enrollment in Lasell history.

September 21—Hurricane hit Lasell; trees and Crow's Nest felled during storm.

September 28—Plymouth trip proved its annual success.

October 7—Farewell tea given for Miss Lichliter in Winslow Hall.

October 9—New Dean, Miss Margaret Rand, arrived.

October 15—Twenty-seven seniors began work in Boston department stores.

October 19—Senior class officers are introduced at formal dinner.

October 20—Modern dancing class forms a Dance Club and holds first meeting.

October 27—Salem-Marblehead trip.

October 29—Dramatic Club sponsored the first dance of the year in Winslow Hall.

November 3—Senior Open House.

November 8—Endowment Fund Fashion Show in the Barn presented by Chandler's of Boston.

Marian Traxler



IN OTHER TONGUES

Danos Ocasionados Por un Huracan

Los primeros días del presente año escolar fueron lluviosos y acompañados de suaves vientos. Yo esperaba que tendríamos tan buen tiempo como el año pasado, tibias mañanas llenas de sol,—pero el mal tiempo continuó por espacio de seis días. Por la tarde del sexto, los vientos se acentuaron y las hojas de los árboles cayeron en abundancia.

De esta manera transcurrió una media hora y fué entances cuando el fuerte viento de Norte a Este se convirtió en serio huracán.

Los bellos árboles que habían en diversas partes de las regiones azotadas cayeron como débiles plantas, el número de muertos fué grande y los daños causados en general fueron considerables.

Yo nunca había presenciado un huracán ni había sabido de ninguno ocurrido en la América Central ó en los países cercanos.

La única experiencia de esta clase que tenía, se limitaba a vientos de no mucha importancia que habían azotado grandes plantaciones de banano. Y por supuesto no hay comparación entre la leñosa consistencia de un árbol, a la débil de una planta de banano. Así pues, bien puedo decir que de ciclones y huracanes no sabía mucho.

Los periódicos del país dieron detallados informes sobre los desastres ocurridos, y aún la prensa extranjera publicó varios artículos al respecto.

Según tuve oportunidad de saber, esta fué la primera vez que un suceso semejante pasó en esta sección de los Estados Unidos.

Ojalá que no se repita pues los resultados son absolutamente deplorables.

Sonia Salgado

(Continued on Page 23)

Of Special Interest to Music-Lovers

The Organ in Winslow Hall

Lasell was fortunate in procuring a practically new Skinner organ from the Cathedral in Washington, D. C. This instrument was the temporary organ used by the Cathedral for four years, till the time came to install their permanent Skinner organ.

When the former was installed at Lasell last May, it contained two manuals,—a Swell and a Great. During the summer a third manual of six registers,—the Choir, was added. Most of the pipes of the Choir were from the organ purchased from Mt. Ida School.

SPECIFICATIONS

STOP PIPES

Great Organ

(Unenclosed)

8' Open Diapason	61
8' Harmonic Flute	61
4' Octave	61

(Enclosed; borrowed from Sw)

8' Salicional	
8' Gedeckt	
4' Triangular Flute	
8' Cornopean	
Tremolo	

Swell Organ

(Enclosed)

16' Bourdon	73
8' Diapason	73
8' Gedeckt	73
8' Salicional	73
8' Voix Celeste	61
8' Aeoline	73
8' Unda Maris	61
4' Triangular Flute	61
III Mixture	232
8' Flügel Horn	73
8' Cornopean	73

Choir Organ

(Enclosed)

8' Diapason	73
8' Melodia	73
8' Viola	73
4' Flute	61
2 2/3' Nazard	61
8' Clarinet	73
8' Tuba	73
Tremolo	

Pedal Organ

32' Resultant (including 8' flute from the Bourdon)	
16' Bourdon	44
16' Violone	44

(Continued on Page 23)

IN OTHER TONGUES

(Continued from Page 22)

Mes Grandes Vacances

Cet été, j'ai travaillé avec de petites filles entre les âges de cinq et quatorze ans. Je leur ai appris à coudre et à faire des parties de jeux. C'était très intéressant. J'ai travaillé de neuf heures du matin jusqu'à quatre heures de l'après-midi.

Je suis allée plusieurs fois au Lac Candlewood. Ce lac est à beaucoup de kilomètres de chez moi. En arrivant au lac, nous allions toujours nager. Ensuite nous nous asseyions au soliel pendant longtemps. Quelquefois, le soir, nous avons nagé de nouveau avant de nous coucher.

Derrière la maison se trouvait une montagne. D'en haut, la vue sur le lac était belle.

L'été prochain, j'espère reprendre mon travail avec les enfants et revenir de temps en temps au Lac Candlewood. *Jean Ettershank*

(Continued on Page 26)

Lasell Organ

(Continued from Page 22)

- 16' Echo Lieblich (from Swell)
 8' Cello (from Violone)
 8' Still Gedeckt (from Echo Lieblich)
 32' Contra Fagotto 44
 16' Fagotto (from Contra Fagotto 32')

Couplers

- To Pedal
 8' Gt. Sw. Ch.
 4' Ch.

To Great

- 16' Sw. Ch.
 8' Sw. Ch.
 4' Sw. Ch. Gt.

To Swell

- 16' Sw.
 4' Sw.

To Choir

- 16' Ch.
 8' Sw.
 4' Ch.

Pistons—5 to each of the Sw., Gt., Ped.
 4 to Ch.

Gt. to Pedal

reversible piston and pedal

Sforzando reversible

piston and pedal

General Cancel

All pistons are adjustable at the console

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1938-1939

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IN OTHER TONGUES

(Continued from Page 23)

Les jeunes filles de Lasell
 En toutes choses, elles excellent,
 En toutes,—même en français,
 Elles n'y sauraient manquer.

Catherine M. Buckley

Les trains roulent à toute vitesse,
 Les roues avancent vite;
 Ils transportent les vieux, la jeunesse,
 Les grandes et les petites.

Dorothy L. Osberg

Le français est la langue la plus jolie
 Qu'il y a au monde entier;
 Depuis deux ans je l'étudie,
 Mais je ne sais pas le parler!!

Henrietta Jugo

The Last of the Crow's Nest

Felled by the Hurricane



A New Crow's Nest Will Be Built

PERSONALS



LILLIE R. POTTER, '80

Dean Emeritus

and

Editor of Personals

With what better prophecy could the *Personals* Editor introduce our special column than with Blanche Martin's never-to-be-forgotten forward look—"Some good news is surely coming . . ."

June 11—Barbara Sweet '37-'38 and Mr. Harold Bennett Webber.

August 1—Beulah Caroline Fletcher '31 and Mr. Charles Brock Duncan, Jr. at St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

August 8—Agnes Booth Metcalf '32 and Mr. James E. Cannon at Madison, New Jersey.

August 10—Ethel Stroud '36 and Mr. Robert William Hartley at Boston, Mass.

August 13—Eleanor Wentworth '36-'38 and Mr. Walter H. Moreton, Jr. at Harwichport, Mass.

August 17—Pauline Philbrick '35 and Mr. Edwin D. Gritz at North Andover, Mass.

August 18—Fannie Elmira Brackley '35 and Mr. Edward Gordon Starbird at Elkton, Maryland. Mr. and Mrs. Starbird are now at home at 329 North Central Avenue, Apopka, Florida.

September 8—Naomi Marguerite Ekdahl '28-'30 and Mr. Robert Carlton Topper at Columbus. Naomi's present address is 315 East University, Bloomington, Indiana.

September 10—Natalie Maude Hutchison '36 and Mr. Bruce Germaine at Bradford, Mass.

September 18—Anne O'Brien '35 and Mr. Duncan Ryan at Plymouth, Mass.

September 17—Barbara Louise Stanley '32 and Mr. Norman Hubbard Ulrich at West Hartford, Conn.

September 28—Mary Elizabeth Pope '28 and Mr. Edward Dunlop at Waltham, Mass.

September 30—Lucile Maria Anderson '34 and Mr. Carl Ingué Cassell at New Rochelle, N. Y. Edith Wade Follett (Woodland Park '24-'26) and Mr. Alvin Hitchcock at Auburn-dale, Mass.

October 1—Jeanne Antoinette Heilig '33 and Mr. Lewis William Noack at Benton Harbor, Michigan.

October 7—Katherine Alderman '33-'34 and Mr. John E. Piggott at New York, New York.

October 15—Dorothy Roberts Peabody '31 and Mr. James Edgar Leshar at Whitemarsh, Penna. Mary E. Wilson '36 and Mr. John B. Elwood at Bridgeport, Conn. Dorothy S. Foss '31-'33 and Mr. Richard True at Auburn-dale, Mass. Dorothy's maid-of-honor was Barbara Edmands '33.

October 28—Katharine Peck '35 and Mr. Edward Neal Dietler at West Haven, Conn.

October 29—Barbara Hersey '37 and Mr. Albert Read Moore, Jr. at Hingham, Mass.

Recent engagements include: Barbara Kerr '34 to Mr. Leonard Sewell Marshman; Ada May Bartlett '34 to Mr. Robert Degree; Maida Cardwell '35 to Mr. Howard Atwood; Rachel Whittemore '35 to Mr. Lauren Winslow Hawes; and Elizabeth DeBard '33-'34 to Mr. Robert Edward Dickenson, Jr.

Lasell's sincere congratulations to this elect company.

Laura Hale Gorton's ('16) public career widens each year. The *Hartford Daily Courant* of September 11th published an unusually fine picture of this Alumna with the accompanying

notice: "Mrs. Gorton of Glastonbury, president of the Connecticut State Federation of Women's Clubs, will be one of the speakers in a symposium to be held at the New England conference of federated women's clubs, which will take place Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at Hotel Wentworth-By-The-Sea, Portsmouth, N. H." Lasell renews her congratulations to our Laura Hale Gorton. This is an opportune moment to announce that Mrs. Gorton's second daughter, Elizabeth, is this year enrolled in the preparatory department at Lasell Junior College. Nancy, the older daughter, is a member of our Freshman class.

Seldom is granted us the privilege of quoting verbatim from the travelogue of a local citizen but as the notes of Mrs. Lyman Gore of Auburndale recount her visits with several of our choice midwestern girls, we have asked and received consent to share with our readers this guest's report. Mrs. Gore writes: "Our initial objective was the home of Mayno Seltzer Richmond '22 in Shelby, Ohio. We arrived as per schedule on one June day and received a grand welcome—every word of which went to our hearts. Mayno has a delightful home, a fine husband and two sweet children. The eldest, Norma, is another Mayno in looks and ability and I hope she too may come to Lasell and receive the *best* in education, cultural surroundings and the benefit of association with the sterling people connected with Lasell. Mayno's second child is a son, Howard—a live wire and an affectionate 'all boy'. Mayno's ability as mother, housekeeper and general manager amazed us. Everything ran like clockwork, and her home the acme of order. The years have dealt gently with her and she has lost none of her old time charm.

"From Shelby we motored to Kansas City to visit Mildred Hyde Busler '12-'13. She too has a delightful home and also two children. Mildred's son is a Junior in college and her daughter, just sixteen, has very marked musical ability, playing the piano beautifully and stood second in the state contest. Mildred too retains her school-girl charm and both she and her

mother showered us with cordiality. You see, through Lasell we have made and kept these two dear friendships and we owe the college a debt of gratitude for letting them into our lives."

Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22, president of our L. A. A., favored Lasell with a visit during the opening days and accompanying her was her classmate Josephine Holbrook Metzger '22. During their visit reference was made to Jo's daughter, twelve years of age, whom the mother declared was as tall as many of our Juniors. Phyllis promptly added, "and a very beautiful girl."

We have come to feel that Lasell would not open in good and regular standing without a Godspeed in person from Mrs. Richard Hayden and her daughter Ruth '20. They did not fail us this time and brought with them a good report of Maude Hayden Keeney '16 and her dear family.

One of the glad surprises of these fair fall days was the home coming of Mary Patten Witherbee '92. Her dinner engagement with our registrar chanced happily to be on the night of Lasell's Trustees' meeting. This furnished a mutual pleasure for Miss Witherbee and her loyal students who are members of the Board of Trustees and the Lasell Corporation. The list of those present at this October meeting included: Anna Kendig Pierce '80, Harriett G. Scott '94, Maude Simes Harding '06, Marion Ordway Corley '11, Susan Tiffany '15, Mildred Strain Nutter '17, Peggy Rix Cole '26, Helen Perry '24, Hester Shaw '28 and Lillie R. Potter '80.

Don't imagine for a moment that our Mrs. Bertha Hooker Willey and Betty Stephens Fuller '20 will ever visit New England without including Lasell in their itinerary. Just a brief visit with this secretary par excellence sent us back to our daily round with spirits renewed.

Olive Hawley '32-'33 of Pittsfield is for the present located nearby. It was a joy to welcome her home and to hear that during her five years' absence she has been graduated from Oberlin College. To our satisfaction she re-

ported that her Lasell preparation for college was accepted at Oberlin without question. It was good to hear her tribute of indebtedness to Oberlin and Lasell. We hope to see much of Olive during her stay in our neighborhood.

Miss Margaret Rand, our recently appointed Dean, comes to us, not as a stranger, having served on our faculty as instructor of history and teacher of Bible and psychology. Lasell Junior College extends to her a cordial welcome home.

Elizabeth Robinson Breed '06-'07 and Herma Schweitzer Rogers '21 reported at Lasell early in September and were kind enough to return later (Herma all the way from New York) to greet some missing members of the faculty. While Bess visited with our President, Herma reported at the *Personals* Editor's office with the announcement: "It is seventeen years since I was graduated from Lasell." We found this difficult to believe, so youthful looking still is this dear mother of two beautiful children.

Two esteemed "Old Girls" whose call in August we regretted missing were Maude Marriott Walker '02-'03 of 224 Bay Avenue, Glen Ridge, N. J. and Annie Jean Hackett '96 whose present address is 363 West Locust Street, Dubuque, Iowa.

Evidently August was an unfortunate month for the *Personals* Editor to absent herself from Lasell for added to the above list she missed welcoming home to Lasell Sarah Strong '06 and Ethel West Demarest '03-'05 of Ridgewood, New Jersey.

We regretted missing the call of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Church (Isabelle Bowers '00-'01) and their daughter Jean '36-'37, but were pleased to find, upon our return from vacation, that Jean had remained with us and is again our good neighbor at Bragdon Hall.

It's the unfailing bent on the part of our friend and former faculty member, Miss Roxanna Tuttle, to keep Lasell's best interests in mind. She writes from her summer home at Marblehead, Mass. to our *Personals* Editor: "Doris Ohlrogge, the granddaughter of dear friends of mine, the Smileys of Lake Mohonk,

New York, is entering Lasell this fall. I bespeak for her your friendly attention." Dear Miss Tuttle, the fulfilling of your request has proved an easy and delightful privilege. Lasell is happy to welcome among its new students a member of this distinguished and beloved Quaker family.

The special objective of Donald Winslow's last summer's walking and bicycling trip in England was his interest in the Hardy country in preparation for his Ph.D. thesis. Incidentally, he was delightfully entertained by the Misses Irwin, cousins of our registrar, Miss Grace Irwin. The alluring address of this English home is Meadow Close, Meadow Garden, Sunderland. While in England, Mr. Winslow also enjoyed the hospitality in the home of a sister of Mr. E. Braithwaite, father of our Katherine Braithwaite '29. Mr. Winslow recently has been promoted to the position of instructor in English at Boston University.

Anna Andrews Barris '01-'02 is still busy with her pen. In a recent letter to Mrs. Winslow, she writes: "As Dr. Winslow is interested in color photography, especially plant life and flowers, I am mailing to you a copy of my recently syndicated article on orchids. I have heard from friends who have seen this nature study that the illustrations are gorgeous in color. Mr. George H. Pring, head of the Missouri Botanical Garden, has been very helpful in sending pictures."

Anna's life in tropical South America has furnished her with vivid recollections of unusual haunts. She has shared these experiences through her written word in books for children and now in nature studies. She, in company with Mr. Barris, will leave Bloomsburg, Penna. soon and as usual return to Washington, D. C. for the winter, where Mrs. Barris can have access to the national capital's fine libraries. Lasell's congratulations and best wishes always to Anna Andrews Barris.

"Dearest Karin," writes Ginnie Hinshaw Wilks '31 to Karin Eliasson '31, "I had a dream not long ago and it seemed to me that you came through Kansas City, Missouri to

see me. Really I did so enjoy the five minutes that we had together. I'll never forget how fast we talked and I don't think I'll forgive you for not staying over a day or two longer so that we could get 'talked out'.

"Have I changed any? You haven't a bit unless you have even more of a sense of humor. I am so glad you saw my little daughter Nancy. Now she is standing alone and can talk—if you use your imagination a little.

"I am sure you had a marvelous trip. It's really something for an easterner to have seen the Great West. You had better settle down soon, Karin, and live in Missouri. I am sending a snapshot of Nancy. Please give my love to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter and all my friends at Lasell."

Karin shared with us her charming picture of Virginia's little daughter. We can't understand how the *Personals* Editor chanced to omit the announcement of the birth of this precious little Lasell "Dove."

A letter to Mr. Amesbury contained this word of appreciation from Margaret Anderson Draper '23-'24. Margaret enclosed her check for the Endowment Fund and added: "In today's mail came the Lasell LEAVES, and I was very interested in the *Personals*. It made me realize that I had not kept very closely in touch with my classmates and very definitely to my loss. It was great fun to read letters from all over the country about the girls, their families and their achievements. Just in case someone may be interested I add, I have been married twelve years to a grand bacteriologist. We have a son eight years old and a little girl two. Both are adorable children. We travel as often and as far as we can afford to and thoroughly enjoy life. I would like very much to hear from any Lasell girls living nearby. Good luck to all at the college. I look back to my year at Lasell as one of the most happy years I have ever known and hope at least to drop in and see you before very long." Margaret's address is: Mrs. Alfred A. Draper, 140-20 58th Road, Flushing, L. I.

Lasell's summer residents were happily sur-

prised one early September evening to find Ruth Tilley '31 entering Bragdon Hall. Ruth appeared exceptionally well and happy and reported a busy and interesting summer on Cape Cod. She is employed by Filene's in Northampton and during the summer was located at their Hyannis shop. Ruth promised to return our way soon and we sincerely hope she will do so.

Elizabeth Kenney Cutler '36 sends this brief report from her new home at 28 East Wheelock Street, Hanover, N. H.: "Was married June 16th and sailed the next day for Europe. Traveled through France and England. My husband is professor of French and Spanish at Dartmouth College."

Elizabeth Schuller O'Toole '33 wrote from her old home address: "Have just returned from an extended round-the-world cruise. Moving this winter to Larchmont, N. Y." Elizabeth, please give us some of your most vivid recollections of this wedding journey and also your new address.

Beverly Hills, California, seems to be developing into quite a Pacific coast Lasell center. From 604 Sierra Drive, Helene Davenport Denbo '18 sends a word—but alas, only a word. The *Personals* Editor has a friendly curiosity to know more news about this dear Alumna.

The address of Helen Ebersole Swartzel '01-'02 is now 707 North Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills, California. She sends this good report: "I have three children, three children-in-law and four grandchildren." Helen hopes to get in touch soon with some local Lasellians. It will interest our California Alumnae to know that Mrs. Swartzel is one of a family of seven who from time to time have been among our most worthy Alumnae.

Another adopted California Lasell girl heard from is Bess Campbell '00 of 245 North Kenmore Avenue, Los Angeles. In her note to President Winslow she writes: "It has been a long time since I have been at Lasell and I failed to send my change of address. For nine years I have been in Los Angeles and perhaps it would be interesting to look up the

local Lasell Club. Adeline Phelps '00-'01 lives here also, and Alida Walter Johnson '00-'01 visits here in the winter. I hope Lasell is still having great success. B. C."

Miss Potter was especially happy at being a guest again at the home of her niece, Mary Potter McConn '05. This gave her opportunity to spend many hours with her invalid brother, Mr. E. F. Potter. During the season Mary McConn Maguire '29 was the guest of her parents in Minneapolis for a week. This was a surprise and pleasure to all. Miss Potter also had the joy of being entertained by her niece, Julia Potter Schmidt '06, in her Evanston home.

Two esteemed members of the Class of 1905 seldom seen and not often heard from, delighted Lasell's vacation residents by reporting in person at Bragdon Hall. Agnes Wylie West '05, making a summer tour through New England, graciously included our college and hers in her itinerary. She was enthusiastic over improvements made at Lasell, and we still treasure highly the too brief moments she spent with us. Agnes's oldest son, Joseph, Jr. is married and living in New York City, where he is connected with the Western Electric Company. Her younger son Gregory was graduated from Colgate University last June, having majored in geology. The youngest son John is a sophomore at Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont.

Frances Bragdon West '05 arrived in the wake of the hurricane. To our surprise reported that the storm which so terrified us had wrought comparatively slight damage at and around her hostess's (Mildred Pierce Fuller '06) home in Scituate, Mass. Mr. Louis C. West, husband of Frances, is still in Washington, D. C. on an unusually praiseworthy mission, having made a thorough and sympathetic study of the conditions and needs of our American Indians. His objective in part is to re-establish these first citizens of America in their original vocations, especially in the department of Indian handicraft.

What next will engage the successful attention of our Lorraine Lombard '31? One of

her more-than-satisfied patrons has placed in our hands an elaborate menu on the cover of which appears this original and inviting announcement: "Lombard's Lobster Pound." This young music supervisor during her summer vacation, in partnership with her mother and brother, has carried on a most successful lobster restaurant at Old Orchard Beach, Maine. Lasell's hearty congratulations to our Lorraine Lombard, promoter of this new venture.

To Miss Mary F. Lichliter, our retiring Dean, Godspeed in her educational work, especially in creative writing, her ability for which was recently evidenced in her first historical book for children, "Let's Go Exploring."

Barbara King Haskins '35 in Hawaii! The wild wide sweep of the sea and leagues of land fail to separate in loyal thought our "Cindy" from her homeland and Alma Mater. This bride of a young U. S. naval officer writes from her far-away Honolulu bungalow:

"It was a bit hard to say goodbye to my family and friends that night of our wedding, but now I can't imagine anything more wonderful than being married and living out here. Honolulu is beautiful and I can't well describe the place—the flowers, palm trees and tropical growth. The days are quite hot but the nights always cool.

"After our wedding my husband and I drove across the country and it was certainly a great experience for me as I had never been West. The great Northwest, especially in the vicinity of Seattle, was by far the loveliest.

"We have our own little home and it is adorable—high up on a hill overlooking the city and harbor of Honolulu. I have really gone in for serious housekeeping and just love it. My cooking is definitely in the primary stage but I'll be a Fanny Farmer someday—perhaps. The worse I have done yet were some terribly tired looking pancakes!

"It was such fun having so many Lasellites at our wedding and we all had a grand reunion. Incidentally, my main objective now is to get back for our Fifth Reunion in 1940. Please

give my regards to all at Lasell and don't forget me 'way out here. B. K. H."

Cindy's address is 1538-A Wilhelmina Rise, Honolulu, T. H.

Dear Ruth Sweet Voss, our ex-librarian, and her mother reported recently in our office. Their call was brief and delightfully informal and appreciated by the Lasell friends who chanced to meet them.

When she called at Lasell Miss Barbara Alden reported she had been studying all summer but it certainly agreed with her perfectly. Miss Alden has returned to Chicago University where she is in line for her Ph.D. Our best wishes go with this former faculty member.

ELLA RICHARDSON CUSHING'S HOME GOING

Ella Richardson Cushing '73 was pre-eminently and unfailingly Lasell minded and Lasell hearted. For nineteen years Mrs. Cushing was treasurer of our Alumnae Association and so great was her devotion to Lasell that even after her service had ceased officially, she voluntarily and enthusiastically continued her active interest in and for her beloved Alma Mater. She is survived by her husband, Mr. Carlos D. Cushing, son of a former president of Lasell Junior College, and two daughters, Mrs. Carlena Cushing Morris of San Mateo, California and Mrs. Elizabeth Cushing Taylor of Westford, Mass., in whose home Mrs. Cushing spent her last days surrounded by the tender ministrations of this devoted daughter. A host of Lasell graduates, former students and faculty will ever hold this faithful and most devoted Alumna in grateful and affectionate remembrance.

A college contemporary of Mrs. Cushing's, Mrs. Ellen Clark Gill '70 of Concord, Mass., writes: "I thank you for trusting me to pay a last word of tribute to the character of dear Mrs. Cushing. To me she was a rare and in some respects unusual woman. Her triumph over difficulties would have done credit to a brigadier general."

Miss Helen Littlefield '72 sends this message

from her Cape Cod home: "I am recalling today Ella Richardson Cushing's last real visit at Lasell, when her classmate, Emma George Newhall, and I in company with Mrs. Cushing were President Winslow's guests at the college for several memorable days. Mrs. Cushing was a most lovable woman and I will always treasure her friendship."

"Why say that she is dead?

What is death to such an one?

A sigh perchance for work unfinished here

Then a swift passing to a mightier sphere.

New joys, perfected powers, the vision clear

And all the amplitude of heaven in which to work

The work she held so dear."

Hildegard Baxter '36 said late in the summer: "I expect to receive my B.S. degree from Boston University next June if all goes well." Our recollection of Hildegard is that things usually go well with her so that even in advance we extend to her our congratulations.

It's always refreshing to see Julia Case '32 and she was especially radiant when recently she entered our Bragdon dining hall. Later we learned that she had just been elected president of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club. Congratulations to this newly honored member of the Class of 1932.

Frances Austin '37 is at Lasell for a post-graduate course. It's a clear case of reciprocity—she is enjoying Lasell and Lasell is happy indeed to have this honor student again in residence.

A remarkable journey for time, extent and expense. See below "Mac's" travelogue:

For information on "how to see the Great U. S." in six weeks for \$150., call the Misses Karin Eliasson '31, Madeleine Marsh, Mira Sawyer or Muriel McClelland! We left Boston on June 20th and returned July 30th—covered 11,000 miles going from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast and from Mexico to Canada. The general route was west to Denver, south to the Carlsbad Caverns, west to Grand Canyon, Boulder Dam, Hollywood, and San Francisco. Thence east via Yosemite National Park,

Salt Lake City, Yellowstone, the Black Hills of South Dakota, to Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo and Boston.

Lasell girls visited were: Virginia Hinshaw '31 (Kansas City), Trithena McFarland '38 (Kansas City), Jane Sherman '38 (Montclair, N. J.), Mary Morgan Yarnell '31 (San Gabriel, Calif.), Sarah Foster Farnsworth '26 (Janesville, Wis.), Barbara Alden, faculty 1935-37, (Chicago), Katharine Hartman '32 (Mansfield, O.), Betty Schneider '38 (Syra-cuse, Ind.), Margaret Nichols '38, Mary Mar-tha Rabus '38 and Nan Fishing '38 of Fort Wayne, Ind.

Respectfully submitted,
"Miss Mac."

Mrs. McDonald reports pleasant midsummer calls from Mrs. Annette McNeil Watson, formerly of Lasell's Art Department, and Mr. and Mrs. Leroy W. Esten (Juanita Dudley '28-'30). Molly Upham '35, who was also among the summer callers, reported the death of her father which occurred last spring. La-sell's sympathy is extended to this bereaved graduate and her family.

Mrs. W. W. Krick of Unadilla, New York visited the college in October. Her mother, Jennie Bishop Sharpe, attended Lasell in 1890-91. Mrs. Krick hopes her mother will be well enough in the spring to visit Lasell.

A friendly note from Marion Joslin Oppen-heimer '12 of St. Paul explains why our Dean Emeritus failed this summer to contact the Minneapolis-St. Paul Lasell group:

"Katherine Wheeler '09 was in Europe this past summer. Susan Stryker Brown '10 has moved back to her old home in Duluth—2702 Woodlawn Avenue. Alleda Burnett Arneson '14 and her family enjoyed their summer at Lake Minnetonka. Alleda has three fine sons. We spent our summer as usual at our lake home. In August drove to a shore resort in Oregon, returning via Montana where our boys had to stop at a favorite ranch. Our oldest son is a freshman at Dartmouth College and his brother will join him there next fall.

My best love to those who remember 1912 and all good wishes for Lasell."

This fall Lasell's "Toddler's" Class is not large but very precious. The names on our Cradle Roll follow:

July 27—A daughter, Jean Ayr, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Baker (Jean Ayr '29).

July 31—A son, Kenneth Anson, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald N. Price (Barbara Thompson '28-'30).

August 11—A daughter, Bonita, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Brewer (Barbara Ordway '35).

Sept. 8—A son, George Godard, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hadley (Mary Godard '21-'23).

Sept. 20—A daughter, Lucanna, to Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Murphy (Frances Page '25).

Sept. 22—A son, Theodore, Comdr, to Lieut. and Mrs. Elmer Langworthy (Mildred Fischer '31).

October 16—A son, Duncan, to Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Hills (Martha Wilcox '25).

Ethel Stroud Hartley '37 is now at home at 125 North Center Street, Plainfield, Indiana. We are quite sure western cordiality, especially in Indiana, will soon captivate this New Eng-land bride.

We are indebted to one of our new pupils for having brought to us a charming picture of a lovely bride, Mrs. John Brandow Trumbull, new daughter of our Beth Brandow Trum-bull '11.

Lillian Bethel '28 and Marjorie MacClymon '32 fared forth together on a vacation cruise in August. The "MacBeth" itinerary included such novel places as Nassau, B. W. I. and Ha-vana, Cuba.

News from Julia Clausen '29 is always good news, and this time it's "the best ever". We venture with her permission to share her mes-sage in part with the LEAVES *Personals* column. Julia writes from her Chicago home: "I was just glancing through the last number of the LEAVES and decided I had better add my con-tribution for the November *Personals*. This last summer I took my vacation out West to attend a friend's wedding in San Diego and returned home via San Francisco and Port-

land, Oregon. It was while visiting firends in Portland that I met my fiance, Mr. Clyde Irwin Bowman, a native Oregonian and an Oregon State graduate now in business in Portland. He recently flew from Portland to our home, remaining for a week and my family fell in love with him too. I just can't imagine living anywhere but in Chicago, but with the brief glimpses I have had of the West Coast, I think it must be a grand place in which to settle. One lives out of doors so much more and life seems simpler than in our hectic mid-western cities.

"Our Chicago Club has been somewhat 'crippled' for our President, Cecile Loomis Steubing '22, has moved to Texas and our Vice-President, Kathleen Atkin Torcom '34 is largely absorbed by her little family. I wonder if there are any Lasellites in Portland? If so, I would appreciate knowing them. My very best regards to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Irwin and to you.—J.C."

These reports, accompanying recent changes of address, are brief but interesting and always most welcome at our office. Pauline LeClaire Reiter '27 writes from 3408 Windsor Avenue, Baltimore, Md.: "During the last week of August I was delighted with a surprise visit from Rosana McConnell Wallis '27, who was visiting her sister in Baltimore. She gave me the news of our Tenth Reunion, which reunion, by the way, I was terribly sorry to have missed."

The latest address for Betty Condit Kessel '31 is 606 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois. Betty also adds: "Recently moved to Evanston and enjoy it very much. Now I can keep in touch with such Lasellites as Ruth Jones Stewart '29-'30, Marion Freeman '30-'31, and Eleanor Idler '31.

Pauline Philbrick '35 was married to Mr. Edwin D. Gritz on August 17th. Their honeymoon was spent traveling in Scotland, England and France. Pauline's new address is 33 Walbridge Street, Allston, Mass.

Another August bride was Janice Piper '35.

Janice is now Mrs. Warren Hyde Baird of 143-17 38th Avenue, Flushing, L. I.

We do not know of any faculty members who keeps in more friendly touch with her former pupils than does out Senora Orozco. Betsy Bernheim '38 writes: "Now that the hurricane is over and we have returned to normalcy, I write hoping that this finds you safe and well.

"I am thrilled for I am working in a library and you can't imagine how many times I have used my Spanish. Have read 'Marienala' again and have made notes of my favorite passages so that when I feel sad I can turn to them and find help.

"I am praying that the beautiful trees at Lasell weren't taken by the storm. My father is heartbroken because we have lost all of our lovely pines. They meant so much to him. After all beautiful trees mean a lot but to me lives mean a whole lot more.

"Don't let your girls forget to study their Spanish. Tell them they will be surprised how much they will use it when they leave Lasell. I envy you at the college at this glorious time of the year. I wish you could send me some Lasell atmosphere—Auburndale air is good to breathe. Love to you.—B.B."

Another of Senora's appreciative pupils adds: "Tell your girls not to be discouraged for when they are graduated, they will realize how valuable your instruction was. Your talks concerning right and wrong living will always remain with me. Your efforts were not in vain."

Through the courtesy of Elizabeth Robinson Breed '06-'07, Mlle. LeRoy and the *Personals* Editor had a cross-country ride on a rare October day, stopping at a most attractive Waban home to find to our utter surprise that it was the residence of Marion Tirrell Patterson '19-'20. Her two children added a special interest to this discovery.

Edith Downey '34: that was a clever idea of your to send a map of Cape Cod along with your greeting. It was easy to locate you and

locate you definitely. Thank you for message and map.

We are trying to forget in part the terrifying experience of the hurricane but an occasional letter from one of our "Old Girls", a storm victim, brings it freshly to mind again. Yet with but few exceptions our large and scattered Lasell family in the storm area were providentially saved. At this moment the death of Mrs. Alan McNab, mother of our Helen McNab Willand '25 was the one exception. The tidal wave which swept away their summer home carried Mrs. McNab, Helen and her husband out to sea. The dear mother lost her life but Helen and her husband's escape was miraculous.

Etta Macmillan Rowe '11-'13 writes from her home in West Granby, Conn. to Miss Irwin: "Early in October I was in Westerly and talked with Mary Starr Utter Maxson '12. She and her family are all well and her mother is recovering in part from her recent illness. The city of Westerly did not fare any worse than many cities but they lost 100 lives. Our beach property at the west end of Misquamicut Beach is no more as the tidal wave washed it practically all away, and the havoc which was left in the wake of that wind and tide was sad to look upon. Our large estate situated on the hills came through with minor damage.

"Virginia Williamson Hurlbutt '12-'13 had taken a cottage at South Lyme, Conn. for the month of September, to gather her family together as they were separated all summer. I drove down the Monday before the storm to spend a little time with her and persuaded her to return with her daughter here as her sons were going to Yale. Her plan had been to leave on Thursday. I left the beach cottage just before noon Wednesday to drive to New London for my sister, who was to meet me there and return with me to West Granby. We left my brother-in-law in New London and did not hear from him again for five days. Virginia and her daughter arrived at Granby just before the storm broke, so we were all very fortunate. Just how much so we did not

fully realize until Virginia returned for her belongings at the beach cottage. Every cottage at the beach was flat except the one we were in and that had the front of the first floor torn away.

"With all the girls in your charge at Lasell, it was most fortunate that only two suffered slight injury.

"Please tell Miss Witherbee that I think of her often with affection and would so much enjoy having her as my guest when she is "up North". The news of Lasell and Miss Potter is heartening and I do hope that Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and family are all safe and happy. With sincere affection, E.M.R."

In July, Dr. Winslow received this message from Anna Hendee Sheehan '24: "After reading your recent letter I rushed down to 316 South Bedford Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. to see Eva May Mortimer Riffe '25—and what good times we have had together. Were it not for you, we might have lived only three houses from each other and not met for months. Eva May has three darling boys and a perfectly grand husband. Mr. Riffe and my husband have become good friends.

"I have tried to locate Mabel Bavier Bunker '24 by telephone but without success. Some afternoon soon Eva May and I plan to drive to West Hollywood and try to locate her.

"The longer Jack and I stay west the better we like it—although I have enough New England in me to always have the urge to return. Since finding Eva May I haven't been very homesick but there will always be that little yearning until my mother joins us. She is still in Augusta but promises to come to California soon.

"Thank you again for your note and also for the catalogs which I received."

We have Betty Clark's ('38) word for it that she is just where she wanted to be—completing her course in a senior college. In her good letter just received from the University of New Hampshire, Betty writes:

"Durham is like Auburndale in that both are fairly small towns and quite country-like.

The University may lack much that I found at Lasell but it's one redeeming feature is that everyone is master of his own fate for the most part. This gives one the desire to branch out more on his own. It's really a lot of fun."

Betty later adds: "A friendly letter from Barbara DeWitt '39 brings me the news that the new Lasell Juniors are a 'grand group of girls'. Many of them will probably acquire the habit of dropping in your room, as did so many of last year's Seniors. I often wish I might do it too."

Dear Betty, our good wishes are still following you.

A September issue of the Wilkes-Barre, Penna. press contained a fine picture of Mr. G. Edward Elwell, husband of our Sara Milleisen Elwell '08. Mr. Elwell was honored at a recent meeting of the Supreme Council of Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry held in Columbus, Ohio, by being crowned Honorary Thirty-Third Degree Mason. He has occupied many high offices in Masonic circles, having been vice-president of the National League of Masonic Clubs.

If anyone imagines M. Adele Brown '38 is taking life easy in her position at the General Hospital, Elizabeth, New Jersey, read this her abbreviated schedule sent to Miss Eliasson, Lasell instructor in Medical Secretarial Science. Adele writes: "Listen to my working program—hours at hospital, nine to five-thirty. At first my secretarial work seemed sort of impossible but the doctors are very patient and now that I know the usual procedure. I am really enjoying it all, especially the eye cases. It is difficult to take dictation from a doctor whose head is bent over a microscope but I am getting used to that. I get quite a thrill wearing the professional togs and being paged over the hospital's loud speaker is lots of fun. Martha Romaine '38 lives nearby. I went to visit for an afternoon and spent nearly two days. (So much for N. J. hospitality.) Received a letter from Myrtle Sylvester '38 recently and she reported the fine new improve-

ments at Lasell. I often wish myself back again. Please remember me to everyone."

Another of our Alumnae has recently enrolled at the Elizabeth General Hospital and Dispensary. Carolyn Stuart '38 is taking a six-months' course in dietetics and is rooming with Dorothy Abbott '37. Lasell's Godspeed to the dear dietetians—in embryo.

Sally Swanson '35 called early in October and left with us this note: "Am engaged in advertising and display work in Steiger's in Hartford—and it's grand fun too!" And her face bore witness to her enthusiastic statement.

Martha Driscoll '38 and Grace Tillinghast '36-'37 we found late one October evening registering at the Bragdon Hall Tel. & Tel. window. What they wrote is this: "Martha is now a student at Miss Farmer's School in Boston and Grace is attending Miss Wheelock's." We promptly removed all restrictions and let them escape after exacting a personal pledge that they will report soon again.

Returning from our summer vacation we found on our desk this note: "Helen Morgan Riederer '30 called Saturday, July 30, to see the school and you. She and her husband were taking a summer's trip to Maine. Left their year and a half old daughter in the care of her grandmother in California. Helen subscribes for the LEAVES and enjoys the *Personals*."

Helen: that disappointment was an all-round one. The way our "Old Girls" turn their steps Lasellward after years of separation is a gratifying proof that they are still keeping a warm spot in their hearts for their foster mother, Lasell Junior College.

Rogers Cottage, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. Quite a collegiate air to the above! It is the present address of our Lee Shepard '38. Her opening word to the *Personals* Editor is this: "Have been thinking of Lasell so much lately and thinking how much I would like to be right there again a part of it. I will always be a part of it in spirit. After all that

is what really counts in life—the impressions that are left with us and how strongly they influence our future outlook in life.

"Miami University is very different from Lasell. Some three thousand students are here. I am taking a secretarial course and hope to graduate next year with a B.S. degree. Please let me know how the Missionary Society is progressing, and if ever I can help in any way, I should be more than willing to do so."

Bless your heart, dear ex-Missionary President Lee. Your generous offer inspires us again to become Missionary-minded. Prosperity to you in your university career.

Sunday, September 25th was home-coming day for a fine group of Lasell's Alumnae. Among these most welcomed guests were Mary Elizabeth McNulty McNair '32, Frances McNulty '34-'35, Marjorie Bassett '36, Eleanor Pierce '38, Eleanor Skinner '38, Mary Alves '37 and Meta Searles '37.

Eleanor Borella '37-'38 made a real visit later and reported that she is again at the Franklin Square House, Boston and continuing her secretarial work. Elizabeth Morley '38 keeps in close touch with Lasell through her sister, Emily, a member of our Junior Class. Betty is enjoying her work at the Waltham Hospital where she is private secretary to Mr. Amesbury.

Elizabeth Pomeroy '36 and Dorothy Ell '36 were graduated from Depauw University this June. Shortly following graduation Dorothy literally "put out to sea". Word came from her at midsummer describing her European tour as "indescribably thrilling". Elizabeth's summer was spent in a camp on Cape Cod where a fellow councillor was Marian Mapes '36. One of Elizabeth's charges at camp was little Buddy Caron, son of Adrienne Fontaine Caron '23.

Later in October we were more than pleased to welcome Esther Sosman '36 to Lasell. "Esso" was thrilled with the new building and additional Senior houses on the campus. She is a senior at Mount Holyoke College and treasurer of her class.

How much we appreciate the good custom of our graduates who go out of their way often to "pay their respects" to their Alma Mater. Heading the list of summer callers is the name of Alcine Rippere '37 and her mother Alcine Hotchkiss Rippere '03-'07. Alcine, Jr. was returning to her enjoyable life at Smith College but evidenced in her gracious detour that Lasell Junior College is still holding its place in her mother's and her affections.

In mid-September Dorothea Panesis Ward '35 brought to Lasell in person this interesting bit of news. She is now living in Los Angeles, Calif., and her husband, Mr. Henry A. Ward, is instructor in art in the Hollywood High School.

Katharine Gamble '35-'36 of Detroit is successfully carrying on as a music teacher. Katharine writes: "I have joined the Christian Endeavor Union Choir. We give three concerts yearly. This summer I called at the home of Emily Saxton '37 and discovered that both she and her sister were busy serving as hostesses in a local tearoom. Also had an opportunity to see my former roommate Betty Doe '35-'36. Betty plans to be married this fall. I wonder if Lasell had any damage during the storm."

Yes, Katharine, we lost thirty-five of our fine trees and the Crow's Nest, but our loss was small compared with the calamity which was experienced by many communities.

Two members of the Class of 1938 have joined the official family at Lasell. Mildred Birchard is doing secretarial work at the main office and Margaret Jones is student dietitian. We are indebted to Mildred for this resume of the "doings" of our recent graduates:

Geraldine Watson '38 called October 21 and is attending the University of Maine. Jerry reports that Margaret Wagner is enrolled at Skidmore College and Evelyn Smith '38 is at Sophie Newcomb College in New Orleans. Other October callers included Elda Yapple '38, now a medical secretary; Miriam Nye '38 who is doing secretarial work in New Haven; and Dorothy Thomas '38, who is on the staff of a Hartford paper. Members of the Class of

1937, graduates of the secretarial department, who are employed locally are Doris Carey, Doris Carlson, Lois Small, Virginia Gately, Barbara Harding, Jean Meady, Janet Owens and Marjorie Gilbert.

Jean Randall '38, Virginia Meikle '37-'38 and Irene Gahan '38 reported at the college on October 12. Jean is working in a Springfield insurance office and Irene has a secretarial position in Boston.

Mary Parker '38 kindly detoured to Auburndale on her way to California. She, her mother and sister Frances '35 will spend the winter near San Diego. Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to this family in the loss of their father who passed away this summer.

Jean Berry '38 writes to Mrs. Winters, instructor of medical bacteriology: "You will, no doubt, be interested in learning of the progress of your former students. I have been most fortunate—secured a position at the Bellevue Hospital in New York City. My bacteriology notebook of last year has come in handy and I refer to it often and add to it as well. Plan to be married in November but will continue with my work here. Claudia Hull '38 is working in a New York business firm and Marie Bruns '38 has a secretarial position in a Yonkers Hospital. When September rolled around, I certainly missed going back to Lasell. Best wishes for a happy year."

The St. Johnsbury Lasell Club

The annual meeting of the St. Johnsbury Lasell Club was held July 27 at the Montpelier Tavern, Montpelier, Vermont. Greetings from Lasell were brought by Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, who told of changes in the faculty for the coming year, the addition of two new houses and the popularity of the Merchandising and Medical Secretarial courses.

The following officers were elected: President, Carolyn Stuart '38; Vice-President, Ethel Ramage Fisk '19; and Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret Pearl Ide '36.

Those present included: Dr. and Mrs. G.

M. Winslow, Mrs. Bertha Hooker Willey, Virginia Cleasby '31, Dorris Cleasby '27, Josephine Laughton '28, Helen Beede '21, Beulah Fletcher '31, Elizabeth Madeira Campbell '22, Katherine Fitch Chesley '30, Ethel Ramage Fisk '19, Frances Austin '37, Sarah Crane '22, Isabelle Whitcomb Jackson '23, Marion Hale Bottomley '10, Beulah McFarland '20, and Margaret Pearl Ide '36.

The Connecticut Valley Lasell Club

The 32d annual meeting of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club was held on Friday evening, October 14th, at the Hartford City Club. An informal reception was held preceding dinner. Thirty-five Alumnae and former students attended this meeting and the Class of 1938 received a well-merited cheer, having fourteen members present.

President Cornelia Hemingway Killam '22 later called the business meeting to order. The Secretary's report was read and accepted as was also the Treasurer's report. Sarah Dyer Darling '00-'01 read the report of the Honor Roll Committee. We regret very much that we must add four names to our Honor Roll this year: Susan Alling Baldwin '78-'81; Carita Curtis Bird '99, Susan Jane Day '87-'89 and Helen Beard Peck '96-'97.

The following officers were elected for 1938-39: President, Julia Case '32; Vice President, Faye Wadhams '38; and Secretary-Treasurer, Helen Wahlquist Wolcott '25. Executive Committee: Lois Wadhams '38, Chairman; Freda Griffin Leining '20 and Florence Kent '38. Nominating Committee: Jean Ayr Baker '29, Chairman; Mary Korper Steele '29 and Ruth Tivnan '33. Honor Roll Committee, Mary Goodwin Olmsted '03, and Publicity Chairman, Barbara Stanley Ulrich '32.

Because so many people are busy during the fall of the year, we discussed the advisability of changing the time of year for our Annual Meeting. The motion was made and seconded that the time and place of our next annual meeting be left to the discretion of the officers

and Executive Committee. We are hoping that a meeting in January or February would prove a more convenient time for our members and that we may have a larger attendance at future meetings.

The Club voted to send flowers to Emma White Welles '90-'93 who is now convalescing from a long illness.

Our Lasell representative, Mrs. Statira P. McDonald, brought greetings from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, Miss Margaret Rand, Lasell's new dean, and members of the faculty. We were very glad to learn that the buildings at the college were not seriously damaged by the hurricane, but regret that so many beautiful trees were lost. We wish to extend to Dr. Winslow our thanks for sending us this charming delegate.

Respectfully submitted,

HELEN WAHLQUIST WOLCOTT '25
Secretary-Treasurer

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What Is This Thing Called Skiing?

Skiing seems to be one of those rages which grip a country for a few years, then slide back into oblivion. The skiing craze has brought everyone, whether a Du Pont or a Kelley, to the snow-covered hills of the country.

My idea of skiing is that it should be remotely related to sport, not a serious ordeal and a matter of life and death. Skiing should be for enjoyment, and you should not be looked upon as an imbecile if all you can do is go down a slope sitting on your skis.

The skiing dress is usually the first question of controversy with the newly discovered ski enthusiast. Whether you are garbed in the latest of Tyrolean fashions and gabardines, or bundled in woolens, makes no difference, except that you may think it has a lot to do with how you ski. Then there is the question of ski equipment. Of course the most expensive of everything seems most desirable, especially skis, because you will surely break them the first time you use them. Ski poles, designed especially for the purpose of jabbing yourself in the stomach, are an absolute necessity, according to ski authorities. The process of waxing and the other preliminaries are important and very involved, though they don't mean a thing to me.

However, assuming you are fully equipped and prepared, you start out in a cloud of ex-

uberance. You walk beautifully on level ground except for an occasional arrest of progress caused by what is known as crossing of the skis in front of you. As you come to the foot of a lovely steep hill, "Ah, just the place to practise my turns on," you find the hill solid with people, all having the same idea.

You can take your choice of one of two methods by which to climb hills: first, the herringbone style, which portrays a most delightful picture to anyone who is behind you; or there is the ski-carry and stumble method, both of which are most trying on the nerves if you're not accustomed to frequent hill climbing. Assuming that you reach the top, you are now confronted with the problem of what sort of turn you are going to exhibit to the public. Perhaps you are one of those who go out for an afternoon of skiing, and anchor yourself to the top of the hill, gab with everyone who comes along, forgetting that you came out to ski. You may be brave enough to attempt some complicated turn, only to land in an ungainly pile of inanimate sections. I suggest that you do not feel sensitive about your performance, but be stubborn enough to try it again and show that you are capable of falling again if necessary.

However, some people prefer not to have their hides full of splinters.

Priscilla Aiken



A Winter Sport for Artists Only

Remember how you used to make big snow men out in your backyard? This sport has now grown into an art that has become so popular that thousands of people have been attracted to the resorts and colleges where it flourishes. One of these places is Davos, Switzerland, a famous winter resort over which Wilhelm Scherzmann is the reigning artist. This Swiss sculptor, one of the most adept, carves ice statues in winter as a hobby.

The snow is mixed with water in a wooden form, and allowed to freeze overnight. When the form is removed, a big block of ice is ready for work. Mr. Scherzmann uses a sinister-looking butcher knife, often teeters precariously atop a ladder, and chops from top to bottom.

Snow sculpture is not limited to winter resorts, however. Dartmouth students are included among the best ice sculptors in the United States.

For a week before the famed Winter Carnival, Hanover is in the throes of a snow-sculpturing "epidemic," as brothers from each fraternity and dormitory vie with each other in competition. If the finished product is exceptional, elaborate lighting systems are often installed. At night the soft bluish illumination of the snow is very beautiful and effective. Everything from historical figures to surrealism and comedy may be chosen for a subject. Diverse and weird are the designs, but detailed work is not often attempted because of the difficulty in handling the snow. The prize winning sculpture one year was a huge, very

scary empty skull reposing gravely next to an hour glass, as Sigma Chi's version of eternity.

Novel and readily adaptable ideas for snow sculpture can be obtained in a booklet on soap carving, advertising the product of the Ivory Soap Company.

Sun, wind and warm temperature raise havoc with the clever statues. But with proper care and a temperature below the freezing point, ice statuary will remain for exhibition all winter. So if you feel inclined toward this art, all you have to do is this: prepare yourself for zero weather, learn how to handle a carving weapon with sufficient dexterity, and have a lot of influence with the weather man. Simple? Try it sometime.

Alice Buck

Trespassers in Fairyland

The great cloud curtains parted, and from their billowing folds a thousand crystal diamonds tumbled earthward. The ground was suddenly transformed into a crystal fairyland, where strange and beautiful objects rose majestically from amid sparkling whiteness.

The emerald pines were shrouded in white; the murky brook, already frozen, was encrusted with silver; everywhere silence reigned—the chilling silence, like that of an empty cathedral in the gray dawn.

Suddenly this holy stillness was rudely broken by the sound of human voices. The spell was broken!

The gay voices grew nearer—laughter and song filled the air. A group of six young people were intruding upon this silvery fairyland. Their bright winter clothing made a colorful pattern against the whiteness of the winter day. The mountain atmosphere, the crisp air, and the tingling coldness caused their spirits to soar to unknown heights.

However there was something strange about this group—what was it? It seemed to be their feet, which were resting on what appeared to be over-grown tennis racquets. But upon further investigation, it was found that these young people were snowshoeing! This was a

winter sport which was very popular about twenty-five years ago; but today, its place has been taken by the ever-growing popularity of skiing, tobogganing, and ice skating.

These young people had obtained their snowshoes from their parents and grandparents. Many of the pairs had not been used for ten or fifteen years, but they had been packed away carefully, and were still in excellent condition. The boys in the party trudged forward with exaggerated manly strides; while the girls hopped from side to side, in order not to have one snowshoe step on the other, in the difficult process of walking forward with the feet in a natural position.

There were joyous squeals of delight whenever the boys attempted to execute a fancy step and failing, landed in a distorted position in the snow. When they tried to hurry, their progress was greatly retarded by some unexpected pitfall.

The group of happy trespassers trudged through shimmering groves of snow-laden wonder. They were able to walk upon the silver brook without fear of crashing through; they often bent low to pass under a young tree whose branches bore fluffy snow-flowers that brushed their faces as they passed underneath. The snowshoes enabled them to explore numerous hidden groves where austere beauty and silence sat together upon high thrones of celestial dignity.

That evening as they sat before the open hearth, with the glow in their cheeks matching the glow of the dancing flames before them, each one agreed that snowshoeing was an invigorating sport. They are going again in search of new beauty and wholehearted fun. Do you want to come along?

Jane Bartlett

Winter Wonderland

I saw a forest great and tall
With lovely ferns and a waterfall.

I saw tall pines weighed down with snow
And stately elm trees bending low.

I caught a glimpse of roe and deer
And starry snowflakes falling near.

I saw a river silvery white
And twinkling stars shimmering bright.

There was a gray and pearly sky
With cottony clouds drifting by.

Thought I, these are the woods of Maine
But alas, 'twas just my window-pane!

Jack Frost had been at work all night
To draw this forest of delight.

Jane Bartlett



Good-bye, Gardenias

The large box arrived at last, and her heart beat with great expectancy. Masses of tissue paper, when picked up with trembling fingers, revealed clouds of black tulle. She shook the dress out carefully and admired its charm, which was enhanced by clusters of gardenias placed at strategic points. Already she could vision herself attracting the attention of every eye at the dance that night. With the aid of the dress and the gardenias, she could successfully play the part of the most important girl in the world, with the most important man in the world.

She tried the dress on, delighted in the tightness of the bodice, and the heavenly fullness of the skirt. The black alone would be wonderful, she decided; but definitely, it was the gardenias which "made" the gown. They emphasized the clearness of her skin, the blackness of her hair, and the sparkle in her eye as no other ornaments could. The gown had been made for her, and for no one else in this wide world.

She pirouetted gracefully around the mirror, vibrant with anticipation, her face glowing with pleasure at the compliments she knew would be hers.

Regretfully she took the dress off, and hung it in her bedroom where she could see it when she lay down to rest. Her eyes closed, filled with the picture of the most beautiful dress in the world, and opened to see it even more beautiful.

She bathed and powdered and hummed, and arranged her hair until the jangle of the doorbell insolently broke the silence. Putting on her housecoat on the way downstairs, she opened the door to receive a corsage box from the florist's delivery boy. She opened it, read the card from the most wonderful person in the world, and drew the corsage from the box. She screamed in dismay. She rushed to her room, flung herself on the bed and sobbed. Soon, however, she recovered herself, stood up, powdered her nose, and found a pair of scissors in her drawer.

Regretfully, very regretfully, she went to the beautiful black dress with the great clusters of gardenias, and slowly began to snip them off.

For who could wear gardenias plus two large orchids?

Mary O'Connor

Rustling Leaves

The musty smell of old brown paper subtly suffuses in the air as I crackle open the speckled-bound volume containing the earliest issues of the LASELL LEAVES. Funny-looking type all right, I think as I scan the pages. The first edition evidently was published on November 18, 1878 and contained only two pages. It says here that it's a yearly publication. Our magazine is issued four times a year. There were only sixty girls at that time. We certainly have grown. They even had a Lasell Publishing Association whose purpose was to continue the publication of the LASELL LEAVES, and it was entered at Washington as one of the regular publications of the United States. What's this in the Personals? "A crochet-needle with a hook at each end has been lost. Anyone finding this valuable article, will very much oblige Miss Haskell by returning it to No. 10 Happy Hall." An editorial on women's dress. It says that instead of wearing corsets, the fashionable young lady may be permitted to wear only one cotton undergarment in place of four tight-fitting skirts. Quite a reform, but it also adds, "We must admit that she is not apt to be the woman who bangs her hair, or bangles her wrists, or totters on pointed heels, or screws a thin arm into a sleeve almost tighter than the skin itself, or commits herself to any other deformity. She subordinates her apparel to her person, and thereby heightens its charm."

I see where in 1878 they had trips to Europe. My, the class of '78 must have been quite active! It was the first one to celebrate Class Day, and each senior wore a class ring with a pink onyx stone on her "lily-white" finger. The Archery Club was also started in that year. I see that they used the front lawn as a practice ground.

Here they write about a trip to Lexington and Concord, where they visited Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Arrived at Concord, we drove first to the residence of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, where he entertained us in his own inimitable manner. His home is very cosy and tasteful, and, at the same time, has about it an air of elegance and literary retirement well suited to the courtly, silver-haired gentleman who presides over it."

My goodness, even recipes are given in this issue! It also mentions that a menu printed on rose-colored satin was given by the Cooking Class to the Principal. *Vacation at School*, I see: "It was charming not to be obliged to go to bed precisely at half-past nine. It was quite refreshing to go out without being escorted by a teacher, and thus to get a glimpse of what it is to be on the Self-Governed list." What is this Self-Governed list anyway? Oh, yes, it means that a girl has proved that she is capable of commanding herself and therefore can do as she pleases.

Ah, last but not least, *Sensible Advice to Girls*, "Give them a good education. Teach them to cook a nourishing meal, darn stockings, sew on buttons, to make their own dresses and a decent shirt."

"Teach them that a paid-for calico dress fits better than a silk for which they have to run in debt."

"Teach them that a round, full face is worth fifty consumptive beauties; teach them to wear good strong shoes."

"Teach them to make purchases, and to calculate whether the bill corresponds. Teach them that they only spoil 'the image of God' by tight lacing. Teach them simple, sound sense, self-reliance and industry. Teach them that an honest mechanic in shirt sleeves and apron, even without a penny is worth more than a dozen richly dressed and aristocratic idlers. Teach them to cultivate gardens and wild flowers,—the joys of free nature. If you have the means, teach them music, drawing and the fine arts; but, remember, this is not necessary."

"Teach them that happiness in matrimony

depends neither upon outside appearance nor upon the purse of the man, but upon his character."

"Have you taught them all this? and do they understand it? Then, when their time comes, let them marry in good faith, and they will get along by themselves."

Well, that's enough of browsing around.

The book was closed and locked in the cabinet while a sunbeam entered the window across the room as it had always done before when it shone upon the dreams of those who had planned there, and as it always will shine in its ever-lingering brilliance long after the shadow of that modern dreamer has dissolved and disappeared, . . . where? *Jane Leckie*

Fragility

As I was passing by one day,
I noticed in an art display
A fragile fan of ivory lace
Within a low glass case.

How many hands have held this fan,
A dainty screen from which to scan
A beau?—this wondered I,
As I was passing by.

Rachel Reed.

Hearts Are Broken

Years ago when I was still a very little girl, a series of incidents occurred that left a great mark on my memory and on my conscience.

In my home room in the second grade there was a very beautiful girl with black hair, soft as smoke; creamy white skin, and tawny eyes that were enormous, filled with an expression I didn't understand then but which at times haunts me even now. "If I had only known," is repeated again and again in my mind. But I suppose I wouldn't have done anything but what I did do—what was expected of me.

I remember very clearly the way she looked the day it happened—the day a young life was horribly scarred and a young heart irreparably broken into sharp little bits. She wore a tiny scarlet bow in her hair, a white sweater and a very short pleated kilt. What she wore, I sup-

pose, is vivid because I was dressed in the same fashion.

At any rate, this was the day before we were to be promoted into a higher grade; and Elizabeth as the prettiest and most talented girl in our room, was to accept the prize won by our class for being the best of all the second grades. It was a great honor, being chosen to walk up before the whole school, and carry away the award; and Elizabeth, instead of boasting about it, said nothing or nodded shyly when she was congratulated. That impressed me.

The great day finally came, and consequently Elizabeth's turn to receive the prize. As she walked down the aisle, we watched her very proudly; I especially, because I thought she was the height of everything wonderful. Half way down the aisle an older girl leaned out of her seat, snatched at Elizabeth's kilt as she went past, and said something in a hoarse whisper we couldn't hear, but that made several rows of people turn around and that caused Elizabeth to halt and then stumble. When she reached the stage, we saw that she was terribly white and that her eyes were filled with tears. We thought she was just nervous; but as she stretched her hand to take the little silver medal, a high pitched voice from the audience grated out one word, "Nigger!" After a stunned silence another voice took it up, and another and another, until the dreadful thing was being flung at her from all parts of the room. Never, never shall I forget her eyes in that moment,—all the joy gone and in its place a heart-breaking plea for mercy. When none came, she turned and hurled herself from the stage, tripping on the top step. As she dragged herself upright, there was an ugly red smear on her forehead. But nobody stirred to help her. I suppose most of us were paralyzed.

Then the accusations broke out again, and she started to run, carrying with her a terrible wound on her forehead, and a far, far worse one in her heart.

As she went past me, her eyes asked a question. But I looked away, and she went on alone.

Sally Greene

Elbow Room

Stephanie Buckingham swayed precariously to and fro on the strap she uncomfortably shared with a dingy laborer still slightly reminiscent of bologna sandwiches. Her feet hurt, and the peanut bar in her coat pocket was rapidly becoming an issue between herself and the mink coat wavering uncertainly beside her. As if that were not enough, she suddenly realized that the drawing boards she held under her arm were neatly preventing the man seated in front of her from reading the evening "funnies." She sighed—mentally rehearsing some choice words which might ease size 4½-B feet perched insanely on two-inch heels.

The train lurched unexpectedly, and passengers grappled with one another in an effort to regain balance. In her own quiet way our lady-of-the-drawing boards succeeded in unseating the literary young man's hat, landing squarely on the mink coat's hem, and losing all claim to the coveted strap. She grimaced despairingly.

Standing dejectedly under someone's outspread newspaper, Taffy noticed ("Taffy" was the most persistent of all the extra-curricula nicknames Stephanie acquired during puppyhood) that someone had kindly wedged an elbow between her shoulder blades, and she leaned against it gratefully.

They were going over the bridge now—Taffy loved the lights along the skyline—and contemplating the gray, blustery March evening from a packed subway car, she decided that spring was definitely lurking close by, and that she was definitely hungry. Instinctively she pulled the candy bar from its store-room, and with a puckish quirk at the corners of a reddened mouth, she munched it contentedly. . . .

Some twenty minutes later, Taffy collected her thoughts and her various possessions, and trekked through the still crowded train out onto a chill platform labeled "Kirk Avenue." She breathed deeply; strong fresh winds could revive spirits amazingly. Once out in the quiet, shadowy, suburban street she walked along lightly, humming something she had heard the

night before at the Blue Room. Half way down the block she did a deliberate right-turn, à la West Point, and marched up the steps and into the door of an attractive and unpretentious little house, shedding hat and coat on her way in.

The vibrating screech of roller skates on city pavements resounded in Greg Copley's ears. He quickened his steps realizing that the girl had vanished, and realizing too that he was not quite sure into which house she had disappeared. He caught up with the roller skates and the inevitable grimy, snaggle-toothed lad atop them. Glancing hastily at the house before which he was standing, and calculating that this was approximately the spot at which he had last seen her, he proceeded to hail the roller skater amiably. "Lo, son—live in there?" Bending down to unfasten his skates, the boy answered affirmatively by a vigorous wag of the head. "Got a sister—sort of small, blond hair, wears a tan polo coat?" Straightening up and meeting the stranger's quizzical gaze for the first time, the boy answered hastily—as if he were anxious to be done with the interview and free to go inside to an already waiting dinner—"Yeh, she lives in there, but she's not m'sister." He slung the skates over his shoulder and turned to go when Greg put out a hand to stop him. "Say, would you mind telling me her name—" Not without a trace of disgust the boy repeated the name, acknowledged the other's outspoken appreciation gruffly, and without further delay tramped up the driveway and into the side door.

Greg strode back up the street, thinking that he would have fun recalling to her memory the elbow on which she leaned from Grand Central to Kirk Avenue. As he turned the corner, he tipped his hat extravagantly to an elderly lady, remembering a trim little person with amazing green eyes.

Mary-Carolyn Porter

We Southerners and Our Black Friends

"Yas, suh, boss . . . sho 'nuff, suh . . . ah'm heah fo' t' hep ya, suh." And that's exactly what the beloved old negro, who has served our family for two generations, believes. Dear

Uncle John, with his kindly face creased with a thousand "smile wrinkles," as he likes to refer to the aged furrows lining his dark, deepset eyes and high forehead and dignified mouth, is considered a treasured "possession" of the family. Or would the North revolt at such pre-(Civil) war statements? There has never been a person who has visited in our home and who has had the pleasure of meeting the good "ole soul"—(ah'm a deacon in mah church; ah 'tends regu'ly)—who hasn't been immediately struck with John's quiet, gentle personality, his humble, respectful manner. Guests influenced by northern prejudice are no exceptions. And this grizzled old man, whose parents were slaves—there is no synonym—is indeed an undisputed member of the family.

Of course, Uncle John relates, with a far-away expression bespeaking more than words,—stories of plantation days that would shame the plots of any modern novels. His description of plain ashcakes would take the taste from the most delicious pastry. There never was a ducky like Uncle John!

Everyone is acquainted with the slavery question before the Civil War, or at least with northern ideas of slavery at that time. Few, nevertheless, realize the problems that fronted humiliated beaten colonels after the end of the war. Ignorant, uneducated negroes, aroused and frenzied by a premature freedom, were given political powers that intoxicated their undeveloped brains. Government positions were bestowed on the masses in order that they might undermine the prestige of the southerners. What a preposterous thing for the northerners to do! Our grandfathers could not help hating the disgraceful surge of insolent negroes, giddy and pernicious with their newborn liberty. They insulted, ravaged, and destroyed, while bewildered victims of the war were utterly abased, proud southern gentlemen who had once lived in a wealth of traditions, but now despising a situation over which they had no control. Negroes whom they had once owned, fed, and protected, they now held in deep contempt.

Thus was formed the basis for our present-

day feelings. Only recently the negroes have threatened to rise above the white race again. The South still remembering the Reconstruction period, is afraid. Southerners are fond of negroes as individuals. Individuals bring up no problem. But the strong mass cannot be so easily subdued.

In many sections of our country, negro servants in private homes would not be tolerated. Yet, southern children are reared by colored maids and nurses. As far back as I can remember, my first years of life centered around a story-book "mammy", broad and fat, with long, wide skirts and large checkered aprons. And before my father hardly knew I existed, I was being bounced on the knees of Grandfather's wonderful negro chauffeur.

So, while we do not hold the colored citizens at our own level, they are treated in somewhat the same manner as before, gently but persistently subdued. That is essential, lest we be overrun by a physically powerful race. Therefore, of the mass, we are terribly afraid.

But we love our "Uncle Johns", our mam-mies and "Aunt Delias." We love to have them around us, for there never was a happier, freer, a more musical race. What would the South be without its colored people? Certainly not the old South which we cling to so strenuously with slipping fingers. Contrary to the popular notion, we love our negroes. Yes, suh!

Dorothy Carneal

Times Have Changed

(Comments on a book of etiquette published in 1904)

As regards visiting: "In visiting a friend for a short stay never take a trunk so big that it suggests the possibility of an indefinite lingering. Two small trunks are preferable to one unwieldy size."

Advice for travel: If the visit involves an overnight trip on the train, you must understand the technique of disrobing. "Step in behind the curtains, and slip off your jacket, waist, skirt, and other outside garments, remove your corsets, and put on a long kimona or a

sack and skirt, in which, taking a toothbrush, comb, and sponge, proceed to the ladies' dressing room at the end of the car." If you are met at your destination by a lone male remember that "as for a girl going driving alone with a young man, it is not so much as thought of by people in fashionable life."

Conversation: In spite of your excitement at the football game "never drop into such expressions as 'Heavens! Mercy! Gracious! Goodness!' . . . These border on profanity." Remember that "a lady should not cross her legs in company" nor "fan so vigorously that a cold current chills the back of her neighbor's neck."

The trousseau: No matter how high your grade has been in sewing, don't try to make everything yourself. For "I have seen brides so worn, so pale, so tuckered out by the sewing of weary weeks, that they went like wan ghosts to the altar." The following suggestions may be purchased in the shops: "A dark blue serge skirt and jacket, . . . A light gray or soft tan cashmere, with tiny yoke of white, covered with heavy white lace, . . . A tan cloth or covert jacket, always in style, a white piqué skirt, . . . two gingham frocks, a pink dimity, . . . a wrapper of pale blue albatross, . . . six sets of muslin underwear, four lisle thread vests, corset, and covers."

Vyrling Rawson

Empty Arms

The golden tresses of Aurora streamed through the high stained-glass window and became rays of green, blue, red and purple. One lone strand of white fell upon the bowed head of a solitary girl. As she knelt in a pew near the statue of the Blessed Virgin, tears glistened on her cheeks. The spear of light slowly crept away like the minute hand of a clock from the half hour mark, and again her face was clouded. She looked upward toward the stones of the high vaulted ceiling as if calling upon God to stretch forth a hand and snatch her from her plight. In her arms she held a bundle wrapped in an old black cloth that resembled a cast-off coat. A feeble cry issued from the depths of the folds. The girl looked toward it

piteously. The baby, her baby, was deathly sick, though she knew not what the malady was. All day she had sat in the crowded ante-room of the free clinic, only to be turned away when she was about to be admitted because it was time to close. All evening and all night she had knelt in the flickering dim candle light of the great church, praying to God to spare the life of her child. Occasionally a candle could be heard sputtering as it went out. The roar of a great city was still a muffled whisper, and its sound had not yet crept into the stillness of the church.

For three days now the child had been ill. The mother had had no sleep during that time, for she had sat beside the poor crib which Mrs. O'Brien, the lady down stairs, had lent her.

The girl thought back over those three hectic days and nights of watching, praying, hoping. But always the thoughts were in her mind—"He must not die. He's mine. God gave him to me, and he's all I have in the world. He musn't take him away from me like He has everything else—my love, my family. I can care for him. I'll work for him. I'll even give my life for him. Oh, God, let me die, not him. I've made a mess of my own life. But he is an innocent babe and free of all blame. I want him to have everything I never had, and I'll give those things to him. I can do it. I will—I will—" She burst forth in a great sob of despair and tears once more welled in her eyes. "Oh God, he's a lovely child. He looks so much like John, my John—Where is he? Oh God, is he with you? Is he? He must be. He has to be. If he were still alive, he would come back to me. I know he would. He wouldn't leave me like this, not John; he's too fine, too grand and kind. That horrible day the news came that the ship was lost. Oh John, where are you? Speak to me and to your son. . . . Yes? . . . What . . . did someone speak to me? Yes, yes, they must have. It's John—Oh! John—John, where are you, where are you, speak to me, oh for the love of God speak."

Yes," it was John. There he was standing before her, holding out his arms towards the bundle she held. He seemed to be saying some-

thing to her. Yes, that was it. He wanted to take the baby, her baby, their baby. . . . "Yes, John—you hold him. Here, take him." With that she stretched forth her arms with its burden, towards the form of the only man she had ever known who had treated her like a human being; the only one she could ever love; the only one who had loved her. Lost for so many days, and now here before her. Her John, here—HERE—He took the babe from its cloak, and the load in her arms suddenly lost its weight. He was backing away from her, right through the seats in front of her, carrying away the child. "John!" she cried, "John, come back! Bring him back."

He was gone! She looked down at the bundle. Her face blanched. She became rigid, and a scream of "Oh God!" echoed through the empty church, as she dropped to the cold stone floor.

Betty Morrison



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, AUBURNDALE

Drawing by Margaret J. Campbell

Louisa Clark—Sportswoman

Though her dad excelled in tennis, Louisa did not inherit his technique. For her game is hockey.

"Ever since I was in the sixth grade," she explained, "I have loved hockey. I wasn't allowed to play, though, until I went to high school, but I learned much of the technique by observing the players at the big games which I attended." And when she did begin playing, she was a leader from the start!

"In what other sports are you interested, Louisa?"

"Oh, I like basketball a lot, too," she replied. "I played basketball as well as hockey all during high school."

Instead of relaxing and losing the spirit of participation in sports as many of us do upon entering college, Louisa became even more interested. Consequently she was recognized, and headed hockey and basketball teams during her year at Colby Junior College. Her Lasell activities are innumerable, including hockey, basketball, soccer, crew, track, and swimming. Because of this fact she makes a very capable head of our Athletic Association.

"How do you satisfy your sport desires outside of school?" I asked.

"Oh," (her characteristic beginning to almost everything!) "I like horseback riding, all the winter sports, and," she added with a sparkle of merriment in her brown eyes, "I *love* to dance."

Upon being questioned about her future, she was somewhat hesitant. This hesitancy could mean anything!

"I hope to play hockey with a Boston hockey club," she began, "because I want to keep up my hockey interests. Aside from that, I don't want to be a dietitian, but," (and here she blushed ever so slightly), "I like working with foods."

Relying on that very slight blush, I asked,

"What do you think of the ever-current question of marriage?"

"I'm all for it," she answered, and there was no hesitation about her answer either!

I know we all feel that no matter what Louisa finally does, her alertness and vivaciousness, characteristics of a good sportswoman, will add to her success.

Here's to Louisa!

Elizabeth Jewett

Landlubber, ho!

It is a clear and beautiful day, not a cloud in the sky and a perfect breeze. With calm assurance and pleasant anticipation you are sailing toward the dock where your latest tall and handsome find in the male sex is waiting to ruin all your expectations.

Smiling your best smile, handling the sheet and tiller to perfection, you luff along side the dock with a precision that delights your heart, and you bid him jump in. Too late you scream "in the middle!" as he lands heavily on the port side while the little boat quivers and then dips gracefully toward the water. Frantically you upright her by shifting your weight and after a great deal of teetering about as he gets settled in a comfortable position—(any sailor knows there is no such thing as a comfortable position on a boat)—you have time to worry about how you are going to manage this landlubber and if your lipstick is all right.

The afternoon proceeds, and slowly the flame in your heart dies—it dies hard but is helped considerably by the time he let the mainsail, boom and all, down on your head when you told him to let out the mainsheet; also the numerous times he has stood up suddenly and you have had to do a quick balancing act to keep both of you out of the water.

When evening comes and you head home you are comforted by the slap of water against the bow and the last rays of the sun across the waves—knowing and feeling happy over the fact that your only love is your boat.

Shirley Raymond

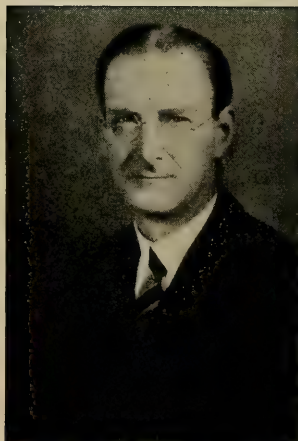


WILLIAM C. LORING
Department of Art

NEW MEN TEACHERS
AT
LASELL JUNIOR COLLEGE



RUSSELL E. WAITT
Department of Social Studies



DR. NEILSON HANNAY
Department of English

MINIATURE TRAVELOGUES

The Heart of Tidewater

The car was going slowly over a narrow, dusty road, as if feeling its driver's questioning mood. After perhaps a half-mile more, it stopped, and the driver leaned out the window to speak to a sun-tanned boy.

"Where," he queried, "is Gloucester?"

The boy set his milk-pail carefully down, and with a deliberate sweep of his arm, indicated vast acres of tall, waving corn, grazing cows and sheep, and fishermen loading a vessel with oysters.

"All around yo', suh," he replied. "You're right in it."

Gloucester, a hidden country of the eastern side of triangular Virginia, known as Tidewater, begins at the mouth of the York, one of the four principal rivers of Tidewater, and is bound by nearly the entire east shore of this old historic river. It includes the lesser tidal rivers, the North, Ware, and Severn, all of which run into Mobjack Bay; which in turn flows into the Chesapeake. So the land of Gloucester is laid out in strips, each hemmed in by these estuaries of the bay. From the standpoint of early travel convenience, this geographical fact explains why most of the first plantations were built on the coast; why now, curiosity seekers flock to the shore to view homesteads of three centuries back. When Gloucester was in its infancy, travel by land was practically impossible. Because of hundreds of tiny inlets, there is nowhere a land reach greater than twenty miles. One might have to go miles and miles to reach a point which would be only a short distance by water. So nearly every early home was built contiguous to a river. "Land's End," a tall three-story home, was erected on an Indian hunting ground. One of the first landmarks, this historically famous plantation can never outlive tales of pirates who used to sail in from the Chesapeake and up the Severn River to hide their loot on its grounds; or of John Paul Jones, whose signa-

ture can be seen scratched on a window-pane. Also on the Severn is the beautiful plantation, Warner Hall, once the headquarters of Bacon during Bacon's Rebellion, and later the home of George Washington's grandmother.

It is easily seen that Gloucester in the past makes ripe material for a book; and authors haven't overlooked a single phase of its colonial grandeur. But Gloucester today is perhaps the most unique county of Virginia. That is, its natives are. The county itself is flat and fertile, richly wooded, and well-known for annual fox hunts held here. It is noted for its fish, oyster, and clam industries, and for being an ideal summer resort. However, such description might well belong to any coastal territory. Then why is it that the county is like a remote section of curiosity to outsiders? Because its inhabitants are really out of the world as far as the natives coming in contact with civilization are concerned.

In the broiling morning sun, a group of darkly browned, husky men are lifting heavy nets into small fishing boats. As seen from the shore, they are barefooted, with their trousers turned up to the knees, and their heads are protected from the heat by vizored caps. They have been working out in the river for hours, but their extraordinary strength betrays no signs of weakening. On shore, another group of men and boys is at work cutting down hay in a golden field. One shouldn't be surprised to see youths in their early teens out of school, because they seldom reach the eighth grade. And why should they? If their lives are to be spent cultivating the soil, fishing, and digging clams and oysters, why not begin this sort of education as soon as possible? Simple trades of carpentry and shipbuilding aren't learned in country schools, and algebra has little use in the hard-working fisherman's home. Families are customarily large, and every member has his share of work. The women rise earlier than the men, and spend their days cooking, preserving, and churning. The

girls tend to the younger children and help with the housework, and little boys feed the chickens and gather eggs. And such is the daily life of the native.

Saturday is the glorious day! Saturday is the holiday, when the men discard old trousers for their Sunday suits; the women exchange gingham for silks; and the children put on shoes. Whole families go,—usually by foot,—to the general store, where they sit around for hours singing and talking. The inhabitants of Guinea, a strange little village of Gloucester, go to the county dance-hall. Here, with fiddlers strumming out old folk tunes, the fishermen, farmers, carpenters, old and young, join in square-dancing,—amidst loud clapping, laughing, and joyous merrymaking. Men choose their partners from groups of pretty girls, regardless of whether they're married or not. Husbands swirling other men's wives around, women dancing with strangers,—everything is conventional on Saturday night. But at twelve the happy groups disband, and families leave for their homes. Cows must be milked at six the next morning.

The natives nearly all have black hair and dark complexions. Captain John Smith, in his records of the Tidewater Indians, noted them "of a colour browne when they are of any age but they are born white!" Of course, such suggestions of comparison between the Indian, who was not a "red man," and the present inhabitants of Gloucester may be idle ones. I can judge only by the appearance and habits of these natives. They are very fond of hunting, and spend much time trapping and 'possum hunting. From records of this section of Virginia, we learn that it was at one time a favorite Indian hunting ground. So is it not logical that these black-haired people have a strain of Indian heritage? Their super-knowledge of the outdoors, and their strange ability to understand the barks of dogs and sounds of wild animals make one wonder.

Although Gloucester glories in the romance of its historical past, its present, too, has made a name for itself. Many city business men have

retired, with their families, to its healthful shores. In the summer the beaches are crowded with visitors. But it is along the less-populated coasts that the historical sites are found. And it is here also that modern explorers delve into the mysteries of the past, and the present of Gloucester is revealed.

Dorothy Carneal

England Beckons

"If I should go to England. . . ." It sounds like the beginning of a fairy story or one of those rosy-hued dreams that mistily envelop the mind of an eight year old child as he day-dreams about days of old and barons bold. However, outside of the romance and glamour that surrounds the mere mention of the name of England, have you ever thought how the people actually live there?

Having landed after a pleasant trip across the ocean, we are making arrangements to visit Mr. and Mrs. Wroe in their summer home outside of London. A white porter takes our bags and hurries us toward the train, which is puffing and wheezing, waiting to start. We are hustled into a compartment, opening from the station, and before we know it, are seated facing each other. Our bags are whisked to the baggage car, or Guide's Van as we later found it to be called, and with the waving of a flag, we are off.

After saturating ourselves in the delightful scenery of the British countryside, we finally see before us as the toy train grumbles to a halt, the smiling faces of our host and hostess. We welcome them with open arms, but after our greetings are said, with consternation we remember the baggage. We had received no check, but miraculously to say, out of all the bags pouring from the baggage car in a heterogeneous mass, we find our luggage.

About twelve o'clock that night, we find ourselves in a bedroom furnished with an antique something-or-other-century bed—canopy and all. It is cold in the room, as there is no fire; but the covers, turned down, invite us to jump in, where we find the sheets warm and smooth, having been heated by a bedwarmer.

The next morning we are awakened by a knock on the door, and a servant answers my call, carrying a pan of steaming water for the wash basin in the corner of the room. She also has with her a pot of morning tea, which we luxuriously sip in bed.

We find, that morning, that there are several other guests besides ourselves. Nothing is planned for us to do, but we entertain ourselves. We go for a long hike around the countryside, play all sorts of games, golf, tennis, and that night plan some amateur theatricals. Going to a movie is never considered for entertainment. Conversation here really is an art, and is a genuine source of enjoyment.

The next afternoon we are taken to tea at Mrs. Marshall's home. We are subtly told to wear our best kid gloves. We are welcomed in a courteous and sincere manner and are promptly forgotten. I manage to find a seat next to a charming lady who has beautiful white hands; and before we know it, are engrossed in the subject of Renaissance art.

Several days later we are invited to a formal reception at Lord and Lady Ashcroft's. When we first enter their huge, palatial mansion, we are rather nonplussed, as everyone is moving around and talking, but no one pays any attention to us. Finally my sister grabs a servant as he is passing by, and he takes us to the hostess. She is very kind to us boorish and provincial Americans, and calls over an elderly gentleman to take care of us. I hold out my hand, but he merely bows, and I am very much embarrassed. When he finds out that I am interested in music, he takes me over to a group of people who all happen to be talking about music. Before I know it, I am engrossed in an argument on the style of Beethoven and the style of Tschaiikowsky, with people whose names I never knew and never do to this day, because no one is introduced in England.

There are many other things we remember the next week as we are chugging on to Glasgow. Mr. and Mrs. Wroe's children are hardly seen or heard. When they get up in the morning, they busy themselves with their tasks, and no

one hears from them all day. They make themselves as scarce as possible, and even have their meals in the nursery.

"There are some beautiful cars in London, but not as many as we have in America," Sarah remarks. As I gaze out the window, I think that even though the British have bad coffee and are content with their own little sphere, they are superbly individualistic and maybe more free fundamentally than we Americans, harassed with speed and restlessness of inventive genius.

Jane Leckie

Mountain-Village

Franconia, lying tucked in close at the foot of a range of towering, soul-heightening mountains, is one of the loveliest small towns in New England, during all four seasons of the year. There is a little river that winds its lethargic way through the middle of the village. Perhaps, aeons ago, a wilful naiad displeased with the noisy garrulity of a torrential stream punished it by forcing it to flow torpidly through Franconia forever. White houses border elm-lined streets. The neatness of the village is especially noticeable. The beauty—sometimes drowsy, sometimes startling—pervading the very atmosphere of the place holds one enchanted. But it is the mountains which capture one's imagination by their sheer strength and granite sturdiness,—especially Lafayette, the Franconia mountain loved by all the inhabitants of this region. It seems to be saturated with some kind of mountain-magic, ever changing its many moods. With the advent of spring, the snows melt from the sides of Lafayette leaving a snow cross on the western slope of the ravine during the latter part of May. It is caused by the snows which lie in deep masses in three ravines. Supposedly, it is a thousand feet in height and five hundred feet from arm to arm. "And when the sun goes down, the Old Man (of the Mountains) sees the cross grow red and purple in the strange weird light, and high over it the summit of the hill gleams like a flaming star as the night hides the splendor of the ruby sign." Daniel Santry,

who has painted Lafayette in all its moods, said that nothing in the world that he had seen (he had traveled in many lands) could compare with the Franconia mountain on those February days at sunset when the amethyst glow sweeps across it.

Franconia has much to offer the summer visitor with its fine, modern hotels and lovely homes (most of them are situated on Sugar Hill—a section of Franconia—from which may be obtained a breath-taking view of the surrounding countryside), fairs, plays presented by summer stock at a near-by town, dances, and all kinds of sports. One has the choice of bustling activity or calm, unhurried leisure here. Franconia's most important beauty spot, however, is the Franconia Notch Reservation. Here is loveliness to steep one's soul in. To spend hours and days exploring and investigating the numerous trails and paths of this 6,000 acre reservation is a worthwhile experience. The Old Man, the guardian spirit of the Notch is formed by rock ledges 1,200 feet above Profile Lake, which resembles a human face when seen from near the lake. Every time you gaze at its stern features you feel again an inexpressible thrill from the unutterable quietness and agelessness of that bold stone relief. From the majestic grandeur of the Old Man of the Mountains, you might travel to the Flume Gorge, a chasm having perpendicular walls covered with misty ferns and mosses through which slips a stream flowing from icy mountain springs above. Or there's the Pool (a lovely glacial basin), the Liberty Gorge and Cascade, glacial potholes and erratics, and three lakes,—Profile, Echo, and Lonesome Lakes. Echo Lake is a tarn over which the human voice re-echoes very distinctly. At twilight time, on a clear, still night, a series of echoes can be heard. Lonesome Lake is a thousand feet above the Notch with an exceptional mirror-like quality of reflection. The best time to visit all these places is in the morning.

In the winter-time Franconia is a well-known, much-visited ski center. It is a region of fine ski terrain, and generally has good snow condi-

tions. There are many downhill trails for the novice, intermediate, and expert skier, as well as innumerable practice slopes. The four ski towns and the Cannon Mountain Aerial Passenger Tramway in the near vicinity make skiing less work; saving the struggle up steep slopes and mountain trails. The Aerial Tramway transports the skier to the top of Cannon Mountain where there are usually ideal snow conditions from December to late April. You don't have to be a skier to take a ride to the mountain-top, because the view from there is a never-to-be-forgotten panorama of mountains and valleys. Close by the Mountain Station there are novice and intermediate practice slopes. The Cannon Mountain trail is a two-mile run for the intermediate. The notable Richard Taft Trail is for the experts—and the Franconia school-boys who from the ages of eleven to seventeen have known its sudden treacherous twists and turns. To them it is a good practice run. Many races and meets are held on this trail. To stand along the trail, frost-bitten, on a bitter winter's day, watching skier after skier run the length of the course taking the abrupt turns in the trail confidently and nonchalantly (alas, not all!), hearing the swish of the wind and the faint scrunch of the snow as they skim by, is keen excitement. Some racers running the trail with unstemmed, sure speed are as light and graceful as ballerinas. Franconia has two well-organized ski schools instructed by foreign teachers who swear charmingly with an accent.

Whoever has experienced these simple things in Franconia will never forget them, but will have ineffaceable memories to keep with him: the rose tints of the Alpine sunset glow on Mt. Lafayette, the stark shiny full moon rising over an India ink splotch of mountains, rain and waterfall mist intermingled, the slow scrunch of skis on crusty snow, the blue tones of a winter's dusk, space on a hill wrapped in pulsing silence, cricket symphonies and bull-frogs' serenades along the river-bank on spring nights, autumn hillsides burned by flaming maple leaves and burnished by gold and russet leaves of the birch

and beech trees, meadows a riotous mass of flowers, a snow cross on a mountainside, a drowsy murmur of life on an August afternoon, the spire of a small, white church piercing a sky vividly blue, and sun-glints on deep snow. These will last, because "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Natalie Bodwell

Guest of Hawaii

I have often wondered just how much the people of the United States really know about Hawaii. Some have vague ideas of an island, lying somewhere near the equator, utterly lacking in problems. Some people have the idea that native cannibals inhabit the island, while others more intelligent on the subject know that Hawaii is civilized and quite modern. One Hawaiian girl on her arrival in San Francisco experienced the uncomfortable feeling of having a man whom she had just met stare at her. When he could restrain his curiosity no longer, he asked, "Don't you feel funny with all of those clothes on?" I can imagine her surprise and disgust at that question. One of your smaller cities, air-conditioned to a temperate climate, would give you a general idea of one of our cities.

Picture yourself with me, about to land in Hawaii. We took a boat from San Francisco, and are now arriving in Honolulu Harbor. "Na Lei O Hawaii," (song of the Islands),—how good that sounds when I haven't heard it for so long. Abbey Kong, the Royal Hawaiian songbird, sings it with so much feeling. Whenever the boat comes in, the band and Abbey Kong are here to greet it and to welcome the tourists to Hawaii.

The pier is a mass of faces and bright colors. The fragrant leis extending their aloha (welcome) add to the color. Plump lei venders stand outside of the pier. The majority of these women are Hawaiian. These figures calling, "Leis, leis for sale," are an essential part of a Hawaiian boat day. They have made the flowers, so prolific everywhere, the sole means

of a livelihood. Any tourist would be very disappointed if these women were not there to meet the boat. Truly, a Hawaiian boat day is very gay.

Speaking of tourists, Hawaii has a very large tourist trade as a result of extensive advertising. We have many places of interest both to pleasure seekers and research men. Although I have never slept in any of the spacious rooms in either the Royal Hawaiian or the Moana Hotels, both current favorites located on the beach at Waikiki, I have danced at parties there. Shirley Temple, President Roosevelt and other celebrities choose as their headquarters one of these two hotels. All one has to do is step off his front lanai (porch) onto the beach. A birds-eye view of Waikiki beach from the steps of the Royal shows us dusky beach boys lazying in the sun amid tourists. Just beyond them are large surfboards planked against a wall. Shifting our gaze seaward we see boys and girls riding the surf, some in canoes, some on surfboards; all reveling in the warmth of the water. We have looked makai (seaward) and now we look mauka (toward the mountain). At regular intervals before us appear deep-gored valleys. They are pretty but they cannot equal the beauty of the cliffs which form the "Pali". Standing at the top of the Pali is like having the universe beneath you. Below us lies the whole of windward Oahu, the island we are on. But we must not linger. I want you to see the city of Honolulu. Every day as I went to teach kindergarten, I had to walk past a certain square of buildings. See that building on our left? It was formerly Iolani Palace, home of Hawaii's kings and queens. Now it is used as our Territorial Building. Oh yes, I knew that statue would catch your eye. It is the statue of Kamehameha I, Napoleon of the Pacific. I never fail to stop and gaze at it as I pass. Someday while we are here we'll get Grandpa Low to tell us the story of that statue.

Remember when we were at Lasell how I was always drinking Dole's Pineapple Juice? That long line of buildings on your left is the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, producers of

Dole's Pineapple Juice. One day as I was going through their cannery a boy stopped me and said, "Did you see the pineapple at the top of the tower? Well, they're going to remove it." I remembered seeing the giant pineapple many times, but couldn't imagine why they had to remove it. "Why?" I asked. "Oh it's getting ripe," said the little boy. That giant pineapple is a large storage tank. The boy must have mistaken me for a tourist.

Since we are so near the waterfront, we might just as well go to buy our steamer tickets to Hilo. All of the boats bound for the mainland from the Orient stop in here for a day or so. Isn't it colorful with all those ships? That stevedore there is pure Hawaiian. You don't see many of them any more. Remind me to take you to the Hawaiian settlement in Hilo. You want to know what that funny boat is? That is a sampan, a Japanese fishing boat. It is very stable, and lasts for years. We have quite a local fishing industry. Daily these men go out deep-sea fishing to supply our markets with fresh fish. You can go out in my uncle's fishing boat when we get home.

When we studied sucrose in chemistry I promised to show you our plantations and mills. When we come back to Honolulu, we'll take time to go to Ewa and visit the only sugar refinery in the islands. We'll go through a mill in Hilo.

You probably know that several ship loads of missionaries come to Hawaii from Massachusetts. The church straight ahead of us is Kawaihao Church, the result of the missionary work. Services are held in Hawaiian and the music is very beautiful.

Mabel E. Hitchcock

Farewell to the Islands

"Aloha" brings a hundred beautiful thoughts, but the most poignant of all is the "Aloha" that means good-bye to the Islands for a long time. No one ever says good-bye forever because he knows that someday he will return to reclaim the small piece of his heart he left behind him. The day that tiny fragment of yourself floats

back to shore with your loveliest lei is one of the most colorful in a lifetime and usually one of the saddest. Dock and ship are covered with flowers; lush colors and warm fragrances are everywhere, soft slurring voices call above the muted strains of an orchestra, and at last tears begin to fall. Finally the voices stop; a breathless hush descends while the last remaining links between ship and near paradise are broken, and then, when the little green strip of water starts to widen, the band begins to play a song of farewell, Lilioukalani's "Aloha Oe." A voice, big and warm, rises above the orchestra, mingles with the fragrance of the flowers and then surrounds the departing Islander with a nostalgic loveliness that is almost unbearable. It reminds him to take a last long look at the purple mountains and mist-hung valleys, the green fields cut by red slashes in the earth, and finally to throw over board, with his leis, a prayer and hope that he will return. A Hawaiian legend says that if your leis reach shore you will return. If they don't you return anyway, because you aren't whole again until you hear "Aloha" bidding you welcome home.

Sally Greene

Pan of the Streets

At first, in the distance, a thin thread of elfin music wavered and broke,—suspended taut in the air for a brief second. Then the thread of tintillating sound released itself,—nearer this time in clearer tones. Perhaps it flowed from the pipes of the great god Pan as he lazily lay on a river-bank tantalizing the swaying reeds. It might have drifted from the minaret of a mosque; or again it might have come from the realms of Titania on a midsummer night's eve when fairies dance away the hours in a charmed circle of moonlight. But that breath-taking music came from no silver flute, no chimes, no fairy orchestra. It was made by a blind street urchin on an old violin.

Natalie Bodwell

Avast, Ye Landlubbers!

We are told by some old seafarers that sailing is among the chief joys in the world, and my blood being mixed with a fair share of salt, I'm inclined to agree with them heartily. There is something about a sail stretched high against the blue and the feel of the tiller in your hand that lends a strange happiness to your heart. This happiness is intensified if the boat happens to belong to you; doubly so if it chances to be the first you have owned. The emotion experienced as you move away from the dock or mooring for your trial sail,—the sun glinting on the freshly varnished decks and the water gently patting the newly painted hull, is never to be felt again. It is your boat and your ocean with miles of uncharted seas and reefs to be explored, and unlimited knowledge to be learned. You are a trifle skeptical as the shore diminishes, and the realization that you must delve into the unwritten rules of sea-lore, alone and bewildered, grows larger. In fact, you are startled to discover that you are just one shade above being a landlubber. A landlubber! The word makes you shudder. It brings to your mind those blundering creatures who tumble about a ship-shape craft, ruining the deck, knocking down coiled ropes, and wrecking the disposition of any normally cheerful sailor. This thought is disconcerting, but you are comforted in knowing that you mean to learn by experience. "Trial and error method is the best," you quote softly as you give the main sheet a knowing yank and head higher into the wind a trifle smugly. But strangely enough, you are correct. This is a motto full of wise meaning; hence, leave the landlubbers to a watery grave in their sailing classes, while a sailor learns by tipping over to let his sheet out when he sights a puff.

Speaking of sailing classes, I might add that they have been a bane to me. It does not seem possible that a person could learn as little as I did in the one summer of my attendance. Perhaps this may appear to be an exaggerated statement; but it would seem that after days spent sailing wildly about the harbor, missing buoys and boats by inches, that the claim to a

certain amount of knowledge is not entirely unwarranted. To confirm my argument let me take apart the average class by degrees. We might begin by assuming that if the instructor knew anything about the fine art of sailing, he would not be in his present position. As for the participants upon whom he lavishes his wisdom,—the girls seem oblivious to all else besides acquiring an even tan and keeping their fingernails intact, while the boys concentrate on the girls. As is easy to perceive, this situation does not provide for much in the manner of serious learning. The fact is that if at the end of the year the pupil can haul satisfactorily on a rope which is placed in his hands, he is considered an accomplished member of the sailing world. To watch the members of the class handle a sail bag, climb into a launch, or make a mooring can be very amusing. But the amusement palls with time, leaving a desire to climb quickly into your own boat and sail far away.

My outstanding experience in the realm of sailing classes is highly typical. Given a windy day, a tubby boat, three scared persons, and a course to follow—the result was unforgettable. We crossed the starting line five minutes after the next to the last boat,—which turned out to be fortunate, as we heard the parting word of the committee boat to round the first buoy instead of the second. Jubilantly we watched the fleet make for the wrong mark, as we rounded in the lead. In the lead! That is ludicrous, for it was then afternoon. When dusk fell, it found us still tacking into a head wind. The fleet had finished hours before. To our intense disgust the instructor came out of the harbor to tow us home. I stood in the bow airing my emotions in no uncertain terms, and consequently I failed to take a turn around the cleat when the tow line was thrown to me. Alas—my opinions became extremely dampened. My main thoughts as I swam after the boat called various and sundry curses down upon the heads of all who were associated with a sailing class.

These arguments, of course, are the product of only one person. I feel it necessary to say I haven't a doubt in the world that some classes

possess fine courses from which many have benefited. Tolerance is to be maintained at all times; if I knew the other side of the matter, I would state it. As it happens, I have only my own impressions to set forth, and as a result I advise a would-be-sailor to learn himself. Learn the quickest way to drop a sail in a sudden squall, the way to trim a sheet when trying to point, how to round a mark and jibe over, the way to ease up to a dock and not scrape any thing,—all this and more is to be found and printed indelibly on your brain by trial and error. At the end of the summer and after a hard day on the water, when you ease sheets and head for home, you will be able to dream pleurably of similarly spent days. Hard work but worth it. As you slip into the harbor, past the trembling reflections cast by larger boats, the scent of cooking supper wanders to your nostrils from a nearby galley, the sound of tugging ropes—the soft lap of the water disturbs the silence, and the orange of the half-sun lights the path to your mooring. This familiar scene sends a feeling of contentment through you. It is a lesson well learned and a sail well sailed.

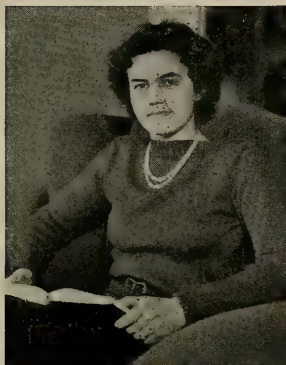
Shirley Raymond

Victuals

Behind the warped sign, "Meats RICHARD JONES Groceries," with its weather-grayed letters, within the cluttered store Jonesy may usually be found. You would recognize him anywhere with his straggly dark hair, yellow shirt, baggy brown trousers and dirty fingernails. Mr. Burrage may want to buy a week's provisions; but if Jonesy, in his languid way, is disposed toward a double decker ice cream cone, the old man can wait while he concocts and methodically laps it, for what is there to lose? The nearest store is seven miles away. The attitude of the Richard Joneses and their seventeen-year-old nephew can well be that of the typical Maine rustic of a lake town, for people

have to eat, especially the vacation folks. They can live on neither scenic beauty nor the fish they almost catch. The Joneses can even, through their laxity, sell to another the eggs which you have ordered, without fear of losing trade, and Jonesy often drinks the pop for which you have paid and left in their refrigerator for an evening beach party. After a few visits you will learn to pick up whatever you want, anything from rubber boots to butter, and put the money on the counter. However, if you have to wait for change, relax, for Mrs. Jones is probably going upstairs between customers to stir the chowder, and Pa is slowly pouring gasoline into a car as he discusses the best catch of the fishing season. Jonesy is complacently appeasing his ever growing appetite with another Hoodsie from which he saves the cover with its Hollywood personality, after carefully licking it, for one of the summer children. Drumming on the counter will not hurry him in the mastication of whatever succulent morsel parts his rosy lips at the moment, be it bologna or a dill pickle. He will amble around the counter presently to get your change and wait on the several customers who have now accumulated. But never ask him the price of anything; he doesn't know. After one attempt he found participation in the local baseball game too arduous, so he may be seen in clement weather under a tree among the audience with his ice cream and pop. It is with reluctance that he drags his pedal extremities toward the store to help with the usual crowd which gathers after the game. With sorrow in his heart this ambitious youth bids farewell to the summer trade with promises to save Hoodsie covers, and even exerts himself to wipe off your windshield for the homeward journey, if you buy some gas. He is probably a sorry sight today, plodding his way to Mudville Academy with his hair cut, clean fingernails, and a store suit; but you will see the Jones's little cherub sucking a pickle when you return next summer, and he may have on a new yellow shirt.

Vyrlying Rawson



Frances Ramsdell, daughter of Lucile Hyde Ramsdell, '02-'03, and granddaughter of Roberta Steel Hyde, '78-'80.



Sisters at Lasell:

Standing (left to right)—Margaret Greene, Sara Greene, Nancy Hale, Barbara Hale, Henrietta Jugo, Phyllis Jugo.

Sitting (left to right)—Barbara Fales, Jane Fales, Nancy Gorton, Elizabeth Gorton, Estelle Friedstein, Adele Friedstein.

Kneeling (left to right)—Sarajenny Annis, Jeannetta Annis.



Daughters of former Lasell girls:

Standing (left to right)—Frances Ramsdell, daughter of Lucile Hyde Ramsdell, '02-'03; Nancy Gorton, daughter of Laura Hale Gorton '16; Madeline Perry, daughter of Ruth Morse Perry, '13-'14 (deceased); Elizabeth Gorton, daughter of Laura Hale Gorton '16; Mary Ann Dewey, daughter of Irene Bezner Dewey, '11-'13.

Sitting (left to right)—Jean Hale, daughter of Louise Hayes Hale, '04-'05; Amoret Van Deusen, daughter of Grace Alexander Van Deusen '12; Ann Hathaway, daughter of Elisabeth Boneystule Hathaway, '03-'04; Marion Thomas, daughter of Marjorie Collins Thomas, '14-'15.



Sisters of former Lasell girls:

Standing (left to right)—Harriet Tift, sister of Jeannette Tift Jeffcock '36; Barbara Rose, sister of Mary Rose '37; Barbara Furbush, sister of Marjorie Furbush '38; Carolyn Shutter, sister of Janice Shutter Grant '36; Marjorie Dietz, sister of Clara Dietz Rosenburg '30 and Laura Dietz, '31-'32.

Sitting (left to right)—Elizabeth Carlson, sister of Phyllis Carlson, '34-'35; Catherine Nichols, sister of Margaret Nichols '38; Nancy Bailey, sister of Priscilla Bailey, '35-'36; Margaret Smith, sister of Eleanor Smith, '26-'27; Priscilla Sleeper, sister of Marian Sleeper '37.

European Trip

Summer days and accompanying vacations may seem far removed from the ice and cold of February; but they are coming, and we may as well start right in planning for them. From New York, on July 1, our Lasell Vacation Tour through Europe starts, continuing for six to eight weeks. The length of the trip depends upon each individual's own time and money budget. We shall sail on the *Volendam*, a good, seaworthy Dutch ship, and have seven days at sea, with sports, sun-bathing, dancing, informal gatherings, or long, lazy hours in deck chairs.

First we go to England, concentrating on London while there. Sightseeing trips are planned to give us the highlight of historic and literary London, the treasures of its museums. And there will be time to go off "on one's own," walking, motoring, or shopping.

Then we brave the English Channel for a motor trip through picturesque Holland and Belgium, and finally go on to Paris, with its wealth of architecture and art, historic and literary scenes, not to mention the shops and cafes. There will also be motor trips to historic Versailles and quaint Chartres.

From Paris, we are off to Switzerland, the land of mountains and scenery, yodels and chalets. At Interlaken, there is a mountain excursion by cog railway to Scheidegg for a "close-up" of the Jungfrau, then by motor over the lofty Brunig Pass to Lucerne.

By way of the famous St. Gotthard tunnel, we get into the beautiful Italian Lake country, stopping at Bellagio; thence by steamer to Milan, with time to see the Cathedral and Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," before getting under way for Venice. Here we ride in gondolas, sightsee, walk or shop, or perhaps even have a swim at the Lido. Then there are four days each for Florence and Rome. The trip ends at Paris again, and we see much picturesque Italian and French countryside enroute. We sail for home on the *Volendam*, arriving in New York, August 22.

For those who wish to see more of Italy and France, there is an extension tour, first to

Naples, including Pompeii and the scenic Amalfi Drive to Sorrento, and then on to Sicily. The return trip back to Paris is through the Italian and French Rivas, old Provence, the Chateaux of the Loire; and home to New York on the *New Amsterdam*.

A preliminary motor tour through rural England and the Scottish Highlands may also be arranged. The itinerary is sufficiently elastic to include Germany and Central Europe if desired.

The trip is open to students and graduates of Lasell and also friends. The price varies from \$695 to \$900, according to the extent of the trip and steamer accommodations. Further details may be obtained by writing to Miss Mary Worcester at Lasell.

Mary A. Worcester

The Bitter Truth

Have you ever heard of a "hash" party? Neither had I until very recently, when I found one so interesting and helpful that I'll tell you about it.

One night, about eight of us were collected in one room for a feast, consisting of crackers and jam. In spite of much concealed laughter, a great deal of noise resulting from wrestling with one another, and a radio blaring underneath it all, we managed to keep under cover. As the evening wore on, a very serious mood came over us all. Finally, one girl suggested we turn our little feast into a "hash" party. Her explanation of it was this: each one takes his turn in listening to his own faults. No matter how broad-minded you may think yourself to be, you know that it is rather difficult to be told just what there is about you with which others may find fault. Be that as it may, we all agreed to take everything that we heard in an instructive way. So we began. I was one of the first ones, and in the beginning all these criticisms directed to me were hard to take in the manner intended. But as the next girl had her turn, and still another, we all entered into the spirit of the thing. It is most surprising to

find that that which you would least suspect annoys those closest to you.

Try it sometime. It is the best way I know to discover what others think of you. None of us is perfect. Consequently, by means of some friendly advice we may really do something toward the betterment and improvement of ourselves.

Elizabeth J. Birkland

Saturday in Boston

After a week of hard and thoughtful study, it's always a pleasure to welcome the week-end, especially when coupled with the added attraction of going to Boston. It's a Saturday just perfect for such an event; cool but comfortable. After a half hour's ride to Boston, and a short walk towards the shopping district, I find myself amidst a rushing whirl of people. What's all the commotion about—oh yes, it's sale day at one of the larger department stores. I stand and view the varied countenances before me, hoping to see among them perhaps one that is familiar to me. But no, I am whisked towards the entrance of this store and a very few seconds afterwards, pushed through the revolving door. Guess I might as well stay and see the Saturday rush! First, a place to sit. I see a crude but well bearing chair, and, unheeding of anyone else who might have the same idea, grab it.

Just a few minutes after becoming situated, hefty Maggie trips and falls at my feet. My Girl Scout motto, "Do a good deed daily" forces me to aid her. She laughs and explains that her eyes are pretty bad today; that she is on the way to correct this trouble, and thanks so, so much for the help.

Soon Jimmie and his mother strut proudly by in their newly acquired Christmas garb. I can't, at first, see why Jimmie has such a desire to stare at me, but soon I recognize that he is trying very hard to make me jealous of his orange lolly-pop. Seeing it has no effect, he scampers off to mama and they both continue on to the toy department.

Mr. So-and-so, perhaps like your next door neighbor, blushes terribly while buying a satin

slip for his wife. He feels it necessary to explain to the salesgirl that he doesn't know the size, but that she's about so big. . . .

My next step is to recommend a movie, but after arriving at the box office, I find that the lady in front of me is having a hard time in finding that half dollar which she insists she put in her purse this morning—and, oh, it's so much trouble to break a new five!

Then, upon spotting a good seat, I find, to my displeasure, two ladies behind me who have just come from their Women's Club meeting and feel it necessary to discuss their monthly problems pro and con. I want to tell them that those people on the screen are talking so loudly I just can't hear a word *they're* saying! But I just grin and bear it. . . .

On my way home, I conclude that though it's somewhat tiring, a trip to Boston is a good uplift for one's mental attitude.

Barbara Kingman

Explanation

I've quenched the flame of your belief;
I've brought you naught but pain and grief.
You cannot trust me, false or true;
I'm much too fickle, dear, for you.
You've been so faithful, constantly.
But here's the point that you must see—
I could be faithful, could be true,
If I had to keep my eye on you!

Carolyn McCarty

Ballerina

Ballerina, blithe and whirling,
Pirouetting, lithely twirling,
Dainty costume lightly swirling.

Piquant lips and lily skin,
Eyes naive, with furtive grin,
Blueblack hair in scalloped spin.

Music flows within her veins,
As she rises,—gently wanes,
Flexing to its throbbing strains.

Jean MacNeish

Not a Bad Idea?

Characters: BARRY EATON: A reserved individual in his middle twenties, sensitive, intelligent, and stubborn, with just the slightest suspicion of effeminateness.

JACK EATON: Barry's younger brother, a "hail fellow well met", energetic, liberal, and perhaps a little hard.

MR. THURSTON: A middle-aged man bearing the traces of having been married innumerable years, of having labored diligently for innumerable years to maintain a standard of comfortable security in his home, and of having lived in the exact same manner as a thousand other suburbanites for innumerable years—*ad nauseam*.

MRS. THURSTON: Somewhat younger than Mr. Thurston, steeped in the affairs of home and community, and the possessor of the same ideas, without variation, which she had held at her graduation from high school.

ELSIE DAVIS: A widow and up-to-the-minute clubwoman, inclined to gush as a result of too many speeches concerning "the poor unfortunates of our community".

A BUTLER

Setting: A library furnished lavishly in expensive taste, walled by high bookcases complete with sets of classics selected more to blend in with the color scheme of the room than for their literary value. A davenport and group of comfortable chairs up L. A massive desk up R. A door midway up R and one up C.

Barry Eaton and Jack Eaton are seated at L. The butler enters up R carrying a tray with a cocktail shaker and glasses on it. As he opens the door up C, the sounds of a hilarious party in full swing drift back into the room.

BARRY—Where the devil did he come from?

JACK—I dunno. I guess he was engaged for the occasion. I never saw him before.

BARRY—Well, there's nothing like keeping face as the Chinese, or someone, always say. It's all rather a farce.

JACK—Mom and Dad must enjoy it or else they'd never have kept it up this long.

BARRY—They spend their lives trying to convince the neighbors that they are the perfect happily married couple, and then they turn around and make each other's lives just as miserable as possible.

JACK—You'd prefer they got a divorce, wouldn't you?

BARRY—Yes, I would, but they'll never do it. They're afraid of the scandal, afraid of what people would say. They'd rather live in a self-made hell than be gossiped about.

JACK—It's their affair. No doubt there are plenty of other people in the same boat, and probably always have been.

BARRY—There shouldn't be though. Life's too short for that. I had an idea about it the other night. It wouldn't affect the people who are happily married, and it might help those that are living in a sort of rut that resembles purgatory and eliminate those who seem to make a business of getting married and divorced, married and divorced, . . . living from one alimony to another.

JACK—That's rather strong, wouldn't you say? Don't color it from your own experience.

BARRY—Now look, just shut up a minute. Here it is. . . . Why not have it arranged, legally, so that at the end of five years of married life . . . after all, five years is long enough for two people to become emotionally and physically adjusted, if either of them is dissatisfied for sufficient reason, they may separate. It wouldn't be like a divorce, there'd be no alimony, and everything would be strictly private . . . no talk whatsoever.

JACK—It sounds just a little crude, but I don't know though.

BARRY—Well, naturally on first thought it would sound rather radical, but I don't think it's such a bad idea.

JACK—Say listen, you think this party is dull, don't you?

BARRY—Mother never gave a party that I didn't think was dull. However I am immune to them. But what's that got to do with it?

JACK—Why not conduct a "man of the street" arrangement on a small scale of course,

and right here, just to see how long this brilliant idea of yours would stand up. We can ask a couple—

BARRY (interrupting)—Separately—

JACK (interrupting)—A couple that's been married for quite some time, and we should ask—whatever's handy.

BARRY—It's all right with me.

JACK—Then I'll go and snare 'em and drag 'em in.

BARRY—What say you explain it to them and then bring them here, and I'll draw out their opinions,—if they've still got any at this time of the evening that are worth listening to.

JACK—Thanks; just let me do the work.

BARRY—After all, I'm the brains of the outfit. You might as well be the brawn.

JACK—All right, I'll see if I can't tear Mr. Thurston away. Maybe it will ruffle his pompous calm.

BARRY—Just get at it and make it snappy.

(Jack exits up C. Short pause during which Barry smokes. Then the Butler enters up C. with cocktail shaker and tray; crosses room to R.)

I beg your pardon.

BUTLER—Yes sir?

BARRY—There wouldn't be anything left in that thing, would there?

BUTLER—Yes, I believe there is, sir.

BARRY—Then you can abandon it right here.

BUTLER—Yes, sir (he crosses and sets the tray down upon a table near Barry).

BARRY—Say . . . you aren't married, are you?

BUTLER—Beg pardon, sir?

BARRY—If you don't admit it . . . just forget it.

BUTLER—Very good, sir.

(exits up R. as Jack and Mr. Thurston enter up C.)

MR. THURSTON—Well, well, well. So you're the author of the scheme. It's good to see you again, Barry.

BARRY—I imagine it sounds rather far-fetched at first. Jack, why don't you . . .

JACK—Oh, yes. "The lamb to the slaughter." (exits up C.)

BARRY—However I think it has its good points, Mr. Thurston.

MR. THURSTON—It sort of catches one off guard. It'll never be more than an idea as long as people think the way they do now. To be successful it would have to be legally adopted throughout an entire nation. A hopeless task.

BARRY—Yes, I suppose so.

MR. THURSTON—It has its merit, though. Psychologically speaking, it might have a beneficial effect in a subtle sort of way. People try lots harder when they're not so sure of themselves. In fact, I might have been happier had I been married under your regime.

(enter Jack up C. with Elsie Davis)

JACK—The next customer.

ELSIE DAVIS—"Won't you come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly?" Why, hello. (to Mr. Thurston)

MR. THURSTON—Good evening, Mrs. Davis. This seems to be my cue. Come on, Jack. (he and Jack exit up C.)

BARRY—I'm frightfully sorry to tear you away.

ELSIE DAVIS—Oh, don't apologize. The whole thing rather intrigues me, though of course it's horribly impractical, the divorce idea, in particular. And think of how it would simplify matters. After all, everyone does make mistakes. Why, even myself at—

BARRY—You realize, however, there's no alimony. It's—well, merely a dissolved partnership.

ELSIE DAVIS—Oh, oh yes, of course. You don't mind if I break away, Barry. I must be getting back; someone's waiting.

BARRY—Why, no. If you see Jack, send him on his way.

ELSIE DAVIS—Yes, I will. (exits up C.)

(Barry lights another cigarette. Mrs. Thurston enters up C.)

MRS. THURSTON—Jack said I might find you here. I believe he's coming.

BARRY—Good evening, Mrs. Thurston. Do come in.

MRS. THURSTON—It's flattering to have you

ask my opinion. It's a strong opinion and on the wrong side, I'm afraid.

BARRY—Go ahead. Tell me what you think of the idea. But if you say it's bad, you must tell me why.

MRS. THURSTON—Barry, it's too cold-blooded—too mercenary. It would make people look upon marriage as a rather "flip" arrangement. You're saying that the majority of people are unhappily married.

BARRY—That isn't what I mean. I conceived of it in the light that it would help those who were unhappily married, and have no bearing on the others.

MRS. THURSTON—You're starting off on the wrong foot. After all, everyone thinks and fervently hopes that he'll be happy.

BARRY—But lots of them aren't.

MRS. THURSTON—You know, Barry, it's impossible to argue with you, because you don't know when you're beaten.

BARRY—But, I—

MRS. THURSTON (interrupting)—I think I'd best be getting back. I'm only glad, Barry, that I've lived before your time.

(Jack enters up C.)

JACK—What, leaving? (to Mrs. Thurston)

MRS. THURSTON—Yes, I must get back. Thank you. (to Barry)

BARRY—Thank you, Mrs. Thurston.

(Mrs. Thurston exits up C.)

JACK—How do you feel? Slightly deflated?

BARRY—Not in the least. I still think it's a good idea.

JACK—Yes, you would. I can see you fifty years from now, the aged philosopher, embittered, spirit broken, ragged, penniless—that's what I'd think if I hadn't just seen your so charming wife. Mother has her in tow.

BARRY—Gad. Perhaps I'd better rescue her. (starts for door up C.)

JACK—It wouldn't be a bad idea.

(Curtain)

Jean MacNeish

News Flashes

November 16—Junior Class officers were introduced at formal dinner.

November 17—Briggs, Blaisdell, Bragdon, and Infirmary Open House.

November 23—Thanksgiving vacation started.

November 28—Thanksgiving recess ended.

November 30—Eighty-eight girls sign up for new Badminton Club.

December 3—All-College Prom held in Winslow Hall.

December 7—Woodland Open House.

December 10—Dramatic Club presented *Dear Brutus*.

December 14—Modern Dance Recital in Winslow Hall. Formal Christmas Dinner.

Formal Christmas Concert in Winslow Hall.

December 16—Students and faculty leave for two weeks Christmas vacation.

January 10—Cap and Gown taken by Senior Class.

January 10—Skating party held in Boston.

January 12—Dr. and Mrs. Winslow entertained first senior group at tea.

January 13—Professional Badminton Exhibition at the gym.

January 15—Endowment Fund breakfast in the Barn.

January 18—Organ concert held in Winslow Hall.

January 19—Second senior tea held at Dr. and Mrs. Winslow's home.

January 21—Dramatic Club sponsored successful dance at Winslow Hall.

January 22—Endowment Fund sponsored tea in the Barn.

January 25—Semester exams started.

January 27—Exams ended; free week-end given to students.

January 30—New classrooms in old Gardner gym opened for the new semester.

February 1—Sleigh ride.

February 4—Endowment Fund "Vic" dance in Barn.

Marian Traxler

When Asked Their Opinion

(Impromptu replies given by 108 students in regard to their ideal home.)

Lasell girls, like all courageous women of our time, have already laid some basic ideals down for their ideal husband and home. One day Mr. Russell Waitt, instructor in psychology and sociology, asked his students, without previous announcement or warning, to list ten characteristics of their ideal husband and their ideal home. After listing the ten characteristics, they were requested to rank the items in order of their preference, from 1-10. Tabulation of the results was made for both seniors and juniors separately, to see if there would appear any marked differences.

A review of the findings shows that among the 43 seniors involved, the non-material, intangible, and mental qualifications of the ideal husband received 90% of the votes. Only 10% of the votes were for material or physical qualities,—“good looking,” “tall,” and the like. For the 65 juniors, only 60% of the vote was for mental and non-material qualifications, while 40% went to material or physical traits.

Summarizing: In a total of 108 students, juniors and seniors together, 70% of the votes was given to intangible and non-material traits, and 30% to material qualifications for their ideal husband.

Likewise, on characteristics for the ideal home, the seniors gave a 50% vote to non-material factors, and 50% to material factors, such as furniture. The juniors' vote was 30% for non-material qualities, and 70% for material. Recapitulating, 40% of the votes went for non-material factors, and 60% for material.

For more and interesting information as to the qualities voted upon, I will list each group separately, according to the student vote on the traits mentioned.

A total of 104 different desirable characteristics were listed (after duplications had been eliminated) for the ideal husband, by the 43 seniors. The total frequencies for the ideal husband, out of 400 actual votes cast, is as follows:

1. Considerateness, or thoughtfulness, stands in first place.
2. Humor, intelligence, and good appearance, tie for second.
3. Ambition.
4. Personality and companionableness.
5. Love of children.
6. Loyalty and lovingness.
7. Neatness and good disposition.
8. Honesty and courtesy.
9. Marital faithfulness and generosity.
10. Dependable, understanding, broad-minded, tall,—same number of votes.

For the ideal husband, juniors listed a total of 81 different desirable characteristics, with 630 total frequencies or actual votes cast, as follows:

1. Economic security.
2. Neatness.
3. Tallness.
4. Considerateness, or thoughtfulness.
5. Intelligence, and sense of humor, tied.
6. Athletic ability and good sportsmanship.
7. Personality (personableness).
8. Attractiveness.
9. Ambition, dependability, handsomeness, good education, received the same number.
10. Health, good father, high ideals, all tied.

Eleventh place was given to intelligence. For the ideal home, the total number of desirable characteristics, listed without duplication, by seniors, was 90, and the total number of frequencies was 350, as follows:

1. Children (from two to six).
2. Cheerful atmosphere.
3. Some animal pets; *but NO IN-LAWS*, tied for third place.
4. Family compatibility.
5. Comfortable house, yard, and trees, all tied for fifth place.
6. Open-house hospitality.
7. Attractive house, suburban, small, tied for seventh.
8. Servants, financial security, tied for eighth.
9. Library, plenty of books.

10. Mutual interests and association in pursuing them.

Report for the juniors for the ideal home,—a total of 65 different, desirable characteristics or traits, with 550 frequencies or actual votes cast, is as follows:

1. Children (from one to four).
2. Library and books, and maids, tied for second.
3. Family compatibility, playroom, yard, companionship, tied for third place.
4. Suburban location.
5. Garden.
6. Cultural atmosphere.
7. Sufficient income.
8. Car or cars.
9. Modernistic house, no in-laws.
10. Small house, happy companionship.

Summarizing for 108 students, including both juniors and seniors, with a total of 1,030 frequencies or votes cast, the ranking order is as follows:

IDEAL HUSBAND

1. Economic security.
2. Intelligence.
3. Considerateness or thoughtfulness.
4. Neat appearance.
5. Sense of humor.
6. Personableness and tallness, (a tie)
7. Ambition
8. Good sportsmanship.
9. Lover of children.
10. Good disposition, even-tempered.

IDEAL HOME total number of votes or frequencies 900; rank in order of total votes, as follows:

1. Children (from one to six)
2. Family compatibility.
3. Yard and trees.
4. Maid and servants.
5. Library and books.
6. Suburban and no in-laws, tied for 6th place.
7. Recreation and playrooms.
8. Sufficient income, financial security, and comfortable house, all tied for eighth place.
9. Small house.
10. Fireplace.

Meredith Prue

PERSONALS



LILLIE R. POTTER, '80

Dean Emeritus

The *Personals* Editor is again happy to give precedence to the following most important news items:

Oct. 29—Gladys Vuilleumier and Mr. Lester Vaddus J. Woodford at Bristol, Conn.

Nov. 20—Ruth Louise Bee '31 and Mr. Lee Vaddus Ashton Doble at Duma, Ariz. Mr. and Mrs. Doble are now "at home" at 1494 Kings Road, Hollywood, Calif.

Dec. 14—Nettie Augusta Elliott, '24-'25, and Mr. Philip Robert Simms at Charleston, W. Va.

Dec. 21—Rachel Whittemore '35 and Mr. Lauren Winslow Hawes at Wellesley Hills, Mass. Eleanor Gebelein Greene '35 was one of Rachel's bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. Hawes are now residing at 504 North Baylen Avenue, Pensacola, Fla.

Dec. 26—Frances Knight, '29-'31, and Mr. John L. Norris, Jr. at Derby, Maine.

Dec. 31—Linsley Dougherty '27 and Mr. Carl E. Walker at Westfield, Mass.

address ✓ Jan. 2—Marguerite Pilcher (Woodland Park, '31-'32) and Mr. Preston Robinson Burt at Pawtucket, R. I.

address ✓ Jan. 14—Lillian Thrasher '34 and Mr. George Payson Rowell, Jr. at Attleboro. Their new address is 53 West Wooster Street, Danbury, Conn.

address ✓ Jan. 18—Renee Smith, '29-'31, and Mr. Mortimer Feinstein at Los Angeles, Calif. 1379 Arrowhead Boulevard, San Bernardino, Calif., is their home address.

address ✓ Jan. 21—Eleanor Richardson '35 and Mr. Everett Ross Walker at Medford, Mass.

address ✓ Jan. 28—Barbara Kerr '34 and Mr. Leonard S. Marshman at Boston, Mass.

Word has also been received of the marriage of Helen K. Gorham '31 to Dr. Lloyd H. Berrie ✓ on August 9th at Woodstock, N. B.; and of the marriage of Esther Joslyn '35 to Mr. Malcolm E. Gross.

✓ We are also happy to have received word of the following engagements: Annabeth M. Williams '34 to Mr. Robert H. Bergen; Dorothy Kelley, '34-'35, to Mr. Earl D. Karker, Jr.; Elizabeth Lane, '35-'37, to Mr. Clinton A. Condict; Janet Owens '37 to Mr. George S. DeArment; Marjorie E. Reed '36 to Mr. George A. Colley, Jr.; Jeanne Drake, '36-'37, to Mr. Dale F. Morgan; and Virginia Bosworth '38 to Mr. Dwight Nuttings.

Lasell's heartiest congratulations are extended to this favored company.

Borrowing the opening words of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women", "Christmas would not be Christmas" to the Lasell family long in residence were it not for the beautiful expressions of good will and Godspeed which come to gladden our holiday season. To Alumnae, faculty and undergraduate students of today and former days, we renew our heartfelt expressions of appreciation.

Guy M. Winslow

Clara A. Winslow

Lillie R. Potter

Two of our former Lasell girls whose friendship we prize are Bessie Comstock, '91-'93, and

her sister, Laura, '91-'92. Bessie writes: "It is several years since we have attended a Connecticut Valley Lasell reunion. However, we greatly enjoy the LASELL LEAVES; it generally contains news of old girls and the activities of the younger generation which is valuable. My sister joins me in happy greetings." The *Personals* Editor appreciates and reciprocates the good wishes of these loyal Connecticut sisters. ✓

The Chicago Lasell Club is indeed missing their president, Cecile Loomis Steubing '22, ✓ now in Texas. However, groups of loyalists are happily carrying on in the Windy City. Irene Sauter Sanford '06 and Elizabeth Peirce ✓ Bittenbender, '04-'06, spent a part of their Christmas vacation in Chicago. While there, Irene wrote: "We had one grand day together and a good visit with Lucy Wilson Errett '06 ✓ and Julia Potter Schmidt '06." Irene and her ✓ daughter, Mary Ruth Sanford, '35-'36, were ✓ the guests of Julia and Elizabeth's host was her older son, Thomas, who is now one of ✓ Chicago's successful young businessmen.

It takes more than rumors of war or even the actual experience of a devastating hurricane to rob a brave soul of its courage. From the recent storm center, Westerly, R. I., Mary Starr Utter ^{Maxson} '12 sends this optimistic message: "The charm of Christmas lies in the thought that we live in the memory of our friends." In a more intimate and personal strain she adds: "How good it seemed to read that Miss Rand is again at Lasell. I liked the little snapshot of the *Personals* Editor". Her appraisal might have started up a feeling of superiority complex but that was quickly dispelled when an equally devoted Dove wrote: "How comfortable you look, Miss Potter, sitting in an easy chair just as you used to sit when we came in to open our laundry cases from home so that you might be sure there were no contraband goods hidden therein." Her final word was: "I shared many a morsel with you dear Miss Potter."

Dear Eleanor: we never dreamed that at

this late date there would be such an exposé of the perquisites to this my supposedly *dis-tasteful* duty of long ago. It's a bit late but even now accept renewed thanks for my share in that laundry box.

She closes with this message: "Our last visit was lovely. It was thrilling to take our daughter to my Alma Mater. She was quite impressed. I had returned home but a few days when I flew to Seattle and had two very precious weeks with my mother before she slipped quietly away. Please extend greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and to Miss Rand.

Eleanor Warner Salisbury '11."

One of our most attractive greetings received came from Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Willey of Orleans, Vermont. The front door of the hospitable new home is swung ajar and below this alluring message: "Our door open to you." The reports from those who have crossed that threshold are so glowing that we are impatient to accept the hostess' kind invitation and follow in their train.

The pleasantest local news which has come to us recently is that Mr. Richard Austin Winslow, President and Mrs. Winslow's oldest son, and his family have become residents of Auburndale. We are not forgetting that Mr. Winslow is a member, by adoption, of one of Lasell's former classes. We trust this remembered relationship will bring the family into even closer touch with Lasell Junior College.

✓ Mrs. Emily Shiff Dunn, '80-'82, of Baltimore, Md., is enjoying a visit from her sister whose permanent home is in Paris, France. Mrs. Dunn sends affectionate greetings to her friends at Lasell.

Two active promoters for Lasell have been recently welcomed visitors. Mary Fenno Stern ('13 has registered her daughter for next year, and Phyllis Atkinson Stone '34 accompanied her sister-in-law, whom she hopes will join our ranks next fall. Phyllis was especially happy as she referred to her little son, a year and some months old.

Junior Jean Hale's mother, Louise Hayes

Hale, '03-'04, was a Lasell girl years ago. During Mrs. Hale's recent visit to our college, our Dean Emeritus was touched when she turned and said, "Miss Potter, I remember your Scotch mother distinctly and pleasantly. She was always so friendly and kind to the students."

Our assistant dean, Mrs. Statura P. McDonald, returned from her holidays spent with her daughter, Gwendolyn McDonald Black, '18-'28, and brought with her some fascinating word pictures of Gwendolyn's charming children in action. Our attention was centered especially on wee Janet, the namesake of her great-grandmother, Madame Janet Caldwell, so well remembered and beloved by the Lasell family. Our hearty congratulations and God-speed to each member of our Dean's New Brunswick family circle.

Agnes Metcalf Cannon '32 is now at home in Madison, New Jersey. This little bride writes: "I am very happy but still have an unchanging love for New England." Agnes enjoys her "dear home" and is especially favored in having with her her devoted father. We recall Mr. Metcalf's fondness for flowers and can well imagine, as Agnes hints, that "he has made our new garden a thing of beauty."

To Mrs. Winslow, Barbara King, daughter of Imo Blakestad King '05-'06, writes from Kansas City: "Mother and I were more pleased than you can know to receive some delicious-sounding recipes in your handwriting and placed them in the grand recipe file which came this morning. The whole idea was new and wonderful. Nothing could please us more than to have personal recipes from so many of mother's dear Lasell friends." To this note Barbara's mother adds: "Even after thirty years you and yours and Lasell continue to help fill my life with happiness. Genevra Strong Harlow's ('05-'06) present to my daughter was such a happy, novel idea. Each recipe means much to Barbara and myself. I have regretted that the depression prevented our sending Barbara to Lasell. Last June she

*Similar
address
Topeka*

*to this Dorothy Stone 1939 - Yes.
Same address!*

was graduated with honors from the Washburn College here. No depression can possibly deprive me of my many grand memories of Lasell. Thank you again for your part in Barbara's gift, particularly the little personal notes on some of the menus. Sincere regards to you and Dr. Winslow. I.B.K."

Betty Way Kendall '29-'30, writes: "I often long to revisit Lasell." Please hold that longing of yours, Betty, and come back to the college soon for a real visit. We are as anxious to see you as you are to see us.

A busy mother is Roberta Davis Massey '34. Her little daughter Patricia was born August 13th; and her sister Bobby Lou is "into everything", so writes the mother. We shared, as you requested, your salutations to Lasell. The year is just opening and we hope later you will keep your promise to visit us, and why not bring that cunning Bobby Lou with you?

Carol Morehouse Jones '34, Old Kings Highway, Darien, Conn.—There is a sort of historic, aristocratic air about the above name and address. The dear mistress of this old Kings Highway home writes: "I have just received the LEAVES and have been reminiscing while reading. I sometimes wish I were a college girl again, but when I think of my husband, baby daughter and home, and that I am surrounded by everything that makes life beautiful then I realize that my college days are over. I neglected to tell you that our daughter, Nancy Carol, was born April 29th. She is a tow-head with blue eyes. I hope to send her to Lasell some day. Several of my schoolmates live fairly near—Muriel Thacker Drury '34, Esther Owen Hance '34 and Mabelle Hickcox '34. I am anticipating our Fifth Reunion this coming June. I still enjoy my music, having an organ position which keeps me busy. Please give my best regards to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and love to the Dean Emeritus. C.M.J."

That was a valuable outline of her daily round sent to Mrs. Winslow by Rosamund Kent Boyce, '18-'20. She is still keenly interested in all the improvements at Lasell and

with many a former student hopes some day to express her interest in a tangible form. Her husband, Mr. E. B. Boyce, is now in Westfield in charge of the Food and Drug Laboratories just installed under the State Department of Public Health. Rosamund writes: "He has had much to do with the planning of this new business and the choice of equipment, and has thrown himself into this important work wholeheartedly." She asks especially for little Anita, daughter of Ruth Ordway Leach '21, and closes her note to Mrs. Winslow with: "Remember there is a bond between myself and Lasell folk which will always remain dear to me."

It is seldom that an entire family present themselves at Lasell the same day but Mary King Sargent '21, her husband and three children made this very happy exception and best of all they have come to stay. Mary, for the lovely picture and heartening message, we thank you.

Our Constance E. Blackstock '09 writes to Mrs. McDonald from the Wellesley Girls High School, Naini Tal, India, where this Alumna and greatly beloved former member of our faculty is successfully presiding. The message is this: "If you know of anyone who would like to contribute to our library fund, any amount will be gratefully received. This is not begging but simply giving those interested a chance to contribute."

We were not privileged to enjoy meeting with Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Winslow during their brief holiday visit at Lasell, but were pleased to receive at Christmas time a charming picture of Rosalind Winslow Myers' ('21) adopted country, Mexico, which favor came to us through the courtesy of Rosalind's parents.

Lenna Lyon Hill '31, who in her college days was our nearest neighbor one flight up, writes: "Last summer I had a most enjoyable visit with Mrs. Bernard Morgan, the former Miss Agnes Chaffetz, instructor in Lasell's home economics department. She is now residing in Meadville, Penna." The next time you write, Lenna, please give a word concerning your

✓ beloved mother Ida Mallory Lyon '01, who in antebellum days was the able generalissimo of Lasell's military forces.

Helen Kenyon Rowland '29-'30, you have won a place on the Lasell correspondence staff. Notice what valuable news Helen crowds into one brief note. To the *Personals* Editor she writes: "I am anxious to subscribe for the LEAVES as I am eager to hear about Lasell girls I knew during 1929-30. Also wish to announce the birth of my second child, Polly Brown Rowland, on November 11. My son Harry is now 4½ years old. Ruth Libby Hanley '31 lives near me in Providence. Her husband and mine are associated in business. Have recently heard from two Lasell girls in Hartford. Kay Dow Mathes '30 has a second daughter, Sarah Lee, born on October 22, and Betty Barker Bent '29 has a son, James Francis, whose birthday was September 19."

This coming June the Class of 1889 will celebrate their fiftieth anniversary. Concerning this important reunion Mary Packard Cass '89 writes: "Our class roll grows less but I am trying to persuade the few members who remain to join us at Commencement time. I called on Miss Farwell recently. She had just celebrated her 101st birthday. She was my husband's teacher at Tilton and mine at Lasell. Miss Farwell entertained us with bright reminiscences and remembered the names of every ✓ girl in my class. "My daughter Esther has severed connections with the Laconia Hospital, where she served seven years, and is now assistant night manager of the New England Deaconess Hospital." Congratulations to the daughter and the mother.

✓ Miss Alice Magoun '78 writes from her home town, Bath, Maine, to our Dean Emeritus: "How the dear Lasell circle of your day and mine has narrowed! But isn't it fine to have the younger Alumnae so willing to make us a part of their groups. Please give my good wishes to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow. I am glad the school is flourishing and very glad they decided to take the junior college rating. You

wrote me about investing in the Lasell funds with a possible annuity due the investor. I have nothing to invest just now, but the offer looks very sensible and safe. My love as always to you and good wishes for Lasell."

The Dean Emeritus spent her Christmas holidays as the guest of our Barbara Vail Bosworth '05. When asked if she had a good time, replied: "It was a heavenly experience where one enjoyed all that a generous loving hospitality could provide." Barbara kindly contributed the following valuable personals: Miriam Nelson Flanders '05 is spending a part ✓ of the winter with her mother in Brookline. Her daughter is a senior at Vassar and her ✓ son, Charles, is on the S.S. *Santa Rosa*, visiting ✓ one of many South American ports. Helen Darling Tillinghast's ('05) daughter is to be married early in the year and plans are being ✓ made for a large church wedding. Miriam also saw Alice Stahl Seltzer '04 in the fall. Alice's ✓ two daughters are now seniors at Smith College, their mother's Alma Mater. ✓ Miriam heard recently from Edith Harber Wright '05, Ina Harber '06 and Helen Orcutt Smith '03. All were well.

Helen Hinshaw Toohey's ('23) unusual holiday card pictures her attractive new home and out of one of the windows her two happy children are looking, apparently on to a pleasant world. Helen, you are quite right—the picture of your home and dear children testify to your own happy estate.

Two dear volunteer field agents reported January 21st at Bragdon, each accompanied by a charming prospective pupil for 1939-40. ✓ We are indebted to Elizabeth Robinson Breed, '08-'09, and Louise Orr Daniels, '18-'23, for this practical helpfulness towards Lasell's future prosperity.

It was good to hear directly from you, Nellie Woodward Collins '15. We especially rejoiced over your declared intention to attend the Lasell mid-winter reunion. We trust, Madame President of 1915, your attendance will move a goodly number of your classmates

Smith Coll

to join you. From her home at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Nell writes: "An old friend dropped in yesterday—Laurestine Foster Knight, '21-'22, formerly of Norway, Maine, but for several years a resident of our town. Two years ago she moved to Christmas, Arizona, where her husband is superintendent of several mines. Following her course at Lasell, Laurestine was graduated from Smith. When she entered my home, her first question was: 'How is Dr. Winslow, Miss Potter and Lasell?' She was so interested in the November LEAVES which I chanced to have in sight that I quietly slipped the copy into her bag when she left the next morning. With myself, Laurestine expressed pleasure that Miss Rand is again at Lasell." Nell made slight and modest reference to her children, but the *Personals* Editor has a very vivid recollection of the two charming daughters who dined at Lasell on a certain Trustees' dinner night.

President Cecile Loomis Stuebing '22 is literally out of sight and sound of her Chicago Lasell Club, but we are pleased that she still keeps her Alma Mater close to her heart. From her new home in Fort Worth, Texas, she writes: "It doesn't seem many years ago that I too stood in line at Lasell to buy my transportation ticket home for the holidays. We moved to Texas last August but it is too bad the distance to Chicago is so great we cannot celebrate our vacation with relatives. My best love to Lasell always. C.L.S."

Dear Maria Orozco Cobb, '17-'18: don't think for a moment that Lasell is forgetting you or your little sons who added such a dear postscript to your last message. Lasell's God-speed into the New Year to you and yours.

Where, Janet Price '33, did you find that lovely picture of five White Doves flying across a Lasell-blue sky? We thank you heartily for the gift and the kind words which accompanied it.

In the recent passing of Annie Morton Gwinnell '88 and Grace Clark Huntington '89, Lasell Junior College has lost two of her most devoted and beloved alumnae.

During all the years since their graduation they have kept in active and sympathetic touch with their Alma Mater. Their gracious presence and wise counsels were especially appreciated by their own New York Lasell Club.

Miss Huntington's activities were primarily associated with her family and intimate social circles. Miss Gwinnell's major interests were largely devoted to the Y.W.C.A. of her home city, Newark, New Jersey. At one time she was personally instrumental in raising some twenty thousand dollars for the budget of her local association.

During recent years these former classmates were restricted in their activities on account of failing health, but during their enforced period of invalidism they bravely accepted the challenge of our beloved Phillip Brooks: "If you are called upon to suffer, learn to suffer triumphantly."

Rev. and Mrs. Alfred Birks were recently dinner guests of Miss Perley at Bragdon Hall. Their visit brought together a number of their former friends of the Lasell faculty and afforded a pleasant opportunity for them to meet a few new members of our staff.

We do not hear often enough from our Nassau Lasell girl, Natalie Albury McCarthy, '22-'23. The Scotch greeting for the New Year proved a happy surprise. Thank you, Natalie. Your prophecy for Lasell's "bricht New Year" is being fulfilled.

Helen Terry Francisco '24: I should indeed have been thrilled, in the vernacular of the modern "Doves", to attend your New York luncheon, but a younger and better representative has come to you in the person of our beloved Dean Rand. Helen, here is a suggestion for you to follow: Why not corral from the New York Lasell Club a representative group to report at the college for Commencement weekend, June 10-12th. I'll be looking for you and reserve a fine section in our new Winslow Hall. President Mildred McAfee of Wellesley will give the Commencement address, and Dean Charles Brown of Yale will be our Baccalaureate speaker.

Among our recent visitors were Mrs. Everett O. Fisk, president of the Women's Council of Boston University, accompanied by Mrs. May Kimball Hail, '84-'87, a well-known and generous patron of music in her home city, Providence, and also Miss Florence Stevens, director of the Deaconess work in Providence. Dr. Fisk was at one time a member of Lasell's faculty. Before their leave-taking, they gave a tentative promise to return and enjoy with us our Commencement festivities.

Sally Sprague, as a little lady-in-waiting to wee brother Rockwell, made a most charming picture. Fortunately the camera does its work quickly for to us little brother is just about ready to bounce out of his swinging cradle. If we are mistaken, we make our apology to baby Rockwell and send congratulations to the dear mother of these winsome children, our Helen Black Sprague '25.

The recent holiday season was an exceptionally happy one for a favored group of our Alumnae and Old Girls. A list of the recipients of these priceless gifts follows:

On December 23d, ¹⁹³³ a son, Allan Howard, came to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Willard (Helen McNab '25).

May 10—A son, Peter Hinckley, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Hubbard (Barbara Hinckley '34).

June 26—A daughter, Katherine Marie, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Earl Lantry (Marion McAuliffe '34).

Aug. 15—A daughter, Priscilla, to Mr. and Mrs. Michael F. Ketz (Barbara Barber, '24-'26).

Oct. 22—A daughter, Sarah Lee, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Mathes, Jr. (Kathryn Dow, '30).

Nov. 1—A son, William Harvey, to Mr. and Mrs. Chester Jensen (Annette Harvey, '29).

Nov. 17—A son, Charles Peter, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Dine (Edith Thorpe, '27).

Nov. 19—A daughter, Margery Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brand (Julia Tiffany, '29).

Nov. 27—A daughter, Marilyn Ray, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Wilson (Isabelle Daggett, '29).

Nov. 27—A son, Richard George, to Mr. and Mrs. George Jenkins (Barbara Cushing, '25).

Nov. 29—A daughter, Susanne, to Mr. and Mrs. Morris Babcock (Leonora Conklin, '21).

Dec. 2—A son, Richard Moore, to Dr. and Mrs. Perry Fitch (Priscilla Barber, '30).

Dec. 8—A son, Burnet Jennings, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Burnet Clark (Jane Porter, '29-'31).

Dec. 13—A daughter, Judith Allen, to Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Allen (Helen Gibbs, '34).

Dec. 21—A son, George Harvey, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Hanley (Ruth Libby, '31).

Dec. 28—A son, Richard Barrett, Jr. to Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Somers (Jeanette Gessner, '30).

Jan. 17—A son, William Weston, Jr. to Mr. and Mrs. William W. Brown (Alice Pratt, '29).

Jan. 21—A daughter, Jacqueline Ruth, to Mr. and Mrs. John Smith (Ruth Rohe, '31).

Jan. 23—A son, Stephen Roberts, to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald W. Holt (Helen Roberts, '30).

Referring back to her holiday celebration, Dorothy Frazer Wahl '28 writes: "Last Christmas was a grand time for us as our little Susanne, just two and a half years old, entered into the fun. Mr. Wahl and I often recall our pleasant visit at the college three summers ago and hope to repeat that pleasure in the near future."

Just now Dorothy Woodard '38 is too busy in the office of the Walkover Shoe Company in Brockton to leave for even a short call at Lasell. One of her New Year's resolutions is this: "I am hoping soon to spend a little time at our grand school, Lasell Junior College!"

Celeste Watson '37 is entering her second year at Cedar Crest College, Allentown, Penna. She admits the course requires hard work but there is ample time for relaxation. She still enjoys the LEAVES and sends friendly messages

to President Winslow, Miss Irwin and other Lasell friends.

✓ With the enthusiasm of a real postgraduate, Gertrude LeoWolf '34-'35 writes: "I enjoyed very much my last glimpses of you, Miss Beede, Miss Hoag, Miss Eliasson and Senora Orozco. They have not changed a bit. My sincerest wishes always for everything good to you and Lasell."

✓ Mrs. Nell Carneal Drew '10, her husband, Mr. Walter N. Drew, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. James D. Carneal, and their guest Mrs. Sherrod Pollard, favored us with a surprise visit in January. It was many a year since Nell's mother had been "up north" as far as Auburndale. We were delighted again to welcome this dear southerner to Lasell. Mrs. Carneal's granddaughter, Dorothy Carneal, is one of our brightest and best Seniors. They left with us the hope that they will report at the college in time for Dorothy's graduation on June 12th.

Lasell extends tenderest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Earl H. Ordway, who have recently been bereaved by the death of Mrs. Ordway's dear mother, Mrs. Abbie L. Whitney.

✓ Two of our near neighbors are Frances Turner Sleigh '32 and her baby daughter Nancy, who even now shows a lot of Lasell girl "pep". Fran is still devoted to her violin and also takes an active interest in her Alma Mater.

It was cause enough for thanksgiving to receive a personal message from Miss Emily Genn, for so many years a member of Lasell's office staff. Our special pleasure came when we found enclosed in her message a snapshot of Miss Genn taken in her Maine flower garden.

✓ In reply to Barbara Jones Bates' ('14) latest note we would say that when again we make another visit in Evanston, Ill., you will know of it. We do not mean ever to let you escape for our own sake as well as yours.

The snapshot of the *Personals* Editor which appeared in the November LEAVES was taken and published under protest but this word from

Florence Swartout Thomassen '09 causes us to ✓
relent a bit. She writes: "I am glad to see you at the head of the *Personals* column. It made me, a truly Old Girl, feel that I still belong to Lasell." Thank you, Florence, for your heartening message—all of it. I trust I have long since crossed the danger line of vain glory over the appreciative words from my Old Girls, but have never ceased to be thankful for expressed loyalty to Lasell and to me.

It seems impossible that twenty-five years have passed since Dorothy Canfield Cheseldine '15 received her Lasell diploma. We appreciated her beautiful New Year's greetings and still happier to learn from her collegemate, Susan Tiffany '15, that Dorothy is planning to ✓
be at Lasell this coming Commencement.

Miss Frances King Dolley of Western Reserve University, Miss Edith Williams of Indiana State College and Miss Dorothy Shank of Cleveland recently sent felicitations to Lasell expressing their interest in the return of Dean Margaret Rand to our college. Miss Williams was a classmate of Miss Rand's at Smith College. Miss Dolley and Miss Shank took their advance work with our Dean at Columbia. These four outstanding instructors were members of our Lasell faculty at the same time.

Your last message Edith (Abbott) '19 and Don Chapman was certainly an original one. This time they write: "We are saying it with music". On one page was a photograph of the two artists with this explanatory note: "Music by Edith; lyric by Don." This greeting from our musical friends was very much appreciated.

Most Lasell graduates would be satisfied ✓
to add to their Lasell record the advance work of Depauw University. Not so with Dorothy Ell '36 and Elizabeth Pomeroy '36. Lib recently wrote Miss Irwin: "Thank you for your part in giving a good word for me to the Massachusetts General Hospital. I have been accepted and will begin my duties there late in January." Dorothy was well on her way in her postgraduate work at Boston University when she was suddenly rushed to the Deacon-

ess Hospital. We are thankful to say that she is convalescing and will soon, we trust, be enjoying her advance work at the University.

We are prone to judge a house by its hospitable-looking front door. Marietta Chase Stedfast '24, your new home to us stands on the honor list. And the picture's value is enhanced by your own dear photograph and also the two little daughters who seem to be "on guard" at the entrance.

Ida Bean Rice '15 is slowly recovering from a serious automobile accident. Lasell extends her sympathy and is thankful for the word of encouragement from the convalescent.

From Miami, Florida, Ada Swanger Hawkins '13 writes: "You will be surprised to hear from me. Possibly you may not remember me, but I thought you and Dr. Winslow would be interested in learning that our dear Jessie Kemp Caler '98-'99 recently passed away. When I came to Miami fourteen years ago, she was my near neighbor and was very kind to me, taking me to Lasell Club luncheons and introducing me to many of her friends.

"The only Lasell girl that I often see is Georgina Fankboner Roberts '13. We spend our summers together in Indiana. One of my daughters, Harriet, is a freshman at Depauw and my older daughter, Mary Jane, is a senior at Monticello College in Godfrey, Illinois. We were sorry not to be able to send either of our girls to Lasell. Juliette Beach Barker '13 and her husband have visited me here. If any Lasell friends should ever be in Miami, please let me know for I should like to see them. Sincere greetings to all. A.S.H."

The success which has followed Dorothy Barnard's ('24) independent business ventures has not spoiled her for Lasell. In a recent message Dorothy writes: "How I would love to have a visit with you, as in the happy old days, in your little office looking out over Woodland Road."

And this line from Roxanna Stark Burns '18: "My little daughter, Ada, and I frequently speak of our visit at Lasell last Com-

mencement." Ada: we at Lasell not infrequently lovingly talk you and your dear mother over. Come again please, and some day we hope you will come to stay.

"Bunny" Alves '37, we joyfully note your promise to call soon on your next-door neighbor. Don't miss that latchstring on the door of No. 3 Bragdon Hall, already out for you.

One may be sure as long as Helen Foster '16 is in this world she will be busy along worthwhile lines. For some time she has devoted herself to the care of an invalid father. Even in the midst of her exacting home duties she has kept up an active interest in her chosen vocation, music. Helen is in close touch with Marjorie Blair Perkins '28, and her mother. We especially appreciate direct word from and of these dear Alumnae, rarely heard from.

Marion Johnson '29-'30, you should give lessons in how to condense news material. We recommend you to the editor of the *Reader's Digest*. On a diminutive correspondence card Marion writes: "Just a line to let you know I am still thinking of Lasell. Have been working ever since the summer of 1930 in the First National Bank in Pearl River, N. Y., and enjoy the work immensely. Three years ago I organized a junior choir in our church and at present I am directing it. I am sure Mr. Schwab will be interested to know I have been making use of the theory I learned in his solfeggio class. Hope some day to be able to drop in and see the new building and my friends at the college."

Mrs. Samuel Kerr and her daughter, Arlene Kerr Levine '36, are off again for their usual winter's sojourn in Miami, Florida. We had hoped our few parting words with Arlene's mother might prove a heartening Godspeed to this friend, who is just convalescing from a hospital experience, but instead her brief cheery goodbye furnished us with just the courage we had hoped to bring to her.

Claudia Hull '38: this is good news from you that you and a group of Dillingham girls are planning to visit Lasell for over Lincoln's

Birthday. We are looking forward to your return to the college. A cordial welcome awaits these delegates.

✓ Jean Allen '38 and her roommate Marjorie Wells '38 called a bit too late to be registered in the November LEAVES. Jean is now an instructor of physical culture in one of the Washington, D. C. schools, and Marjorie is ✓ taking a secretarial course. We missed most of their call but are pleased to report both Alumnae are looking well. We appreciated the friendly greetings from their parents.

An unusually charming holiday greeting was received by Miss Wright from Betty Day Bracken '26 of Roselle Park, N. J. Her Christmas card pictures a fascinating snow scene in which her two children are playing the important part. Four-year old Betsey is standing beside a snowman, evidently of her own making, while wee Joanne, not quite a year old, is tucked cosily into a tiny sleigh. Betty's final word is readily believed: "They are a great team and we have lots of fun together. Wish you could see them."

Four former esteemed Lasell graduates came together to our office one day in October. Gertrude Hooper '32 was accompanied by Lib Leach '31, Helen Schaack '31, and Dorothy Trask '28-'30. Gert is serving the Tel. and Tel. Company in Portland, Lib is working in Brooklyn, Helen has a fine secretarial position in New York, and Dorothy's merchandising interests have taken her to Providence. Our congratulations to this group.

Classmates Mildred Strain Nutter '17 and Helen Saunders '17 made an altogether too formal call in November. Notwithstanding our urgings to join us at luncheon, they kept their distance remaining on the balcony of Bragdon Hall's dining room and just looking on. However, their cordial greeting later made up for their refusal this time to accept Lasell's hospitality.

"Grandfather's House, Gove Road, Blandford". Could anything be more complimentary to her forebears than Susan Tiffany's ('15)

unique name for this historic homestead. This autumn Lasell enjoyed a real visit with the present hostess of Grandfather's House. Susan is not only interested in local history but has a wider field as Chaplain of the New England D.A.R. This active officer thinks nothing of a quick flight to Washington, D. C. to attend some important meeting there—in fact, is here, there and everywhere at the call of her New England society. Our congratulations to this able Lasell trustee and the society she is so acceptably serving.

Mildred Hotchkiss Girvin '14 has every ✓ reason to be proud. Our congratulations this time are especially to her husband, Harvey F. Girvin, associate professor of applied mechanics at Purdue University. Prof. Girvin has recently written a work on applied mechanics, a book which must prove valuable in educational circles. In a note to Mrs. Winslow, Mildred expresses the hope that she may report at Lasell in June for her 25th reunion.

Gladys Stults Schenck '09-'10, is still another "Old Girl" who approves of the *Personals*. This seems an opportune moment for the Editor to thank the Alumnae, for after all you yourselves furnish the major part of the *Personals* material. If at any time, I seem to share too freely your letters with your friends, I apologize and promise in the future to be more careful.

A message from anyone of the Loomis sisters always starts the joy bells ringing. Margaret Loomis Collingwood ('22) writes: "My ✓ eight-year old daughter Marcia remembers distinctly the Crow's Nest, and the little snapshot in the LEAVES of the destroyed landmark made us both feel very badly." Margaret, we appreciated your word of greeting from "the entire family."

Charlotte Barnes Davidson '35 writes from her lovely new home, 45 Glen Ridge Parkway, Glen Ridge, N. J.: "I don't know, Miss Potter, if you will remember me. However, I am going to take a chance on that. Received the Lasell LEAVES the other day and every time I read

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a copy, I get a sort of homesick feeling for the good old days I spent at the college. It is such fun reading what the different graduates are now doing and of course keeping up with the present Lasellites. I was married on September 20th and much to my surprise I really enjoy housekeeping and cooking. Marjorie

✓ Long Maish '35 and her husband were on for my wedding. Best wishes for a happy year to all at Lasell."

✓ Jessie Watters '23, artist: did you etch those very young White Doves which were caught in an unfriendly snow storm? It's a dear picture but your personal message is even dearer. We thank you.

✓ Miss Kay Peterson, the recent head of our Art Department, kindly shared with her Lasell faculty friends this bright bit from her travelogue:

"We landed on the shores of Mexico in much the same manner as Jonah landed somewhere so long ago, for the blizzard which blanketed New England in snow was a hurricane when it met us about six hours out of Vera Cruz. Quite an experience with the steering apparatus broken early in the storm and an inflammable cargo of acid which shifted during the ski jumps the little *Siboney* made, we were in a rather uncertain position for many hours. It seems hurricanes are really fashionable this season.

"Those stouter than others who tried to stay on their feet went ashore in Vera Cruz with cuts, bruises and in one case a slight fracture. But as for me, although I did have the intestinal fortitude to dress and go out on deck, I finally gave up and spent some twelve or fourteen hours tied to a sofa which was strapped to a railing. There is something about sea-sickness which is completely engrossing and so if I add that I was not frightened, you must discount any idea of bravery for I had room for only one sensation and it wasn't terror.

"The ride from Vera Cruz to Mexico City is probably as breathlessly beautiful as any that could be found. We climbed from sea

level and tropical foliage to 1800 feet—winding up over old villages with colorful natives and a continual bower of flowers. The next two days are a blank as I simply slept. The hurricane, the intoxicating beauty of the seven-hour trip through wonderland and the altitude of Mexico City found me quite unconscious.

"Since I have come back to life however I have gone about in a state of bewildered excitement. Mexico is so full of contrasts—heat, wealth, cold, poverty, the old, the new—dazzling sunlight, black shadow—they all take place at one and the same time. It is the most paintable spot I have ever seen and I've only begun to see.

"There are many Eastern touches about the people. There is an air of quiet acceptance in their faces and the women dressed in the rebozo which so many of them wear are quite Eastern in appearance. On the main streets of the City one sees barefooted men and women—women in braids and carrying great loads; women in Parisienne gowns; Packards and donkeys; men in movie-like Mexican regalia; beggars and bankers—all in a space of a few yards.

"San Angel, where Senora Orozco's daughter lives, is very lovely. I am sitting as I write now on the flat roof of her house and I love to look off to mountains on every side. Snow-capped Popocatepetl is shut from view by trees but I see it when I go up on the main street. We live in a garden completely surrounded by a wall and in the garden flowers of every season are in bloom: roses, lilies, violets and dozens I cannot name. Great lovely trees surround the garden wall and these are deep and dark against the sky. Even here the contrast continues for evergreens, palms, banana trees and apple grow together.

"One steps out of a lovely garden wall where a pretentious home is screened from sight and finds a little adobe hut with a family of Indians cooking over an open fire. I feel as though I were continually doing tail spins and I keep coming back to horizontal realizing that I came

down here to write a history of European Art. Somehow it doesn't seem very important in this land of color and contrasts, and as *mañana* is the spirit of place, it is hard to be serious minded about such matters. Contrasts! —that is Mexico. — K. R. P."

✓ Ida Murphy Mackes '30 and her family have moved from Stroudsburg to Mt. Carmel, Penna. "Shy" adds: "We have made fine new friends here but I do miss Stroudsburg, especially as my sister Jean Murphy Aneda '33 is there, and also my Lasell roommate, Camille Williams Harvey '30. Did you know Camille has two lovely little daughters? Enclosed is a snapshot of my three-year old son, French." It's a fetching picture, Shy! How brave he looks as he has climbed to the top of his little snow mountain and is about to ski off this Alpine height.

Shy also adds: "My sister Kitty is with us this year. Her dearest chum, Lillian Adams of Porto Rico, is now at Lasell so we are kept posted on the latest news. We always look forward eagerly to the coming of the LEAVES."

Through the efficient efforts of one of Lasell's office secretaries, Celia Kinsley '34, we have received the following brief and valuable records:

✓ From 624 Beech Avenue, Charleston, West Virginia, Elinor Barclay Reehl '24-'26 writes: "We have just moved back to Charleston and I understand there are several Lasell girls in this city. We are the proud parents of two ✓ boys, Christy Barclay, who just celebrated his ✓ fifth birthday, and his wee brother, Stephen Hopkins, is five months old. Please remember me to Dr. Winslow and Miss Potter."

✓ Hortense Atwood Partridge '09-'10 tells us that she is a teacher of homemaking in the New York City schools. Her present address is 321 Cherry Street, Douglaston, N. Y.

✓ To Adelaide Shaffer '34-'35 of Hackensack, N. J. the past three years have not wholly been a vacation period. She looked so well and carefree, we could not feel that her work-

ing days had been overcrowded. Adelaide spoke appreciatively of our former dean, Miss Mary Lichtler, who was not only her next-door neighbor at Bragdon Hall but a most helpful friend.

✓ Joan Lohman '38 and her classmate Margaret Nichols spent their Thanksgiving vacation in New England. No formal call did they make on their Alma Mater but settled down, to our joy, as though they still "belonged". Lasell was not Margie's sole attraction for this year her sister Catherine is a member of our ✓ junior class. Joan has been a volunteer worker in the Fort Wayne Tubercular Association and contemplates later giving her time more completely to that needed service. Margie confessed she was taking intensive training in Home Economics. Those of us who recall her personal program during her senior year realize that Margaret has in mind a very definite and happy objective.

A most disconsolate and sorry-looking little airedale with this suggestive plaint, "ho hum", ✓ decorates Mary Pryor's ('28) card. No wonder Mary spoke thus for she is just recovering from a tedious series of minor accidents. However, she is cheered on with the hope of reporting at Lasell for Commencement.

A correction and apology is due Hildegarde Baxter '36. She received her B.A. degree from Boston University last year and is well on her way to win an M.A. degree this coming June.

✓ Evelyn Ladd Rublee '28 occasionally sends a worthwhile word concerning herself and the dear children, but this time she writes: "I am a bit tardy with my message. I have been awaiting the local election returns and am just thrilled as my husband won and goes as our town's representative to Montpelier." Laddie's enthusiasm did not prevent her from sending her annual subscription for the LEAVES. Our congratulations to this recently elected member of the Vermont legislature and his family.

✓ Trithena McFarland '38 is evidently happily placed in the business world. From Kansas City she writes: "I am so glad to be home

again with my dear brother, sister-in-law and darling nephew. We are living together and I do appreciate it after our long separation. I thoroughly enjoy my work as private secretary to the assistant agency manager of the Equitable Life Assurance Company of the U. S. Doesn't that sound grand—and it is. I do love it and honestly look forward to arising every morning (can you imagine) and hate to go home at night. My business associates are delightful and helpful. Regardless of all this however, I must say that I do get a lump in my throat when I think of Lasell and all the dear ones back there. What a lovely trip I had this summer driving out to Kansas with such grand chaperones as the Misses McClelland, Eliasson, Marsh and Sawyer." This is a splendid message from our Tri. Very best wishes to her for the New Year and the years that are to be.

Ruth Upham '36, accompanied by her parents, called recently especially to meet our Junior Etta Eldredge. Ruth is now a student at the Marlboro School, Boston, specializing in secretarial training. We were sorry to miss your call, Ruth. Our best wishes are always with you and your family.

We have your certified word for it, Eleanor Cole Keeler '37, that you plan to visit Lasell soon. Don't alter that plan. We want to hear more about your growing fondness for Malden. We reciprocate your good wishes.

To the editor of the Lasell LEAVES, Claire Stritzinger Daller '23-'24 writes: "I have the grandest news. On November 2d our little son, Morton Franklin, was born. We think he looks very much like his big sister, Marlee. Claire, who was seven years old last September. I do enjoy the LEAVES so much."

Audrey Smith '36 spent her midwinter vacation as the guest of Jeannette Tift Jeffcock '36 of Mobile, Alabama. Audrey writes: "We were sorry that our classmates could not share our good times. It was my first trip south and that combined with the delightful visit with Jay

made it a vacation I shall long remember. Happy greetings to all at Lasell."

Miriam Nye's ('38) call was a rush one but she rose to explain that the honking of an automobile horn under our office window was simply a summons from her waiting b-friend. We promptly excused her! A bit of good news from Miriam was that she too is a busy and successful little secretary.

As pleased as we were to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Saul, we missed their daughter Helen '36 but soon learned that these friends of Lasell had autoed from Providence to Boston solely to accompany a possible next year's candidate for our college. Lasell thanks Mr. and Mrs. Saul for their continued practical interest in their daughter's Alma Mater.

A more welcomed guest could not have returned to her Alma Mater than Winifred Aldrich '38. While sharing with us the fine points of her senior college, the University of New Hampshire, Winifred was free to pay generous tribute to her first love, Lasell.

Dorothy Abbott '37, now assistant dietitian at the Elizabeth (N. J.) Hospital, is still riding on the top of the wave. To our registrar, Miss Irwin, she writes: "Next fall I will teach the student nurses Dietetics and Nutrition. I was registered at Rutgers for courses but have transferred to Columbia as they offer more subjects which interest me. Barbara Burnham '37 is a hostess at Bamberger's Restaurant in Newark; Corinne Gossweiler '37 has a secretarial position with the Aetna Life Insurance Company; and Augusta Williamson '37 is captain of a Girl Scout troop and instructor of sewing in the Hudson orphanage."

Station L.J.C. Ruth Ellsworth '36 speaking: "I have just slipped in to wish you and all Lasell a Happy New Year. I am ashamed that I have not visited the college but once since my graduation."

Dear Ruth: We were sorry to miss your call but will hope to meet you June 12th, Commencement Day at Lasell.

The New York Lasell Club

The forty-sixth annual meeting and luncheon of the New York Lasell Club was held on Saturday, Jan. 28, 1939 at Therese Worthington Grant's Restaurant.

President Florence Boehmcke Simes '23 welcomed the members and their guests. Following the luncheon, a business meeting was held. A welcomed letter was received from Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22, president of the Alumnae Association, who was unable to be present. Dorothy Millsbaugh '23 read the Honor Roll and a silent tribute was paid to the Alumnae who have passed away this year. Gladys Stults Schenck, '09-'10, spoke especially of Miss Annie Gwinnell '88. Miss Gwinnell was the oldest member of the New York Lasell Club and last June was fifty years a graduate of our college. Dorothy Millsbaugh relinquished the chairmanship of the Honor Roll and Louise Paisley '09 is to be her successor. The Nominating Committee for 1939-40 includes: Chairman, Lucy Robertson Taylor '32; Marjorie Kuehn '29, Alice Seidler '38, Katherine Edwards '29 and Ellen Zacharias '29.

Florence Boehmcke Simes then introduced Julia Case '32, president of the Connecticut Valley Club. Julia brought greetings and news of her club.

Our guest of honor, Dean Margaret Rand, told of the many activities at Lasell; we were delighted with her very humorous comparison of the styles in collegiate dress in 1914 and the present. We were interested to learn of the new courses being offered, and of the success with which our graduates are carrying on in the business world. Miss Rand closed with an expression of sincere praise to Dean Emeritus Lillie R. Potter '80 for her fine work at Lasell.

Those present were: Dean Margaret Rand, Florence Boehmcke Simes '23, Dorothy Abbott '37, Jean Berry '38, Julia ter Kuile Brown '10, Marie Bruns '38, Ann Cobb, '33-'34, Sally McKee Cooke '29, Elizabeth Davidson, '37-'38, Margaret MacNaughton Dockstader '35, Margaret Anderson Draper, '23-'24, Irene Dreis-

sigacker '37, Katherine Edwards '29, Helen Terry Francisco '24, Mercedes Rendell Freeman '23, Janice Shutter Grant '36, Huldah Halley '18, Emily Hubbel '36, Phyllis Hessin Judson '24, Mary Barton Libby '29, Miriam Livingstone, '36-'37, Eleanore Loeffler '38, Muriel Manning, '37-'38, Sophie Mayer March '08, Ruth Meighan '38, Dorothy Millsbaugh '23, Barbara Hersey Moore '37, Jean Morgan, '36-'38, Carole Myers '38, Louise Morrell Nestler '08, Florence Fitch Osborn '29, Louise Paisley '09, Julia DeWitt Read '10, Martha Romaine '38, Margaret Contrell Sayre '29, Gladys Stults Schenck, '09-'10, Alice Seidler '38, Adelaide Shaffer, '35-'36, Alice McCaghey Shuler '24, Ruth Hopkins Spooner '23, Edith Clendenin Stahl '24, Carolyn Stuart '38, Lucy Robertson Taylor '32, Viola Walthausen '32, Katherine Webb '24, Elda Yaple '38, Florence Zacharias '29, Julia Case '32, Harriette Case Bidwell '22, Cornelia Hemingway Killam '22, Elizabeth Leach '31, Helen Duncan Peterson '26, Sarah Moore, '07-'08, Constance Chalmers Harlow '29, Marjorie Kuehn '29, Katherine Farnell '39, and Helen Schaack '31.

Sincerely,
Helen Schaack '31, Secretary.

The Midwinter Reunion of Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

The annual midwinter reunion and luncheon of Lasell Alumnae, Inc., was held on Saturday, February 11, 1939, in the Empire Room of the Hotel Vendome in Boston. The Valentine colors of red and white carried out in the flowers and favors made a gay background for the 156 Lasell-ites who gathered for the afternoon.

Following a very delicious luncheon, the eating of which in no way interfered with the "reunioning" of classmates, the meeting was formally opened by our Vice-President, Mildred Strain Nutter, '17. We wish to express our appreciation of her cordial welcome and the very fine meeting which she so efficiently planned for our enjoyment. A special note must be made of the fact that twenty members

of the Class of 1938 supported us in true Lasell fashion, adding their class songs to the singing of the College favorites.

Once again we owe to our most beloved "Lasell Girl", Lillie R. Potter, '80, the gratitude of many "little white doves" for her inimitable comments as Toastmistress, even though she plucked out our white feathers and dressed us up in the modern clothes of "Dear Republicans and Sinners"!

President Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker, '22, extended a friendly greeting to us and as an example of the strength of the Lasell bond of friendship asked Miss Potter and Mrs. Annie Kendig Peirce of the Class of 1880 to rise and be acclaimed as Lasell roommates and staunch friends for 59 years. It was a happy occasion at which to meet again two very splendid ex-presidents of our Alumnae group, Josephine Woodward Rand, '10, and Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19. Mrs. Shoemaker read the Roll Call of Officers for the current year.

Our attendant group numbering 156 seemed much more significant when Dr. Guy M. Winslow greeted us "old girls" (with quotation marks always) with the statement that at one time there were but 140 girls in school. He indicated that our growth seems to be faster than some people would like to have it, but figures show that over a period of many years the average growth is something less than ten per year. All Lasell girls who worked so diligently in the campaign to raise money for the Building Fund will be delighted to know that Winslow Hall has brought many advantages to the present students. Dr. Winslow expressed his sincere thanks to these "old girls" for their help in raising a building on the campus where large group meetings may be held, moving pictures shown and fine musical concerts given for the benefit of the Lasell and Auburndale people. Three new houses were added last fall to care for the increase in enrollment, designated by the names of "Cushing", "Briggs" and "The Infirmary"; the first two in memory of Lasell friends who devoted a great part of their lives to the welfare of the College. Dr.

Winslow urged the Alumnae to come to the College and inspect the new houses and Winslow Hall, as well as to see the transformation of Gardner Gym into the "Biological Laboratory". To quote his closing words:—"We like to have you visit Lasell and it helps us. We want to maintain the fine spirit of the College and the closeness of co-operation."

Miss Potter presented Lasell's "First Lady", Mrs. Guy M. Winslow, of whom it is true that "Kindness has done more to convert the world than all the sermons that have ever been preached." We felt more than a warm welcome in her sincere wish for our health and success in everything we do, and her hope that we might have "Many Happy Returns of the Day."

Faculty and Alumnae who have had the privilege of knowing Miss Margaret Rand were gratified to learn of her return to Lasell as the new Dean of the College, and as both a new and an old friend. The reading of dress regulations as they were in the Seminary days produced a great deal of merriment among those who had to abide by such regulations. We hope to always maintain the spirit of friendliness which Miss Rand feels is the charm of Lasell.

Our gracious toastmistress next carried us back to one September day when a man whom we all know well, very efficiently and unobtrusively maintained order and looked after the welfare of students during the frightening hours of the hurricane. To Mr. Walter R. Amesbury, Miss Potter awards the merited title of "Hero of the Hurricane." Mr. Amesbury reported on the splendid work being done by Secretarial, Merchandising and Home Economics students who are now filling responsible positions. In speaking of the response to questionnaires sent to recent graduates, he stressed the importance of keeping in touch with Lasell about any known positions or vacancies, thus giving other students these opportunities. The following facts presented by Mr. Amesbury will be of interest to those who worked so earnestly for the new building:

Cost of Building	\$105,636.68
Cost of Equipment	13,688.77
Total Cost	\$119,325.45
Cost and installation of organ (included in Equip.)	\$ 10,503.27
Unpaid Building Fund Pledges	4,817.75

Total number of pledges and contributions, 977.

To that large Class of 1939 represented by Meredith Prue, President, the Lasell Alumnae extend a welcome to the Midwinter Reunion of 1940. "Pooley" quite convinced us that it will be "the largest and best class to graduate from Lasell."

Congratulations to the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club for maintaining such a large membership. It was splendid news to hear from their representative, Julia Case, '32, that they have so many fine plans for the coming year. Messages from Miss Grace Irwin and Mlle. Jenney LeRoy were greatly enjoyed by their many friends, and a Midwinter Reunion would not be complete without a nod and a smile from Mrs. Statira P. McDonald and Senora Refugio Orozco.

Many "doves" will remember Miss Potter's closing words of appreciation, spoken in simplicity and sincerity from the heart of one to whom Lasell is home.

With a cordial invitation to return next year, Mrs. Shoemaker declared the meeting to be adjourned with the singing of the Lasell Alma Mater.

Signed: Lillian G. Bethel '28

Recording Secretary.

Lasell Junior College

Auburndale, Massachusetts

Those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Amesbury, Miss Lillie R. Potter, Dean Emerita, Dean Margaret Rand, Julia Case '32, Meredith Prue '39, Mrs. Elvia Davis, Miss Karin Eliasson '31, Miss Margaret Gamble, Miss Helen Goodrich, Miss Editha Hadcock, Miss Ebba Hallberg, Dr. Neilson Hannay, Mrs. Maida Hicks, Miss Grace Irwin, Mlle. Jenney LeRoy, Miss Eleanor Lewis, Miss Marion Macdonald, Miss Rosalie Martin, Mrs. Statira P. McDonald,

Senora Refugio Orozco, Miss Natalie Park '32, Miss Ruth Spoor, Miss Annie Strang, Miss Sally Turner, Mr. Russell Waitt, Mrs. Dorothy Weston, Miss Ruth Wilmot, Mrs. Margaret Winters, Miss Mary Worcester, Miss Nellie Wright, Esther Magnuson Akerley, '34-'35, Virginia Amesbury '38, Denise Gile Arnold '35, Frances Austin '37, Bertha Burnham Baker '30, Martha Atwood Baker, '03-'04, Marjorie Bassett '36, Helen Beede '21, Lillian G. Bethel '28, Mildred Birchard '38, Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender, '04-'06, Eleanor McKenney Black '30, Beulah Coward Boardman, '15-'18, Joanne Bohaker '38, Barbara Vail Bosworth '05, Olive Boynton '38, Barbara Ordway Brewer '35, Helen Joyce Cardozo '33, Doris Carlson '37, Mildred Gardner Chamberlain, '25-'26, Dorothy Spooner Cleveland, '25-'27, Marjorie Morrisen Coburn '17, Doris Connington '37, Marion Ordway Corley '11, Gwendolyn Cunningham '38, Christina Finlayson Dana '28, Myra Davis, '95-'97, Mary Quick Dean '14, Katherine Peck Dietler '35, Mary DiRico '35, Alice Dohoney '37, Louise Barnes Douglas '96, Marjorie Dow, Irene Dreissigacker '37, Jane Eldridge '37, Dorothy Ell '36, Ruth Ellsworth '36, Ruth Fitzgerald '37, Julia Klingensmith Frey, '26-'28, Ruth Fulton '38, Marjorie Furbush '38, Irene Gahan '38, Natalie Hutchison Germaine '36, Esther Gilbert '32, Helen Gresley, Pauline Philbrick Gritz '35, Preble Borden Gruchy '29, Genevieve Hackett '37, Genevra Strong Harlow, '05-'06, Margaret Harris '37, Marjorie Lovering Harris '22, Constance Hatch '38, Priscilla Hay '36, Ruth Hayden '20, Janet Hayes, '35-'36, Louise Hedlund '37, Frieda Henschel '38, Ritamae Hinchcliffe '38, Barbara Iris '35, Esther Joselyn '27, Florence Keegan '36, Dorothy Keyes '38, Mabel Straker Kimball '16, Celia Kinsley '34, Marion Kirby, '36-'38, Barbara Lane '37, Alice Lockwood '38, Mrs. Miriam Loomis, Marjorie MacClymon '32, Barbara Kerr Marshman '34, Frances Monks '38, Eleanor Wentworth Moreton, '36-'38, Betty Morley '38, Charlotte Newcomb '34, Mercie Nichols '19, Miriam Nichols, '31-'34, Janet Norton, '37-'38, Mildred Strain Nutter '17, Rosemary Pegnam '38, Evelina

Perkins '15, Annie Kendig Peirce '80, Helen B. Perry '24, Helen Duncan Peterson '26, Josephine Woodward Rand '10, Lillian Ray '33, Muriel Ray '36, Margaret Raymond '36, Marjorie Reed '36, Marion A. Roberts '29, Penelope Rockwood, '21-'22, June Rogers '37, Elise Rougeot '37, Mabel Russell '38, Anne O'Brien Ryan '36, Madeline Farmer Ryder, '14-'15, Rae Salisbury '37, Mary King Sargent '21, Edith Geeson Seewald, '19-'20, Mary Jane Selby '35, Hester Shaw '28, Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22, Antoinette Meritt Smith '23, Audrey Smith '36, Hattie Greenleaf Smith, '87-'87, Caro Stevenson '36, Phyllis Atkinson Stone '34, Clara Patton Suhlike '15, Martha Sweetnam '36, Virginia Tarbell '37, Louise Tardivel '37, Barbara Goodell Trott '29, Mildred Goddard True, '13-'14, Mary Tucker, '29-'31, Ruth Upham '36, Catherine Walsh '35, Margaret Walsh, '33-'34, Nancy Webb '33, Lillian Wetherell, '94-'95, Mabelle Whitney '03, Priscilla Winslow '35, Priscilla Alden Wolfe '19, Dorothy Woodard '38, Deborah York '36.

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Caravan

A throng of men with dark and swarthy skins,
 Parched by the desert wind and scorching sun,
 In heavy Eastern wraps and foreign scarfs
 Mingle in the crowded market place.
 When sunset gives the sky a copper glow,
 They clamber on the swaying camel mounts,
 Direct their course upon the desert sands—
 Black silhouettes against the burning sky.

Rachel Reed

Dusk

Hushed peacefulness settled o'er the lonely
 swamp;
 Tall cat-tail and slender reeds
 Formed clear-cut silhouettes against the glorious
 sky.

Softly whirring into this quietness
 A mallard gently flapped his wings, homeward
 bound.

Gliding gracefully downward towards the ver-
 dant rushes,

He uttered a shattering screech—
 And day was over.

Margaret Campbell

Red Carnation

How stiff it stands alone—
 Its carmel petals shirred,
 Its spicy odor blurred,
 And blades of green its throne.

As if some hurt to hide,
 Its crepe-like petals cluster—
 Its hard veneer of luster,
 Like stubborn haughty pride.

Jean MacNeish

Song of the Sea

Now that spring is whispering tales
 Of sun-drenched shores and wind-filled sails,
 My heart torments my peaceful breast
 By beating with such strange unrest.

No longer can I sit at tea
 Content with rest and reverie;
 My mind will dwell on moon-bright nights
 And seabirds winging on their flights.

Each year my heart betrays me so;
 Each year I say I will not go,
 But springtime always leads me where
 There's surf and salt spray in the air.

Carolyn McCarty

Lines to a Little Girl Upon the Death of Her Mother

Stop crying, little girl.

She left these clay-bound mortal chains
 And a world of petty show.
 She left forever the cares and pains
 For a world not ours to know.

Be glad she's gone from tears and strife.
 Be glad she's spared time's crippling scythe.
 Be glad that someday you will see
 Why God has set a mortal free.

Stop crying, little girl.

Sally Greene

Waste Land

She raised a hand of languid boredom, tipped
 and sleekened with harsh scarlet-laden nails.
 Between her lips in lacquered playground hung
 A slim and smoke-filled holder. Gentle haze
 Lazily swam before a pair of eyes;
 These eyes were black, and glittered hard with
 years

Of ferreting good from bad, and taking bad.
 Her mind revolved as did the smoke she blew—
 In small oppressed rotations round herself.

Shirley Raymond



Death of a Dream

Illustrated by Anne F. Brooks

Doubly enchanting a familiar scene appears through the eyes of one who will not see it again in a long time. Mistily floating through the air the light April rain made the dotted pattern of lights far below blurred and indistinct as if seen through tears. Sibyl Rolf stood looking from an office window at the fearful black expanse of nothingness above and the silent small lights of humanity flickering beneath. It was the eve of her departure to Paris, where she was to take up a position as confidential secretary to Kaza, the famous dress designer. "The city looks beautiful now just as the lights are coming on," she thought. "I always liked the view from this window—way up high almost as though by merely going up a few flights of brick and steel you could get above the thousands and thousands of people leading commonplace lives and dying commonplace deaths. How bare my desk looks! Makes me feel a little sad for some reason or other. Oh well, mustn't forget to turn off the lights."

The slim, tailored figure with the curly, red-gold hair and pensive gray eyes in an alert, serious face turned; took one last look at the familiar desk, and flicked out the light.

The smart click of her heels echoed through the long marble corridors. The door of an

elevator slid open at her ring. When out in the cold, rainy night, she looked backward once and then jumped into the shelter of a waiting cab.

After she gave her destination, she settled back in comfort and watched the rows of brightly-lighted store windows pass by.

"What a beautiful evening dress," she thought as they moved in the slow traffic past a department store display. "Black for the spring? What will they think of next? Yards and yards of black tulle with white sequins patterned on the bodice and skirt—how lovely! It would look exquisite on some young college girl. Young college girl—what made me think of that? Could it have been so very, very long ago that I was a freshman in college?"

Her thoughts turned to the weeks of poignant loneliness she had spent in her first few months away from home. She had been shy and rather reticent about making friends, but one friend she had made. Her name was Kay, a tall, pretty girl with light brown, curly hair. Kay had asked her home for the first few days of Christmas vacation. At first Sibyl wasn't going to accept the invitation because she wanted to go home so badly, but her mother urged her to take advantage of the opportunity. She even sent her a lovely new white chiffon dress for the big ball. Kay had arranged a blind date for Sibyl. His name was Jack Wilkins.

When the big night came, it was a frightened but determined Sibyl who calmly walked downstairs to meet the renowned Jack. His praises had been sung to her all afternoon by an animated Kay. He was tall, good-looking, extremely popular—a member of every society on the campus—and possessed a grin that made every feminine eye adopt that coy look which appears when a new interest comes along.

That evening Sibyl found that Jack far exceeded all her expectations of him. He and she were gay, very gay. They danced and whirled; and when they later rumbled homeward through the empty streets, Jack still humming discordantly an unrecognized tune, Sibyl slept on his shoulder.

The next day she went home; and for the rest of vacation, she received letters, telegrams from him demanding that she come to this and that at his school.

Once again she took up the regular routine after vacation, but no longer was it dull. Each week-end was a short thrill of excitement which only made her want more. They raced here and there. Did all sorts of crazy things. Ate hamburgs at three o'clock in the morning at the corner diner. Exhausted every possible amusement spot in the city, and started all over again in their search for new kinds of fun. Sibyl relived it all as she rumbled along in the taxi.

One night they had walked hand in hand in the rain after a basketball game. She was wrapped in his raincoat, which reached to her ankles. Her dripping hair made tiny rivulets of water run down her shoulders. They were foolish of course, but blissfully gay and happy.

Thinking of it later she had to smile. How ridiculous they must have looked to others! But she refused to notice the tiny little fear that was present in her thoughts. She knew she was caring too much, and she also knew that Jack was young. She could tell by his voice that he was impatient—impatient for fame and glory—impatient for money to pour in her lap. He had the dream of youth. The romance and lure of far-off countries beckoned him. He knew he was invincible if the world would only give him a chance. He felt that nothing was too great or marvelous for him to try. When he became lost in his dreams, she knew it would be the end.

The day before school ended for the summer, he came to see her for the last time. He told her he loved her. He said, "We are very young, I know, and years will go by when we won't see each other. But no matter what happens, always believe that I love you, Sibyl."

At first, letters came to her every three days; then every two; then once a week; finally once in two weeks. The last one simply ended with, "Nothing more to say. That's all." Now for the first time she was really afraid,—afraid of something she had no control over. There was

nothing she could do. Nothing she could say. A little pride stood in her way. She refused to cry. Instead, she wrote back impersonal nothings. A feeling of panic persisted in her mind. When September came again, she was glad that she was going back to school.

Finally unable to bear living where she was, and knowing that he was not far away, silent, she wrote a quiet, thoughtful letter simply saying at the end, "All the times we have been together and had so much fun, we have enjoyed perfect frankness. I am using that privilege again. I love you as I have told you. I guess it doesn't matter much what happens. I shall always feel the same. But something *has* happened. We both know it. I ask for the truth, the knowledge of reality, no matter what it costs. It is the only way I can go on living again.

"Love,

"SIBYL."

Two days later in the afternoon the wind started to blow. At first people merely remarked, "It's getting windy, isn't?" But then, after supper, wires were blown down; lights went out; and great trees broke off with a smart, sharp crack. It was the hurricane of 1938. It didn't mean a great deal to Sibyl. All the girls had fun getting out of home work. They assembled in the chapel, and talked and sang to relieve the tension. They had no idea what havoc and destruction was going on.

The next day they were completely cut off as far as communication with even near-by towns was concerned.

It wasn't until a week later that any mail came through. Strange to say, when Sibyl opened her mail box, there was a big thick letter from Don, Jack's best friend, for her. Enclosed in it was a letter from Jack addressed to her, a clipping from a newspaper, and a short note from Don. "I wonder why Don is sending Jack's letter on to me this way?" she thought.

Disregarding the other messages, she quickly tore open Jack's letter. After a few introductory words, she read, "Yes, we have always been frank with each other. It is the only fair

thing to do now. I loved you, and I love you still. We are young, and that is the tragedy. There is too much ahead of both of us,—too much time. I was sincere in everything I told you, but the only way I can see for both of us is to forget the past. I want to do so many things, but I have to do them alone. You must understand. Maybe,—sometime,—who knows what fate will bring to us if love lingers? Try not to think of me as too much of a cad. Believe me. This is the only way for both of us.

"Love,

"JACK."

There were no tears of regret for Sibyl. Nothing mattered as long as he still loved her.

"Now what does Don have to say?" she thought. "I still can't see the point of his sending that letter." Don's letter opened with these words, "I can bear this. Can you? He meant as much to me as he did to you. I was

upstairs when it all happened, and was the first to reach him. He was gone then, but I found this letter to you in his pocket. Remember,—keep your chin up."

"What has happened? Jack gone?—where? I don't understand." In a mechanical half-understanding way she opened the news article. There was Jack's name. "How queer it looks in print," she thought. "Jack Wilkins, student, was killed when a tree crashed into a porch on which he was standing while watching the storm." That was all. Her mind went numb.

The taxicab drew up in front of a brilliantly-lighted, impressive hotel. The driver opened the door and had to say twice, "Lady,—lady, here is your address." Sibyl realized she had come to her destination. She paid the driver, and then turned and lifted her hot face to the cool, soft rain. Peace, a tired peace, washed the scalding tears away.

Jane Leckie

Ching Ki Ling

(A true story)

Ching Ki Ling was Sam Clinton's Chinese servant. Sam was a wealthy, bachelor lawyer who had apartments in the fashionable center of New York City, where most of his clients lived. Though servant and master, these two men quietly knew that neither had a better friend. Ching was cook, valet, butler, and watchman. At 8:30 every morning Sam was awakened by a musical box—a relic of Ching's old country—his bath was drawn and the clothes he was to wear were neatly laid out. The morning paper lay beside his place at the breakfast table, and always an ash rose for his button-hole lay on the paper. Sam would mention that a certain number of people were coming in for dinner, perhaps; and when Sam would return in the evening with his friends, all was in readiness.

One morning, the morning that began Ching's sixteenth year of service to Sam, he remarked,

"Next week I leave you," and he poured Sam's coffee. Sam added cream and sugar and smilingly asked,

"What, has one of my well-to-do friends offered you a better job?"

"Next week I leave you," the Chinese repeated without change of expression. "I hire you a better man." Sam slowly stirred his coffee. He waited for Ching to go on.

"I am an old man," Ching continued, "I go back to China."

"Now, Ching, you know you don't want to go back to China! I promised you I'd send your body back if you died before I didn't I? What's the trouble, Ching?"

"You not understand, maybe. You laugh."

Sam didn't understand.

"No, Ching, I won't laugh. Perhaps I can help you." He sipped his coffee.

"I go to China to die in four weeks. My brother, he young and has young wife and baby. He in prison to die, if I do not go. They will accept member of family to die in brother's place. He free to come here then." Ching disappeared. Sam set his coffee down. He was stunned.

On a rather gloomy morning four weeks later Sam called,

(Continued on Page 11)



The Pangs of Decision

Illustrated by Anne J. Brooks

Harriet Billings dug her toes thoughtfully into her pink mules. A frown puckered her lovely forehead as her chin rested tensely in her hands. "Today I am marrying Allan . . . I ought to be happy. Every girl is happy on her wedding day. . . . Why am I so miserable?"

She puzzled over this question for some time. Allan Sutherland seemed to her a set of pigeon-holes. His assets catalogued on one side, his shortcomings on the other. "He's successful, . . . he's a gentleman, . . . he dances well, but . . . but I don't love him. I can't! He thinks of nothing but engineering. . . . He was late to his bachelor dinner; he didn't get there until everyone was leaving because he went somewhere to see a new bridge. . . . He talks about the structure of every dance hall, rather than of the music or me. . . . I can't back out now, with all those people invited. I'd never live it down. . . . I could go away somewhere and be useful, but Mother and Father would never be happy away from here. They'd have to stay here and be humiliated. . . . I know that he loves me in his way. . . . I'll have to endure being second fiddle to a steel girder. Mother and Dad have done so much for me that the least I can do is to get off their hands now, when they are

so limited financially. It will give them the only plausible excuse to sell this big house."

The "Ahem" which greeted Harriet's ear announced Ellen, her maid, who had been standing on the threshold a full two minutes, with Harriet's dress. "Why, Miss Harriet, you're so happy you're crying! Do you suppose I'll feel that way about Johnnie, some day?"

"Do you love him, Ellen?" was her blunt rejoinder.

"Oh, yes, ma'm. On my day off I always wait for his truck on the corner of East and Main at about two-ten. I can always tell it 'cause it's so shiny. He shines it up after hours Wednesday night, just for me. Isn't love wonderful, Miss Harriet? It just shows what a man will do for you."

"When are you going to be married?"

"As soon as we can manage it, ma'm. Johnnie says he wants his wife home so he can look forward to seeing her there as soon as he gets off the haul. 'Scuse me, Miss Harriet, but those are his own words. He doesn't want his wife to work." This last sentence was uttered with pride.

Harriet felt too miserable to smile as she ordinarily would have. This was real devotion. "I wonder if they discuss hauls the way Allan drones on about his bridges and churches? . . . I suppose Johnnie says 'Honey, I have a new scheme for packing horses more compactly.' No. . . . Johnnie is too much in love to think of horses when he looks at his Ellen. . . . Really, I think they'll be happy. They have everything, while Allan and I have nothing. Materially we have everything . . . while they have only hope. . . . But, love and hope in young love are synonymous. We have nothing, nothing."

"Harriet, Harriet, dear—". Her mother's shrill voice interrupted her troubled study. "Darling, aren't you dressing? Mustn't be late, dear. That sweet boy is here already. He's telling Uncle Joe how he's arranged your wedding trip so as to include the Tra— Tra—well, some valley where he hopes to build a bridge in a year or two. You'll never have financial worries with a husband as previous as that. Not that I hold it against your father,

understand. He was just meant to have money left him; and what could he do when no one had any to leave him? It's been such a struggle. Oh, Harriet, how can you look so unhappy when St. Peter himself is at your feet. Darling, don't cry, listen to Mother. . . ."

"Did-did you f-feel awful when you were g-going to m-marry D-dad?"

"Yes, darling. Everything is all right. For goodness' sake get your clothes on, or he'll leave before you get there. He said you were having dinner with a steel man somewhere, tonight, and it's quite a drive. I'm a sight. I must get ready. Hurry, darling."

"Bridges, steel men on our wedding trip! Oh, Ellen, I can't, I can't," Harriet sobbed.

"But, Miss Harriet, if you love him, his business doesn't matter. My sister married a garbage man, and she says it's all right 'cause he doesn't bring his working clothes home. I'd go to see a stockyard owner any day if it would help Johnnie get a better job. You can't let him down when he needs you to help put a deal across."

"You're right, I know you are. I must do it. . . . Ellen, draw my bath."

Slowly the room, her room, faded from view. She no longer saw the white ruffled dressing table, the matching spread and curtains, the cool blue walls, nor even the chaise longue on which she had so recently agonized. She felt nothing as she dressed methodically, with Ellen's help. She saw nothing as she donned her dress of white lace with its high neck which made it so becoming. Now, she was ready for her veil. "Oh, darling, let me put it on for you," said her mother, bursting in, in a frenzied state, upon her daughter.

"How beautiful you look!" Ellen's face beamed upon the even features of her young mistress, whose dark eyes were now quietly moody, and sensitive mouth controlled in a fine line. She had steeled herself against the world. Deliberately she walked into the hall, where her father, impeccably dressed for this last candid move in the game to marry his daughter off well, was waiting to escort her down the wide colonial

staircase. The white prayer book, with its chaplet of lilies of the valley and white roses, was closed tightly in her small white hand. Barbara, her maid of honor, was beaming on her, resplendent in fuchsia moire. Henry Billings was marrying his only daughter to Allan Sutherland, the most promising young man he had ever seen, and in ten minutes he might settle back and enjoy what remained of his allotment of years. His thoughts were complacent ones: "Agnes can end her struggle to surmount her little social world. It will seem strange without 'Happy', but we'll soon be in an apartment in town, near the club. . . ."

With precise steps she descended on her father's arm, preceded by Sally and Betsy Jacobs, who scampered too fast and grinned at everybody from under their poke bonnets as they scattered rose petals. She was totally unaware of Barbara Travis, her only attendant, and best friend since childhood. It seemed to her that there were myriads of people in the reception hall and spacious drawing room of the Billings home. At the foot of the stairs she faltered, and with perspiration gathering on her smooth forehead said, all too audibly, "I can't go through with it," and rushed, sobbing, up the stairs, leaving her astounded father in a ridiculous position.

With his arm crooked, as though it still held Harriet's, he said, in his affable manner, "Well, folks, it looks like there won't be any show today. Collect your rain checks as you go out."

Upstairs, above the amazed tumult, Harriet lay on her bed, her clothes disheveled. She had disgraced herself and her family, but freed her soul. "The Billingses must start a new life. And we'll cross no bridges ever," she concluded.

Vyrling Rawson



The Case of the Playful Shark

During the early summer, the visitors to the island had been frightened by the frequent appearance of a shark. The general opinion was that the Gulf Stream must be shifting and had brought this monster into alien waters. But no matter what the explanation was, the shark was there and frightening everybody.

News got to the mainland quickly, and stories, greatly exaggerated in most instances, went the rounds. By the middle of July, there was a notable scarcity of summer people, and this began to worry me.

You see, my profession being that of an M.D., I am more or less dependent upon the prosperity of the visitors to keep my pill box empty in summer, and thus keep the larder well stocked in the winter. The forty-two families that live on the island in the winter don't give me any too much business; so, as I said before, I make up for their lack by overemphasizing the ailments of the plentiful, prosperous visitors.

By August, my pocketbook held no heavy paper or important metal, and I decided to do something about the situation. The stories which had circulated so freely, grew rapidly. One story said that three native people had disappeared, having been eaten by the shark, but that the facts had been hushed up because the islanders needed the business the visitors brought. Another story said that the shark liked our island, and by next year a regular breeding ground would be located there.

The shark seemed to keep a vigil over the island, swimming around it all day long and coming dangerously close to shore. All residents got jittery; swimming and boating were prohibited; and each steamer from the mainland took back with it many nervous summer people.

One night I got to thinking about the whole set-up, both from my angle and the shark's; and I wondered just how I would feel if I were in the shark's place. I dragged down an old atlas from the bookcase, and diligently studied the Atlantic Ocean in relation to our island.

Next morning (this was around the first week

in August) I went up to the butcher's and ordered a quantity of beef. The man was so thankful to get rid of some of his surplus stock that he delivered the beef, not only without charge but willingly, down to the pier in the cove where I had my motor boat waiting.

"My golly, Doc, yer not goin' out in the cove with that shark there, are ya?" Every fat chin reverberated with the squeak of his voice.

I gave him an enigmatic smile and asked him to put the beef in the boat. He did so and without another remark. But I knew that he was thinking plenty.

After his job was finished, he stood back and surveyed the water, looking for the shark. He sighted it, pointed it out to me, and watched me set off in the boat.

"Yer a fool, Doc!" he screamed. "That shark'll smell the beef and'll foller ya!"

The last I saw of Jed, he was jumping up and down in exasperation. . . .

I got home about three hours later (without the beef) and announced to the populace that friend shark had gone forever. Not many believed me; but after a week passed and the shark didn't reappear, they were convinced.

The town fathers knocked their heads together; and before you could say "hamfat," they had formed a publicity campaign advertising me as the greatest shark killer of the century. The tourists gradually drifted back, and in another couple of weeks my house was made a sort of high spot of the island.

My business tripled—people from the summer camps came down to see me on the slightest pretext, and I willingly told them the fearsome story of the way I had harpooned the shark, barely escaping with my life. But I told only two people—Jed and my wife—the real facts:

Knowing that the cove is notoriously poor grounds for fish of any sort, I figured the poor shark was lonesome. Sure enough, when I went over near him with the beef in the boat and slipped him a piece, he looked at me very gratefully, I thought. I put out into open sea and threw sides of beef at him, first from one side and then from another. He had a great time

cavorting around me, stirring the water up into a froth like freshly poured ginger ale. When we were about five miles out, I took the remaining portions and chucked them out in a southeasterly direction. The shark sped after them, gobbled them up; he nosed around a minute, then glided off to the open seas, and the Gulf Stream. But before he went, he gave his tale a little flirt of thanks. I know, because I saw it.

And as for the shark—he must have had no sense of direction, because, unless I'm very much mistaken, that shark had come out of the Gulf Stream, and couldn't find his way home until I showed him, following the information I got from the atlas.

Moreover, he was lonesome. If you were a shark, and couldn't find your way home, and there were no other fish around for you to play with, wouldn't you try to make friends with the bathers? Of course you would.

Mary O'Connor

A Sail in Korea

Every summer, Wansan Beach, Korea, is blessed with foreign inhabitants. For whole missionary and business families migrate there to escape from dust and heat of the capitol city, Scool.

Wansan is indescribably beautiful. It is like a lovely pearl, hidden between a shell of mountains on one side, and a shell of water on the other. The beach is a two mile stretch of soft, white sand, and for the greater part of the day is unmarred by people. Facing the beach are several little islands, jutting from the sea-green water of the Pacific.

Moonlight sailing is a major event at Wansan. There is never any need for tedious planning beforehand, because around "moon-time" everyone has the desire for a sail. Off they go, dressed in the worst possible clothes, and weighted down with blankets. Before sunset there is a picturesque Korean fishing boat waiting at the edge of the beach, and all climb aboard. The boat is an ancient one, propelled by a large paddle attached to the back. Three

large cream colored sails are hoisted up to catch whatever breeze might happen to pass by. We sail slowly out to sea.

Everyone is silent, awed by the scene. The sun has just set behind the mountains, and the world is covered by a rosy glow. The sea is as smooth as glass, and reflects the beautiful color. Fog has settled at the base of the islands and only their black pinnacles can be seen. The evening star appears. In the distance, outlined against the sky, are tiny black boats with sails furled. The whole picture reminds one of a lovely Japanese print. After a few minutes the sun sinks below the horizon, and night curtains all.

The two old Korean fishermen who man the boat, sit at the helm and look at the foreigners with half-amused expressions. They stroke their wiry beards, while smoke wafts up from their two-foot pipes. The moon rises from its sea-bed, and we sail happily—a dream-boat on clouds of phosphorus.

Anne Langdon

Ching Ki Ling

(Continued from Page 7)

"Ching—I mean Charlie—was there any mail this morning?"

Charlie, the man Ching had "hired", entered the room.

"No, no mail."

"What's the date today? the 29th?" Sam absently asked, glancing at the calendar on the opposite wall. Suddenly, something clutched his heart. It was the day. Ching was being executed today. Sam left his breakfast and strode to the window. Charlie, sensing his master's grief, put a hand lightly on Sam's shoulder.

"I try vely hard," he said. "Ching my friend, too."

Sam, somewhat aroused from his thoughts, turned quickly, grabbed his coat, and walked out, but not before Charlie had seen Sam wipe the back of his hand across his eyes.

Elizabeth G. Jewett

They Didn't Escape

A thousand times a day Boris and Anna breathed deeply of the pungent salt air, and were glad for what was theirs. It wasn't wealth, for they had almost nothing after the trip from Russia to the United States; nor was it position, for though Boris was the son of an important diplomatic agent in Russia, he was just another artist in Provincetown. Anna's father was a grocer, but in this fishing and artist's village, Boris and she, as far as it concerned anyone there, were just two more artists (pseudo or otherwise), husband and wife, differing from the rest only in their apparent serenity. But Boris was glad for the courage it took to ask Anna to leave their fatherland, to ask her to break all ties so that they might really try to live according to their philosophy of life:—Do precisely as you please so long as you hurt no one who deserves not to be hurt. "Exactly what they pleased" consisted of time to dream, no responsibilities whatsoever, a chance to read good books aloud, to work when inspired at their art,—in short, to live in a perpetual, perfect vacation from the run-of-the-mill existence. Boris was convinced that a sound "hurt" would go far in snapping his father out of his ridiculous refusal to accept Anna as a member of the Samsonoff family simply because her father was a grocer. Anna's father, if it mattered at all, was a *good* grocer!

And Anna was glad for the courage to say "Yes" to the impulsive proposal. And the two were especially glad to be within whistling distance of each other all through the day, and within whispering distance through the night.

"Last one wet all over hikes to town for the mail!" Boris called. Every morning they raced from cabin to ocean to determine which of them would hike to town, and every morning they walked together. That took scheming, but Boris was careful to stumble, slowing himself up so that they were certain to strike the water simultaneously. Thus the only fair solution was that they walk together.

Boris caught sight of his small, brown Anna as she dashed from the square cabin. That

cabin, by the way, only remained upright because, at the time of its construction, Anna insisted that Boris let her drive at least one nail in every board.

"I insist upon sharing your smug look when you walk away to examine our home." So Boris had called her when he came to the last nail to be sunk in each board,—partly because he was as earnest as she about making a fifty-fifty adventure of their marriage, but mostly because his arms ached when the board needed just one more.

This morning, swimming long lazy strokes, it occurred to Boris to wonder if Anna were aware of this childish scheme of his to insure their walking together. He was an imbecile. Of course she did—was very likely thinking herself very discreet on not having laughed openly at him. He'd teach the wench to cast aspersions at his intellect! He swam vigorously towards Anna and caught her in the act of chuckling.

"So you would laugh at me for loving you!"—and he ducked her with as much brutality as he dared just as she parted her lips to protest. Anna didn't come up, but swam under water to shore, and ran shrieking to the cabin. Boris followed, half concerned, but rather anticipating the pail of hot water that met him in the face at the door.

They dressed in silence—from shock, not vexation. The water shocked Boris, and the deed shocked Anna.

Everybody's clothing in Provincetown is the same because nobody seems to know what to bring, and as a consequence the place is overrun with dungarees, and shirts on sale at the fashionable Commercial Street haberdashery. Boris and Anna, having intended to rough it when they left Russia, brought little else but rugged, comfortable things. Today Boris dressed hurriedly in khaki slacks, a blue-gray shirt (sleeves amputated at the elbow). Anna likewise hurried into khaki slacks, a blue-gray shirt (sleeves amputated above the elbow).

In unison each queried of the other: "Are you wearing sandals?" They turned to look

at one another, and the two amused imps in Boris' eyes tangled with the two in Anna's. It was the congeniality of those imps that first impressed the two at their very first meeting. Anna had come running from her uncle's artist's supply shop, mistaking Boris for her brother Ivan, to plead with him to eat lunch before locking himself in the university laboratory. She had swung an arm about Boris' waist and had held tight to his jacket sleeve with her free hand. Drawing a deep breath to last through the whole rehearsed catechism of the benefits of regular meals, Anna raised her eyes and began, "Ivan, please promise me . . ." but this face was not familiar—exactly. And yet she knew those imps. Boris hadn't been startled at the suddenness of the attack, but at the littleness of her, coupled with the strength of her grip on his arm. She hadn't been embarrassed, but curious. His was a great strong tan face full of droll little fun lines. Hers was a tiny, strong tan face with eyes just a fraction too wide for glamour, but just wide enough for something far more precious—heart appeal.

All the loveliness of their meeting, the unpleasantness surrounding their marriage, and the delicious freedom they'd known since they settled in the woods of Provincetown four months before raced through Boris' mind. In a burst of abandoned glee, he spoke:

"This life is fine for us, Anna." She caught his enthusiasm and added,

"We are fine for us, Bosh."

And they started over the sand dunes, hand in hand, with one hand free to feel the invigorating air filter through their fingers. For an hour they walked silently, thinking the same thing over and over—not a flicker of an idea of any obstacle to prevent their living forever in a one-room cabin, on the scanty remainder of Boris' inheritance from his grandfather. They were quite aware of the impractical nature (that is in the eyes of most) of their whole plan, and they were quite unwilling to live beyond the day at hand.

There was always mail in their box at the Post Office from Anna's brother, or from her

God-parents; from Boris' childhood nurse, his university friend, but never a word, either forgiving or scolding, from Boris' or Anna's parents. . . . Or never, after six months, until today. . . .

Anna lighted a cigarette with a kitchen match; Boris lighted his pipe with another. Anna asked, "Can you open it?" She felt ill for a second.

Boris answer, "I can. I ought to." The word "ought" spoken for the first time since they made up their minds to flee from responsibility and narrowness startled him as does an accusing finger pointed at a man unconscious of any crime. Was he ashamed for neglecting reading the letter as he "ought" to do? Perhaps he was ashamed for letting himself think that he "ought" to be doing anything. Or was this shame he felt?

He read the letter, and passed it to Anna without comment. She read it, dropped her cigarette, and fainted.

* * *

"Anna dear, it's not so awful. I'll not leave for several months. Perhaps we can find jobs, and earn enough to pay passage for the two of us. Job! That is an extraordinary. . . ."

Boris was carrying her up a side street to Dr. Korea's office, talking his thoughts to her, though she was obviously unconscious.

Anna had been feeling ill before she took the letter, and the reading of it in the glaring sunlight, not its content, had made her dizzy. While unconscious she dreamed of Boris' father reciting, in a sing-song voice, his own letter to his son. He was pleading with Boris to return to Russia in six months to be present at a trial that threatened Mr. Samsonoff's dishonorable discharge from the diplomatic service. On Boris' testimony the honor of the family depended.

In the doctor's office, Anna woke feeling weak, warm, and utterly perplexed. There was every good reason for her to be miserably unhappy. No doubt she would be, when things settled down in her mind. She and Boris would have to work hard to earn their passage—

teaching Russian, illustrating menus, mending fish nets—surely there would be *something* for them to do. But even if they got work, their combined earnings over a four month's period would scarcely cover passage for one to Russia. Then Boris would have to go, and leave her behind in America.

The doctor interrupted her figuring.

"I see you are rosy-checked. Let us hope that the baby you are going to have will inherit them." With that much, he left. If he had intended to break it gently, he might just as well have dropped Ethiopian triplets in her lap with the simple statement:

"Here, these are yours."

Much the same sort of statement announced the news to Boris.

"Mr. Samsonoff," said Dr. Korea, "My guess is that the baby your wife is going to have will be deathly afraid of sand dunes, considering the hike your wife treated the little one to this morning. She is quite safe, and you may go in, if you like."

Boris sat down carefully in the handiest chair, and tried to ravel this row of "bolts from the blue"; and put them back on the needle without dropping a stitch. For a moment or two he could only flush violently and repeat to himself,

"We're going to have a baby. How perfectly splendid. There will be three of us."

That latter idea yanked him back to earth. He remembered now that it wasn't shame, but excitement and relief at hearing from his father, that he felt on the post office steps. The letter itself loaded him with responsibility. Boris had hardly considered that. His father needed help, so he must help him. Now he and Anna were to be parents. Perhaps that wasn't responsibility! Yet, here he sat, he who had raced all the way from Russia to Cape Cod to escape responsibility—and he continued to sit and allow a warm glow to settle all about him. This was the closest he had ever felt to being a *man*.

In the next room Anna was likewise engulfed in a warm glow. She was just wondering how many people run away from responsibility only

to discover it's the nutmeg in the custard, when Boris came to look at her.

Theirs were the rare pairs of eyes that tell each other when there's no need to lose time in talking things over. When Boris looked at Anna, he knew there was only one thing for him to say:

"*This life also is fine for us. I am so very happy.*" And she answered, "*As am I.*"

Betty Foss

Time in Tatters

Slumped in the doorway of a dirty building whose front windows, fly specked and murky, bore a handpainted sign announcing that this was Jake's Pool Parlor—Wednesday, Ladies Welcome, was an old, old man; older than that, maybe. Propped against the wall beside him was his only means of support, a cane, as ancient and gnarled as himself with large knots and gashes in the hard wood. Near the tip of the cane lay his hat if anything so misshapen and worn can be termed such. The man looked as if he had worn the same rags for years; or if he had acquired them recently, they had been dragged and stamped in a hundred years' dust and then thrown at him. They clung apathetically to his crooked frame as if they had found a comrade in raggedness. His face, a tattered remnant, bore his years badly. The flesh around his mouth and eyes hung in gray folds matching in color and dejection his drooping mustache. His eyes as he opened them to look for his cane and hat, were blurred and dull—expressionless. There was nothing any more, they said, that was worth brightening for. As he stood up, he staggered, fell out of the doorway clutching his hideous rags with one scrofulous hand, using the other to grasp the scarred cane. Then he lurched down the road past a younger hobo, who was watching him with eyes just as hopeless. The younger man lounging against the lamp-post looked away quickly as the old man came near, and then shrugging his tattered shoulders began to whistle, tunelessly "My Future Just Past!"

Sally Greene



Human Interest Stuff

Illustrated by Anne J. Brooks

Baron was born a miner's pup. When he first saw light—or life—he was several thousand feet down below the surface of the earth, in a coal mine. His mother had been brought into the perilous tunnels by one of the men who found her half starved, sniffing about the elevator entrance. She was a collie; there was no doubt about that. Her silky bronze coat, long tapering nose, deep-set eyes, all branded her as such. But from the first, Baron threatened to scorn his mother's glorious beauty. His nose was short and determined; his soft limp ears would not cause even slight notice from a collie judge; and his coat was dull and greyish. But Baron had about him that undefinable "something" that has made heroes of so many dogs.

Two days after the birth of her sons, the beautiful little red-gold collie lay dead beside a litter of four pups, all still and cold. The only surviving one had no right to live. Whereas the others showed the highest qualities of their breed in thick burnished coats, his was brown and dingy. To the dirty miners, however, he was the light that never before had penetrated so far beneath the ground. So they let him live, and bestowed upon him the grand title, Baron.

The collie did not lead a charitable life. He

was determined that he shouldn't. The miners, gruff though they were, showed remarkable tenderness when playing with their young companion, and any dog other than Baron would have known none but a spoiled, useless, most enjoyable existence. Baron was not an ordinary dog, and his instructor, who knew dogs recognized his superior traits.

Bruce Porter was young. The hazardous life spent mining coal was not his choice. He was struggling hard to save for an education, however, and the business world had not opened itself to his ambitions. So he promptly put aside all natural desires of worldly amusement and accepted the dull, routine job that carried him to and from the earth's core every morning and night. On the day that he appeared at the elevator entrance and saw the thin, gaunt collie mother, he could not help feeling a sense of companionship for her which the stolid miners had denied him. While stroking her silken ears, he suddenly acted on impulse, grabbed her in his arms, and carried her below with him.

Thus it was that young Baron acquired a capable master.

"You've got to have an education, son," Bruce told him one day. The mischievous puppy, not yet having reached his full first year, wagged his fluffy tail furiously and licked the black hand. The youth regarded the dark eyes quizzically. "Yes, boy, I think you can learn to be one of us down here."

As the men penetrated deeper into the coal region, dangers became more and more a part of the very tunnels in which they worked. Accidents were frequent, sometimes resulting in deaths. Tons of rock could easily come hurtling down upon small groups after blastings, killing, or even worse, engulfing them with no means of escape. Such casualties can never be avoided by humans. But their ability to detect danger is inferior to that of the collie.

Baron, under Bruce's careful guidance, became the tunnel watchman. Day after day he trotted in front of the coal cars carrying the men. When sensing danger, he would dash

ahead to examine the cause. If satisfied, he returned happily to the car to resume his leader's position. He always paced between the rails. If he thought, however, that journeying further would be risky for the miners, he would run quickly back, barking madly, and warn them of impending danger.

"You're too smart to be a dog, boy," Bruce often told him. "I often wonder if you haven't a better right to live than some of us." The collie loved to hear his master talk to him. He would always sit attentively until Bruce had finished.

The miners found their foreman waiting at the entrance for them one morning. He strode over to where Bruce was standing with his dog. "Son," he began, "I received orders this morning for eight men to lay the rail, in the new tunnel. They're to go down immediately by elevator through the main tunnels, and then by rope to the new shaft. It's risky, I know, but the job calls for men like you. It'll mean a bonus and you need the money. How 'bout it, son?"

Bruce didn't answer. He studied the collie's face as if seeking an answer from Bruce.

"This is one time you'll work without me, Baron, old boy. I'll be with you tonight." The dog whimpered softly, knowing that his master was leaving him.

The foreman turned and addressed the miners, asking for seven other miners.

The next day headlines carried the story. It was an eventful day for reporters: eight men trapped—human interest stuff, and all that. Curious throngs of people milled about the entrance all day, as if trying to see the prisoners of the earth. Photographers were constantly at work; policemen kept back the surging masses.

Only a sad little collie caused no comment. Baron had been brought up with the first load of miners after the accident. His collie's heart told him that something had happened to Bruce, that he couldn't save him. But he remained as near the entrance as possible, searching every dirty miner's face as it passed him. When there was left no hope for rescue of the miners, the

crowds dispersed, looking for new excitements. But Baron continued to hang around, searching for Bruce. He remained, until carried away by one of the miners.

This man sent him away, to the city to his little son. Baron was kept locked until he could become accustomed to his new surroundings. Then his young master decided to let him out one day. But he had hardly opened the door when the dog sped past him and dashed out into the streets. The little boy stood sobbing at the door.

"Here, Brucie, here! Come back!"

But Baron followed his instincts and kept on.

The dog was bewildered. He trotted through traffic, dodging a constant stream of automobiles. He ignored the many hands that reached out to pet him. He was searching for his master.

Suddenly, he stiffened. Ahead of him—tracks! A train, filled with people, was venturing forth without his help! He ran in front of the train, forgetting his own grief, and took his place. When the coachman was ready to leave, Bruce paced guardedly ahead, keeping careful watch for danger.

Always in search of human interest stories, the papers ran a brief feature of Baron in the evening issue.

"Collie Paces Elevated Train for Four Miles."

Baron had not forgotten his master's training.

Dorothy Carneal

Motto For a Diary

The things we do today,
Though vivid now,
Soon fade away;
The memories of the past,
By written word
Alone can last.

Constance Ackerman

The Awakening

I don't know whether you've ever had the experience of lying on the top of a sand dune, with the warm sun beating down on you, a cool sea breeze blowing over you now and again, and being completely alone with your dreams and thoughts. If you have done this, you will be able to understand how I felt. If you've never done it, this will not interest you at all.

I spent a week down at the beach last spring with three other girls. We stayed at our school camp with one dog and at least one hundred mice as chaperones. It was a Tuesday afternoon, and the girls wanted to go riding. So we went out, saddled the horses, and started. The other girls wanted to ride inland; I wanted to ride down near the water. We separated and I watched them go with a sigh of relief. I had wanted to be by myself for the afternoon. I had no reason except that I was tired of them.

I rode out along the dunes, forgetting everything except how good it was to be alive. The sea smelled so clean, and the sky was clearer than I had ever seen it. I stopped, threw the reins over the horse's head, and stretched out on the sand dune. I was oblivious to time—nothing mattered except the pound of the surf on the sand, the quiet swish as the waves receded, the soft rustle of a cool breeze through the pine trees, the warmth of the sun as it shone down on me, and the soft snuffle of the horse grazing quietly on the sparse patches of grass that a sand dune offers.

I wondered if everyone, at some time or other, suddenly awakens to the beauty and sweetness of life, or whether many just go through life not realizing or noticing the glory of nature. I wondered if such a realization was just another phase of "growing up", or whether I was just one of a few privileged characters that were allowed a glimpse of nature that they might learn to love life more dearly. I rather hoped that that glorious feeling came to everyone, but I was never sure.

I have tried often to remember all that went

through my mind that afternoon, but I can only remember that as the sun began to sink, I rose, mounted my horse and rode slowly homeward with a feeling of utter content and a realization that I had found myself.

Anonymous

Neither Black nor White

If you wait for a grey somber day, and then wander slowly down the sandy paths, through the dunes, and around a small deep inlet, you will find a great towering cliff. It hangs over the sea menacingly. Close in under this natural shelf is a dark and weird cavern which crouches in the sandy earth as if defiant of the cliff above. It is just large enough to seat you and your thoughts comfortably. You must never take a gleeful, jolly mood to this place. Your thoughts must be deep and grave, moving with slow sureness. From where you sit the rocky beach stretches down to the water as though it were pursuing the ocean. The silence, profound and respectful, is broken only by the sinuous slip of the waves against the jagged rocks and the harsh, mournful scream of the gulls. The sea is unfathomable. It is a wash of grey-green, hiding ominous depths beyond all imagination. The sky and sea slide together almost imperceptibly, and you can find the horizon only through a blur of smoke from some lonely ship's stack. If you sit in my hidden chamber for any length of time, you will feel yourself merging into the surrounding atmosphere. You and your mind become grey. The world is grey.

Shirley Raymond

The Spinster

Red roses stitched on dainty scarfs
Bloom in eternal spring;
The flower of her modest hope
Long was a withered thing.
These laces, fragile, exquisite,
This linen, white as snow;
All just as lovely as the dream
That perished long ago.

Hilda Cook

Emergency Call

From the great plane winging swiftly through a cloudless sky, two small figures hurled themselves toward the checkerboard earth. An eternity passed for the crowd, and four seconds for the first of the jumpers before a small, white puff of silk blew into the air above him and dragged it life-giving "big sister" from the pack. After the first jarring shock of his checked fall, he hung suspended in the air, saved by a man-made miracle of silk.

Suddenly the crowd stopped pointing at the dangling figure, and with horrified eyes turned to watch the second jumper plummeting to a certain and hideous death. Past the swaying figure dangling from the parachute he fell, faster and faster, shooting toward the merciless earth. A woman's scream ripped the ghastly silence; then another. The loud military band busily tooting away felt the air grow cold, and choked on a high note. The musicians, paralyzed, held their instruments poised as if ready to drone into a dirge. An ambulance siren wailed, and the gray car with the red cross jolted across the field to a point where the crew would have to gather what was left of a human body. A man's voice, high and unnatural, shouted to his wife, "Get in the car!" Other men commanded their wives and children to look away as the figure in the air grew larger and his destiny became inevitable. "Oh, God, make it quick!"

Faster he fell, and faster. Death was racing to meet him. Nearer and nearer it came.

Suddenly! A white puff blossomed, a bigger one followed, and the second jumper sat swaying lazily in the air. Bedlam broke loose as the crowd saw him floating slowly now to the ground. The band crashed into a triumphal march. The ambulance siren wailed as the gray car with the red cross jolted back across the field. Men and women whispered, "Thank God!"

The crowd surged around him as he landed. Questions were flung at him by the dozen. What happened? Why hadn't it worked 'till

the last minute? What was the matter? Why hadn't it opened when the other did?

Slowly he turned and faced his perspiring audience. He waited for quiet, and then drawled, "Aw hell, it takes too long that way. See that other guy, he's still up there! I gotta hurry. My wife's havin' a baby. So long!"

Sally Greene

Sidelights on Your Remarks

You've probably heard a girl complain in a provoked manner that her date had done nothing but talk about himself for the entire evening. Yet girls do the same thing. They merely go at it from a different, perhaps a bit more subtle, angle. College conversation centers about the individual; there isn't a great deal of genuine interest in the problems of another's world. In an indirect way when a girl expresses her opinion of another girl, her man, or the latest addition to her wardrobe, it all reflects right back upon her.

You'll find, if you're honest enough to admit it, that a good three-fourths of the conversation—or rather talk, for I believe someone once described conversation as an art—that floats up and down the halls above the clamor of the radio is a conglomeration of "inanitis", a thousand petty "gripes" and personal worries which are monstrous for the moment and minute within the month.

College girls live for the week-end. It's an established fact—ask Mademoiselle Le Royer. Week-ends mean dates, one hopes so at any rate, which involve the ever present question of clothes, and the money with which to buy them; and, of course, those unflattering remarks directed toward other girls which insinuate themselves upon one's ears. You've found yourself listening to some girl deal out a slam hand to one of her supposed friends time and time again. In fact, it very seldom surprises you. I guess it's just a vicious circle. Once you're started around the track, there's no getting off.

Jean MacNeish

Christmas Eve

Light blazed from every window in the large house on the hill. Within, great activity was apparent in the last minute preparations for the annual Christmas dance. In a room on the second floor a group of young girls were busy adding the final touch to their appearance. Mirrors reflected deft fingers shaking out folds of filmy skirts, giving glossy hair a quick brush; one eager-faced girl tucking a white flower in blue-black hair for enchantment, and another fastening a strand of pearls around a proud throat. Still another mirror held the arrested movement of a girl scanning a drawer for ribbon and paper to trim a secret package. Excitement charged the room like an electric current. The sound of laughter-filled voices calling to each other in teasing undertones drifted down the staircase intermingling with the throaty overtones of the negro servants as they went about their various tasks. Tall candles were lighted—their flame caught in polished mahogany; punch bowls were vigorously stirred, making the ice cubes tinkle; drapes in the high-arched windows were pulled aside; strands of tinsel added to the evergreen tree around whose foot mysterious presents were piled, while in the farthest corner the white-coated orchestra was tuning its instruments with staccato noises. It would soon be time for the dance to begin; soon the room would be alive with gaiety and warmth.

Natalie Bodwell



Time at a Standstill

The mountain top was a world of space which shoved Time gently back to the horizons that stretched all around—a world beautiful with the agelessness of a dream of a Shangri-La. There was no sound to stir the silence of that high place, for no wind startled the few scrubby evergreens or whispered stealthily around jagged rocks. Nothing moved, either actively or languidly. Looking down the mountain side across to sheltered valleys and a distant winding ribbon that was a traversed highway, we could imagine, though with difficulty, that Time, even there, was held captive. Here on the mountain there belonged no Past nor Present; Time was free of this moment because it would live forever. For an instant we were brought close to something greater than ourselves—something beyond our inadequate comprehension, but, which needed no comprehensive understanding as it was sufficient in itself. Even today I remember the brief feeling we discovered on the top of a mountain one clear August day that "Time is forever, here where we stand."

Natalie Bodwell

Interlude

While she sat on the grassy patch with her legs crossed, Marietta fancied that she could see the figure of a tiny fairy come floating through the softly stirring leaves of a large blossoming tree a few feet away from her. The transparent wings of the small form brushed lightly against a few delicate leaves as she moved among them. As she floated nearer, Marietta saw that on her forehead glittered a silver star which twinkled like the light of a firefly, as she flitted in and out among the green leaves. It was a fitting crown for so light and shining a creature; for her entire appearance was as dazzling as that of a snowflake and as fragile. Indeed she was so fragile that Marietta wondered what would happen if her floating white drapery should become entangled in the foliage; but she seemed to melt through the leaves like a wraith wafted by her gauzy wings, more delicate than a butterfly's. The sun

slanting through the branches cast a silver sheen upon the exquisite shapes of these wings. The sun also flashed into Marietta's eyes for a moment, blinding her. When she looked again, the leaves were rustling softly against each other, but there was no trace of the fairy.

Rachel Reed

Mountain Tunnel

The shrill blast of the freight engine, its echo magnified by the rocky cliffs topping the long mountain tunnel, reached nearly a mile to the opposite end. As the huge train approached the narrow entrance, labouring hard to make the steep grade, great fan belts at both openings of the mountain began to turn. With deafening roars, the revolving propellers kept the underground passageway clean of the dense black smoke which streamed from the engine fire. To one standing on the summit of the cliff, rumblings of the freight wheels issuing from the very center of the earth sounded like the fury of an earthquake. Small whirlwinds created by vast currents of air from the fan belts whipped up tiny heaps of ashes and sent them scurrying along the rails. The train blotted all light from the tunnel. It seemed as if its very blackness were grinding out with bombilations of sound. Then suddenly, the great engine, dragging a hundred coal cars, lumbered heavily through the opening. Thick gusts of smoke and dirt came out with it, flying about with the air currents. The thunderous noise increased as the tunnel relinquished its slow-moving cargo. Soon the last car was pulled out of the mountain, wound its way around the bluff, disappeared from sight. The mighty fans automatically ceased. Cinders fell from the air, settling evenly on the ground. The grey haze of smoke gradually cleared, leaving only an odorous tinge of its presence. From afar, a faint echo of the train whistle found its way back to the tunnel, died out. Silence . . . emptiness.

Dorothy Carneal

The 25th Century: A Reverie

I was just about to hop into my Demon-Aero speedster for a jaunt to the planet Venus where my great-aunt was taking a rest cure. She had televisioned me, begging me to come see her for a few days. I had packed my steel cylinder, which I used as a conveyance, with necessary raiment. I paused and took a hasty glimpse of the city from our third-story abode before I departed.

Below and around me were the numerously shaped houses; some low, flat and square, some like spheres, and others immense and towering pinnacles of angular modernity and strength. Above me raced the giant planes which served for what the 20th century called "busses." We have relinquished the ground autos for the more convenient "aero-speedsters." As I try to visualize the ancient cities of the 20th century and their various means of transportation, I cannot but laugh at the crude and dilatory progress which must have been made by their conveyances.

They "lived the life that a match flickered," whereas we have powerful potents that enable us to live far beyond the age of one hundred. Our life is a pleasant and abundant one. We are exceeding friendly with the peoples of our own earth, and converse daily through "synco-phones" with our cousins in Germany and Russia. A most usual event is crossing the white and shining bridges suspended over the blue waters of the Atlantic or Pacific in our "celerimeters" to see either Tibet or Africa. Consequently we have lost interest in our neighbors of Europe and China, and design to wend our way to the planets in our rocket ships. These excursions intrigue us not a little.

The antiquated books have lost their grasp on intellectuals. I am a little sad about that. I feel that we are becoming more like mechanical beings, seeking swiftness and adventure, instead of investigating the minds and emotions of the ancients. I am certain that we are making a grave mistake, which tends to make us rather a blank race, void of feeling.

I can reiterate, however, that though we are more mechanical than otherwise, we have remaining with us the physical attraction for male to female. The woman has become more mannish these days. Her clothes have no appeal; they are just heavy plates which cover the hips and breasts. She endeavors to perform everything that a man does. The male has more physical strength, and when he desires, can cover a woman and conquer her heart for brief periods.

We have few criminals. Our police force is composed of "robots" (or mechanical men). They are relentless captors, as they have only mechanical hearts. A small magnet in their body distinguishes an evil and murderous mind from a good one. People are little interested in robbing and pillaging, since no opportunity affords itself. There is no longer the black night which encloses one in privacy and intimacy. Cities and towns are lighted with incandescent lights.

Lights? Did someone say lights? Oh! it is you, Daddy. I didn't know you had come home! It's pretty late, isn't it?

Anne Langdon

Flavored Lemonade

It all happened on the day of the Barnesville Sunday school picnic. The long awaited day of days had arrived for the townspeople, young and old. Two of Barnesville's mischievous younger generation, George and Dick, were lured to the picnic by the thought of selling ice-cold lemonade, and by the inevitable desire of eleven-year-olds, to get nearer those long tables loaded with various kinds of food.

George and Dick both had two huge pails full of frosty lemonade for sale. What could be more inviting and refreshing to the thirst of the picnickers on a hot, dusty August afternoon?

The boys scintillated, to the smallest freckle on their dirt-streaked faces, with the thoughts of how they would spend their earnings.

After a while it was seen that George was selling his drink for five cents, while Dick was selling his for three. The Reverend Alonzo Smith, walking by, stopped to chat with the boys, and also to drink some lemonade. At first he bought a five cent glass. But upon seeing Dick's for three cents, he immediately began on that. In fact he thought that Dick's three cent bargain tasted the better of the two, and had several glasses full. Finally he asked Dick how it happened that his beverage was cheaper yet better than George's. Dick stammered and hesitated. At last he gulped, "Well, you see i-i-it was like this—the cat fell in my pail."

Charlotte Fowler

A Pond

The pond lay in the valley like a great spoon that some giant might have dropped. At the spoon's handle yellow and white water lilies floated in clusters on the brackish water like a shield over the quicksand of the pond's floor. Low over the water there hung the offensive pungent odor of skunk cabbage and luke warm stagnancy. However, this never dampened the ardor of the frogs, whose shrill piping was a continuous harsh ringing in one's ears at night. But the other end of the spoon was like a different lake; it was deeper and clearer and devoid of any characteristic odor. At this point spikes of green iris rose from clumps of seedy straw-colored marsh grass, from the pond banks, and even the water itself. Some flaunted small purple blossoms. At the far end a few rambling willows gingerly extended fingers down to the water as though to test its temperature. In even a slight breeze each would trail a thousand tiny ripples in its wake. But today there was no suggestion of the wind. The atmosphere was thick and heavy, and the pond held an ominous cast as it reflected the black-purple clouds low overhead, and the long deepening shadows stretching from the nearby hills.

Jean MacNeish

Fisherman's Code

Illustrated by Teddy Campbell

The lone fisherman slumped despairingly in his small row-boat, utterly alone. He had no fish. He had plenty of bait; he had several boxes of the best steel hooks; and his string was flawless. Why, he muttered to himself, why can't I catch anything? He glanced sideways to a slender stake which held a boat similar to his own tied securely to it. Two sturdy youngsters were standing up excitedly, pulling and tugging at their line. The tug-of-war lasted but a few moments. Then the amateur saw a large silvery body glistening in the sun before it was heaved over the side.

He turned dejectedly away. No luck, he mumbled. No luck, no fish.

But he was wrong. Fish were nibbling at his bait. They were enjoying it, too, because



this inexperienced fisherman didn't know the code! Let's see how he fishes.

He is sitting quietly, as he should. His line is taut, and his sinker is suspended about six inches from the sea bottom. He evidently knows the rules. Then suddenly, the warning comes! A steady yan-n-n-k, followed by a lax of the string—the first code signals. In such a case the fisherman should. . . . But there's no time to theorize. For look!—the amateur

leaps to his feet, entangling them in his crab net. He draws his line up violently, exclaiming loudly to himself that the load is a heavy one. Yes, toadfish are usually very heavy. They have huge flapping tails and two rows of sharp teeth. When this ravager sends his signal up the line, the experienced fisherman will not jerk it. In this way, he hopes that the ugly creature will free himself. The amateur hooked him heroically, and spent the next fifteen minutes cutting him loose.

Shortly after he had rebaited his hook, the beginner had another nibble. This one came in a series of short yanks, y-y-nk-y-y-nk. Minnows, he concluded. Pesky little things. Nevertheless, he again drew in his line, carelessly, to examine his bait. Suddenly, he saw *it!* a magnificent croaker, of fishtale proportions. Too late he gave the jerk which might have caught the fish. Too late. It flipped easily off the line, and dived gracefully down.

Patience, however, made up for what he lacked in fishing knowledge. Taking heed of the last mistake, he was on guard when the next series of short nibbles wrinkled his line. Exerting his strength to its limits, he gave a mighty jerk. The line sped to one side, then to the other. Shark, cried the warning. But he didn't hear. He competed enthusiastically with his unseen foe until the boat sided in his favor. He landed a sharkfish of unusual size. It glared at him, chewed angrily at the hook, and summoning all its energy, flapped dangerously around the boat.

With the hopefulness of an amateur, the fisherman reached down for another hook, which he baited carefully. Well, he thought, there's not much bait left; I'll catch a crab with this one. So thus inspired, he dropped the sinker, watched it splash. He felt it touch bottom, and sat back satisfied. The code flashed again. A quiet, even yank tapped the line, but he didn't read it correctly. I'll hook this fellow for sure. Another croaker won't escape me. He jerked the line abruptly, started pulling it in. Too late, the yank had knocked the crab off.

Dorothy Carneal

The College of Tomorrow

(A digest of articles from college newspapers such as—"The Wellesly College News", "The Daily Northwestern", "The Harvard Crimson", "The Daily Kansan", "The Daily Princetonian", "Vassar News", "Cornell Daily Sun", etc.)

Not so many years ago all of us had a dream of what college was going to be like. Whether our dream has been fulfilled or is left a vacant mist of disappointment depends on our individual aspirations and ideals. But tomorrow is always ahead of us, and many tomorrows hence we shall be planning and hoping for our own children in the college of tomorrow. What will this college of tomorrow be like?

In the first place, we know that not the quantity of people in this nation is important, but their quality. The democracy which is America was fostered by the qualities of the Puritan nature—hard, practical common-sense and a deep feeling for spiritual values. It is the truth that a single directing force or a single creative energy may do the greatest good—or the greatest harm—to his generation and to those that follow. If that person has gained quality through his education, all civilization is advanced, but if not, the world suffers chaos for a short time until a true leader comes again.

Instead of training students in college who are there because they have the economic background and have not the desire to work, these colleges of tomorrow must reject, and divert unceasingly to a more directly vocational level those who have not the will to learn. The student must steer clear of the contamination of convention, because the rare intellect of genius seldom flourishes in our present collegiate atmosphere of conformity. For instance, the success or failure of a student should not depend upon the fraternity he belongs to or the organizations he can call his own. Of course the whole-hearted spiritual and financial support of the nation must be behind these efforts to raise the standard of college life.

The preparation of teachers must be carried on in a less mechanical and perfunctory process.

Much educational change consists in the re-discovery of old truths by seeking them along new lines. Therefore, both the student and teacher should be kept alert by breaking up obsolete routines.

It is the business of the coming university to teach all sides of each ism—Communism, Fascism, Bolshevism, Socialism, Mormonish, Mesmerism, Republicanism, and What-have-youism—without fear or favor. The sin is in showing favoritism for any issue.

Teaching is like publishing. Some well-meant but mis-directed patriots think that every statement uttered that doesn't sit well on their stomachs should be censored. Some individuals would have any "ism" they disapprove mentioned only in derisive, abusive, not to say false, terms.

Such a procedure would be educational slavery *per se*. That course would make Americans the most bigoted, benighted people in the world if applied to our educational institutions.

Better a thousand times to have extra liberties taken by college professors than allow the palsied hand of partisan politics to enfeeble our institutions of learning.

The college should keep alive the tradition of representative government, and develop the aspirations of men in the direction of discipline and law-abiding freedom.

The president of a university should possess a respect for academic freedom. He should be both a scholar and an accomplished educator, and liberal in his principles and outlook.

Today, colleges tend to wash their hands of troublesome persons, and go to great lengths to cover up the delinquencies of anti-social students. This attitude is short-sighted and hypocritical, and not to the best interests of college, individual, or society. The college should assume the responsibility of straightening out wayward and lawless students. The reputations of such institutions would be enhanced were they to make this attempt in an effort to raise the level of society.

(Continued on Page 33)

Misplaced Revenge

Sweat, drawn by the searing rays of a noon-time sun, glistened on the rugged, haggard face of Jim Turner as he cursed the antipathy of his lazy black laborers. He cursed the sun; the motionless, stifling forest; even the ancient and honored name of Bond and Montgomery, Ltd., of London who had sent him to the Belgian Congo and the little village of Koi to take charge of their huge copper deposits there. Why shouldn't he curse their cool comfortable smugness? Little they knew of stifling heat, and the silent fear of the silent forest. Away from everything—all civilized life—submerged in a well of hate. If only he and Elsie could have come here alone. Always her family had stood in the way of their happiness, and now Joyce, Elsie's sister, had come with them to live. She was beautiful, of course, but that was because she was Elsie's twin. However, she was lazy, frightfully so. Elsie did all the work, and all Joyce did was complain. Jim wished she would die. He knew it was wrong. He hated her—intensely, with the corroding fire of jealousy. Elsie loved her sister too much and waited on her hand and foot. Always Joyce complained—whined incessantly. His adorable Elsie was ruining her health and life in her efforts to please her twin sister.

All through the smoky haze of the afternoon, thoughts like these writhed and turned in Jim's tortured mind. When he arrived at their large, spreading home at the edge of Lake Tanganyika, the first thing he saw was Joyce, cool and fresh in the evening dusk. Inside Elsie was bustling around supervising dinner. She offered a hurried, casual kiss to Jim and was about to go on with her work when Jim took her hand, and drawing her into a chair with him, said, "We've just got to come to some understanding, dear. You are working entirely too hard. Can't Joyce help you with some of these things you have to do? All she does all day long is sit around moping and complaining. I'm getting sick and tired of it all. I will not stand by and see your health ruined. Heaven

only knows this climate is bad enough for you as it is. The least Joyce could do is help a little. I think I'll go out and have a little talk with her right now."

Elsie's tired, blonde head snuggled into Jim's shoulder. She turned, looking into his eyes, and said, "Really, I'm not getting all run down. This is my house, the first one that ever was mine, and I want to take care of it and you all by myself. Please don't say anything to Joyce. She doesn't mean any harm, and besides, she would be in my way if she tried to help out. Promise me you won't say anything to her. It would only cause hard and strained feelings."

Jim couldn't resist the entreaty in those blue-violet eyes he loved so well. "All right, honey, you're the boss. I won't say a word." It was enough to have her here with him alone for a minute. She was so soft, so tiny, and so dear.

The next week Jim went on a tiger hunt with Zambi, one of his pigmy workers to whom he had become quite attached. The situation in his home hadn't improved any with time. Joyce irritated him more and more as days went by. It was rather a welcome relief to get away for a little while from the tension and strain.

It was a blue-velvet, moonless night when they arrived once more at the edge of the clearing of Koi. They were met by an anxious and very out-of-breath Joyce. "Come quick, Jim, Elsie's deathly sick," she panted, "She's caught 'red-water fever,' and you'll *have* to go for help. Hurry!"

"I'll send Zambi," Jim said. "I want to be with her all the time. You go back to her now. I'll be there right away."

Jim watched Joyce bolt back toward the house. A cold, heavy fear made Jim's mind dull for a minute.

Soon he snapped out of his lethargy; gave directions to Zambi; and broke into a run toward his house.

In his eagerness he failed to see a gnarled root of the Msolo tree jutting into the path. He stumbled; then sprawled full length.

A swift pain shot up his leg. He swore; and

tried to stand up. His ankle had twisted. His foot was absolutely useless. Every move was a fire of pain. Lying there in the darkness he could see the lights of his house shining down the path through the overhanging trees. At the end of that path was Elsie. He dragged himself slowly, painfully over the ground, panting to himself. "I've got to make it—*got* to make it." At length, after great effort, and pauses to rest, Jim pulled himself up the porch, and crawled into his house.

Joyce sat by the bed—sniffing, sobbing. Although her back was turned, she felt Jim's presence. "She's dead, Jim," she said quietly.

Nothing was in his mind—only Elsie's face there before him. It looked so white, so very white. She couldn't be dead. She was his life, and life didn't slip away like that. Death came, of course, but not to the young not to the strong. He kissed her cheek—cold, cold.

Such terrible pain ran its bristling fingers through his brain. Joyce sniffled. Rage! Hate!

"Why should *you* cry!" he sneered. "*You* killed Elsie! It was *your* fault!" He turned his mad eyes toward her, and these words tumbled from his brain and spilled out of his hot, trembling lips in a second of confusion.

Suddenly, crash! A lantern, hung on the side of the wall, fell to the floor—his taut nerves snapped. Fumbling in the blackness for the automatic in his belt, Jim fired over and over again at Joyce's sobbing form. He dimly saw her straighten, turn a little. Stretching ever so slightly a white hand toward him, "Jim," she breathed and with a gurgling sigh slipped to the floor, dead.

Silence—still, breathing. Outside, the thousands of insects still droned their night song into the blackness of an unanswering heaven.

Then Jim's head cleared. He lighted the lantern and looked at the two bodies. A feeling of triumph surged through him. At last the detested Joyce was out of his life! Now they could live, he and—Elsie. Softly, brokenly, he whispered her name.

The light fell on Joyce's face—he looked more closely.

Good God! What was wrong? That was Elsie on the floor! But how could he have shot his own wife?

Jim's bewildered mind could not grasp the situation. He had killed Joyce—but no, he had killed Elsie. In one ghastly minute he realized that Elsie must have masqueraded as Joyce, telling him that his own wife was ill, so that he would summon aid. Elsie knew he would never go for a doctor for *Joyce*. What a terrible stratagem! It had recoiled like a boomerang!

If he had only given her time, Elsie would have told him. But he hadn't given her a chance to say a word. He had *murdered* her—Elsie, his wife!

* * * *

Several days later Zambi returned to Koi. He had gone far in his search for help, but had been foiled by the mighty Congo River, swollen by the April rains. He searched in vain for his master Jim. Not far from Jim's house he stopped. He gazed fixedly—at the distorted footprints of a white man's shoes that led into the midst of a quicksand pit, but never led out; and at a single clinched white hand raised in defiance to the skies from the oozing thickness of the heavy black mud.

Adapted from

Portia E. Kieser

Of Proms

(An essay in the style of Bacon's
"Of Riches")

I cannot call "proms" better than the baggage of studiousness. The French word suffices, "baggage"; for as books are to a student, so are "proms" to studiousness; they cannot be omitted nor cast off; yea, and the indulgence in proms oft loseth stability of mind and disturbeth the body. Of a prom there can be no real use except in the pleasure that it provides for its participants; the rest is but a neglect in work and a general unrest. The personal "fruition" in any woman cannot feel great comfort in the success of a dance; there tends to be a miserly hoarding of memories; or the tendency

to donate conversation limitlessly. Seest thou not what exaggerated prices are set upon dances and males? And what works of make-up are undertaken because that art might be of some avail to the individual concerned and the casual observer? As Langdon saith: "Proms" are as a deviation from diligent work and a continual fascination to the mind of a school-girl. For certainly good proms have swayed more girls from the "straight and narrow path" than they have held therein. Seek not more proms than thou mayest take rightly, use sanely and leave contentedly. The ways of proms are grievous. One's heart is attacked, and it withholdeth a woman from charity and forgiveness toward others of the same sex. The heart is set at a different angle; not that of a love for studies but a love for humans of the other sex and indulgence in other adventures. The gains of ordinary conquests are honest and furthered by two things chiefly: by low lights and soft music. He that resteth upon gains certain, shall hardly worry at great "proms"; but he that doth worry after its finale shall not achieve great marks. Be not frivolous; thoughts of "proms" have wings and sometimes they fly away to bring more thoughts of "proms" and not thoughts of history or English. The memories of a prom are as a lure to all idle emotions to prey upon, if they be not handled with discretion and sanity. Therefore measure not pleasure by quantity; for certainly if a woman calculate rightly, she is rather to be freed from doubtful and disturbing remembrances of "proms", than to be let from that good stable form of studiousness.

Anne Langdon

Kiluea

Like a huge bowl, the volcano crater with its fire pit is perched precariously on the side of the great, long low mountain, Mauna Loa. In the center of the evil looking and worse smelling crater (jagged steam cracks in the floor release foul gases from the depths of the volcano) is the small but somewhat terrifying

fire pit surrounded by great billows of hardened black lava coughed from its fiery innards. The interior bubbles and fumes impatiently, muttering to all who listen that soon it intends to belch forth all its fire and molten rock; fill the night with flame and take its promised life. Before long the night is slashed with scarlet, and the newspapers report that the goddess of fire, Madame Pelee, was not satisfied with the sacrifices of food and clothes thrown into her bloody jaws. She has taken for herself a human life. Madame Pelee is seemingly indifferent about this human sacrifice; she makes no effort to gain it for herself; she merely waits for some foolish man to break one of her laws. And he dies—by fire.

Sally Greene

Fugitive Beauty

The sunset was a conflagration of flaming color spread across the western horizon; a red glow that smeared the waters of the unstirring lagoon, where no heavy, black shadows lay, with brilliance, and that touched fire to the motionless sails of the sampans. It was as if an artist, gazing fixedly at the palette of heaven, had suddenly gone mad with color and flung fiery daubs of paint with a quick thrust of his brush across near-by floating clouds. The vivid splotch of color on the lagoon was broken sharply only along the mute shore-line where the palm trees cast grotesque shadows. No cry of a lonely bird, no lapping sound of water, no voices of boatmen issued forth to pierce the stillness of that twilight. It seemed as if this little immediate world were holding its breath. Then after a few moments of throat-tightening beauty the crimson brilliancy of the clouds and the water rapidly began to lose their luster, becoming suffused into hazy tones—soft shades of alpine rose intermingled here and there with saffron. Slowly the clouds drifted away leaving a darkening horizon line. The conflagration was extinguished.

Natalie Bodwell

You Can Do It Too!

Doesn't it appall you when you're struck with the realization of how much of the vast expanse of the United States you haven't seen? Have you ever experienced the feeling of awe that the strength and majesty of the Grand Canyon kindle? Do you know the lofty heights, the delicate, indescribable beauty, the cool atmosphere of the Carlsbad Caverns? Doesn't it challenge the wanderlust that lurks in the depth of your soul?

Perhaps you've toyed with the intriguing idea of traveling from the Atlantic to Pacific; but, ten-to-one, it passed unobtrusively out of the picture when the problem of sufficient money reared its ugly head. If you have any desire to undertake such a trip as this, you must first of all save your nickels and your dollars, and keep your sense. Profitable expenditures are planned ones. Ask Miss "Mac", Miss Sawyer, Miss Marsh, Miss Eliasson, or Tri McFarland (Lassell '38); for they made just such a trip last summer.

It was not until Miss "Mac" traded in her coupe for a larger touring car that the quintet saw their dreams approaching reality. First having figured out a workable budget of finances, they elected Miss Eliasson treasurer of the trip. Hers was not an easy job, but certainly a very important one. Now they just knew that Miss Eliasson was the woman for the job. Each journeyist paid \$50 in cold flat cash at the beginning of the trip. This was to pay expenses—gas, oil, repairs, toll bridges, all entrances into parks and reservations, arrests, and any other little thing that might come up. It was Miss Eliasson's job to keep the financial end strong and secure with an eye out for bargains and a head full of ideas concerning the dexterous handling of any situation that might involve money, such as fines for arrests. Tut, tut, teachers. Also I happened to get a glance at the budget column of necessities. It went something like this:

"\$1 a night to sleep.

"\$1.50 a day for meals." (Personal appetites were important here. Therefore most of them



decided to go on a diet and save a dime and a pound.) The most popular meal was a hamburger and a milkshake at a wayside station, pickles, onions, and lettuce, all for ten cents. Try it sometime.

To quote Miss "Mac", "You can do it too, if you have many friends". Being well-liked and friendly individuals helped the financial matter along considerably for the quintet. Knowing so many dear Lasell girls and former classmates and friends of previous years, cut down expenses to one-half of what the normal cost might have been. Therefore, my friends, get off your high horses and acquire as many friends as you can, especially if the idea of touring the U. S. sounds attractive.

I think I'll try and make you envious by feeding you just a taste to let you grasp the fun and fascination of their wanderings. On June 20, at 9:30 a. m. the happy group left Miss Marsh's home in Brookline. However, complications set in at an early stage of the game; they spent two hours in Newton getting lights fixed. On fiddling around with one of the bulbs and the headlights, the station attendant broke a fixture, and was, of course, obliged to supply a new one, thereby covering the expenses for that item. Who worked that one out? I

bet Miss Eliasson talked him into it! From Brookline their course led them to Montclair, New Jersey where they visited Jane Sherman for a bit. The next stop was at Pittsburgh; then they went down to Indianapolis and Kansas City—a trip of 509 miles in four days. From here they went through Salina, Denver, and Raton in Colorado; then to Roswell, and El Paso in Texas, and then New Mexico. In El Paso they played plutocrat and took a trolley into New Mexico for twelve cents, and afterwards spent two nights on a ranch in Albuquerque, Arizona.

In New Mexico they found the Carlsbad Caverns wonderful. These caverns are situated five miles below the surface of the earth. The journey down started at 10:00 a. m.; lunch-time found the party 750 feet below the ground. A steady temperature of 58 degrees prevails throughout the caverns. The formations seen in these caverns, "words just can't express". These formations formed by dripping water from overhanging rocks have been millions of years in the making. The "big room" is 4000 feet long, 700 feet wide. From it there is an elevator to the surface which is supposedly set aside for all lazy and fat ladies, so explained by the guide. Incidentally, our faculty were elevated up!

They looked about the Grand Canyon, at which time Miss Sawyer insisted on putting down the top of the car. This was all very well for a while, but open cars make Miss "Mac" extremely ill, so the top was up again after a short notice. As the party looked at the Grand Canyon, the only expression to satisfy the deep impression that it made, was "Golly, what a gulley." After spending many hours at this beautiful scene they once more set out, this time heading for Kingman, Arizona. Here they witnessed picture-taking of the Boulder Dam and were speechless. One of the mottoes there is, "Come and take your own dam pictures". When they entered San Bernardino, California, they were rather disgusted to learn that they had to pay a six cent tax on a milkshake, which lured them all into

the Coco Cola habit. When they hit Hollywood, one of the first sights to meet their eager eyes was that celebrity, Clark Gable. Imagine walking on the same sidewalk with *him*! What shall we be doing next? At Hollywood they visited the Hollywood Bowl and Grauman's Chinese Theater. They were very much impressed by the Forest Lawn Cemetery in nearby Glendale, and the "Wee kirk of the Heather", which is a copy of Annie Laurie's church, a quaint little chapel set amid a riotous profusion of colorful flowers with a sweet old-fashioned air all its own. They spent two nights in San Francisco; then went on to Yosemite National Park, a symphony of color and motion, replete with beautiful waterfalls, breath-taking redwoods, and verdant lawns. It was here that Miss Sawyer said, "Look at that moon, and me out with three women." This put them all in a new humor. So they decided to call time out until the next day, when they once more set out on the cross country jaunt up the coast to Elko, Nevada, where they had their first experience with the law. However, thanks to President Roosevelt, they got out of it—he knows nothing about it yet. You see, when the copper stopped the car—for speeding was it, Miss "Mac?"—and was asking the accustomed questions, he suddenly realized that a train bearing our chief executive was due in twenty minutes, and duty demanded his presence in the front line at the station, thus saving our faculty from humiliation and scandal in a back-town jug. Thank you, President; you should be rewarded for this stunt!

Speaking of stunts, one of our faculty pulled one in Yellowstone National Park. It seems that Miss "Mac" was intrigued by the bears and decided to snap a few pictures. Bravely, silently she stalked one and crept stealthily behind him; suddenly he turned and faced her. She let out an unearthly shriek and fled to the car. Also on the return trip they drove through the Black Hills, a picturesque rolling territory in South Dakota rather reminiscent of Maine. They made a stop in Fort Wayne, Indiana where they visited our friends and class-

mates of last year—Maude Rabus, Margie Nichols, Jodie Lohman, and Nan Fishing.

The idea of a cross country trip certainly sounds glorious to me. How does it appeal to you? You know, you can do it, too.

Meredith Prue

Jean MacNeish

The Man Who is Late

Among the many varieties of men is one who is probably the most annoying, the man who is late. This species is the one that will call on the telephone with an admonition to be ready at eight o'clock sharp, and then turn up at nine full of pep and wondering why on earth a girl could be mad at him for being "a few minutes late." If a dance starts at nine o'clock, this pest won't even start for the dance until nine-thirty. And if anyone ever suggested that he be on time, he would probably faint dead away.

The worst mistake of all is to invite such a man to dinner. He is the chief reason for cooks leaving their positions, and hostesses slowly going mad. A lovely dinner will be ready at eight o'clock; but by the time the belated guest arrives, the soup has become cold and greasy, and the soft, light biscuits have become leaden missiles which the distracted hostess would like to throw at her cheerful guest.

There is no cure for the man who is late. If you tell him you'll be out if he's not on time, he will turn up, late again, smiling and happy, never dreaming that anyone could be annoyed at him. He's every hostess's nightmare, and every girl's too. Families are notoriously frank, and when little Brother says, "I guess you won't see him tonight" a convenient hole would be welcome.

But the late comer, with all his faults, has one virtue. The next time "late John" calls you and says he'll be after you at eight o'clock, you can sleep until quarter of nine, safe in the knowledge that you will be ready for him with plenty of time to spare.

Genevieve Hackett.

The Portrait

Penetrating the lazy stillness of the summer day came the deep voice of Lord Farrington, and each occupant of nature's every hiding place timidly peeked out to see what beast was stalking overhead.

Lord Farrington's life had had an equal share of sorrow and happiness. Since his lovely wife had passed beyond, the little pleasure attained was derived from pleasant chats with his neighboring friend, John Manning, or in frivolous escapades with his daughter Eloise. In spite of his great loss, he stood life well and was considered by his loyal servants "a mighty fine appearin' man for bein' in his forties."

At the time he had stirred the small life dwelling in and about his spacious terrace, he was saying—

"By the way, John, you are a well reputed art critic. Would you step into the music room after tea? I want you to see a portrait which that new American, Phillip Dennis, is doing of Eloise."

Strange how his words slipped into the music room and shook Phillip Dennis as though he were a small child about to be judged on his behavior in Sunday School.

Dennis had been working on this portrait for several days. Yet he had a nonsensical idea that it could have been completed long ago. What mythical force retarded his progress he knew not. Only a few finishing touches to the features were lacking. He could feel already that this work before him was a great thing. Without conceit he could hear in his mind's ear the critics praising it as a masterpiece. As he worked on, however, every stroke of his brush was bringing new torture to him. This child, Eloise, lovely and delicate as a piece of Dresden, was carrying him back many years to the time when love crowded out all else in his life.

Phillip Dennis loved and felt for all beautiful things. His love for one woman had played with him, lashed him, and left him broken. He must find something to absorb his time and thoughts, they had told him. So

with wretched determination he had sought and found art as a remedy for his love. Chance had led him to success, undesired but attained.

As he carefully studied Eloise, every passion feeling once spoken rushed through his mind, causing him to ache with self-sympathy. Had he lost himself in art endeavoring to forget her, yet being reminded of her always?

In blending this fair child's cheek upon a canvas, he experienced the velvet warmth of brushing another's. As his hand moved to accentuate the soft locks outlining her face, he saw another's rich brown hair; and as he came to retouch the innocent eyes of his subject, he paused. They were eyes that had enriched their love, Valerie's and his. They belonged only in a dead paradise to lighten his sadness of the past.

Stopping a moment to study his recently added touches, he was interrupted by the voices of the two Englishmen who stood framed in the magnificently carved doorway. They stepped before the artist, and after a brief scrutiny Manning remarked, "You've done an excellent piece there, my boy. The galleries will be crying for it."

Lord Farrington had stood expressionless. But a sad smile now broke on his countenance as he said softly. "Odd how those eyes are Valerie's, my wife."

In a frozen stare Dennis abruptly started from his chair with "Valerie—my God!"

His brush heavy with obscuring paint he splashed across the haunting eyes, the still-wet masterpiece, and his embittered life.

Eleanor Fuller

Our One and Only

"Oh, pity the house," say I, "which shelters four drivers and at whose door stands one lonely car!"—especially when that car is a temperamental one and, like the homely mule, caters only to its own desires. It would be hard enough to divide seven days a week among the four of us,—father, mother, daughter, and son. But when the car, Hepzibah herself, spends one or two of these precious seven days either being repaired or just stubbornly sitting, our problem becomes really serious.

Mother and Dad have long since given up the idea of using the car themselves during the week-end. So now the struggle is left to Jack and me, the winner takes the car *if* he can get Dad's permission. Each of us is always planning a campaign by which he may get his bid in first, or some new method of attack to use on Dad so that the plea for the car won't be denied. The struggle between Jack and me is really a race—a race to see who will ask first. But getting Dad's permission is more involved.

Jack's favorite plan of paving the road to the seat of judgment calls for hard work. Nevertheless the plan is a good one. Armed with rags, cleaner and polish, he scuttles down to the garage, and the house is quiet for a few hours. Then, feeling very important and with an air of eager expectancy, Jack returns, saying casually as he goes up the stairs to his room, "Oh, by the way, Dad, I gave the bus a little dusting off. Maybe it'll look a bit better for a day or two."

If Dad says "Yes" to the all-important question, Jack must get a great feeling of satisfaction as he drives about in a clean car, the result of his own labors. But I often wonder how he feels and what he thinks when my campaign is just a little better than his.

Dad, in most ways a very modest man, has one point of vanity—his hands. With this in mind, I usually find it very profitable to humor him by manicuring his nails. So, with his hands before me and to the tune of some more or less rhythmic filing, I often broach the delicate subject of having the car for the evening.

Unfortunately it often happens that although the family is willing, Hepzibah is not. Lately, she's been having trouble with her wiring, and occasionally greets us with a bright glow from the radio grill, followed by a burst of smoke. Perhaps the "horse and buggy" days had their advantages after all.

Well, next month the "baby" of the family celebrates her 16th birthday. "Oh, pity the house," say I, "which shelters *five* drivers and at whose door stands one lonely car!"

Marjorie Lind

“Es ist nicht für mich”

Es ist eine Person wünscht' ich nimmer zu sein, und das ist ein Hunger Künstler. Ich würde lieber essen und fett wachsen als jede Nacht hungrig zu Bett zu gehen und jeden Morgen hungrig zu erwachen, und mir ein grosses Essen verbieten, nur in der Mode zu sein. Aber, man kann einen Spaziergang machen, oder zu Pferde reiten, oder schwimmen, und dann isst also gut. Ich kann das tun, aber es gibt viele Menschen, die den ganzen Tag lesen oder schreiben oder drinnen arbeiten müssen. Ihnen empfehle ich jeden Morgen die Bewegungen Walter Kemps, oder vielleicht einen Mantel gleich dem von Doktor Hamilton, um sie zu bedecken.

Betty Foss

Sotto la Pioggia

Pioveva a dirotto. Nonostante fossi fortemente raffreddata le insistenze delle compagne mi convinsero. Come resistere alla tentazione? Perché restare a casa in un giorno di vacanza? Ero felice di uscire all' aria libera, di godere la campagna; l'unica contrarietà era il raffreddore, ma vinsi anche quella. Allegre, spensierate ci avviammo sotto quelle pioggia che aumentava maggiormente il nostro buon umore. Chiacchiere, risate, allegria. Come poteva essere altrimenti? In buona compagnia non ci può che divertire. La nostra meta: un cinematografo. Mi piace molto, è il mio più gran divertimento. A metà strada un gruppo di gente, allineato sin marciapiedi, attirò la nostra attenzione: c'erano corse podistiche quel giorno. Aspettiamo di vedere passare qualche corridore? Sicuro! Il loro arrivo suscitò ancor più la nostra ilarità. Erano davvero buffi! Proseguimmo il cammino. Dopo lo spettacolo, abbastanza carino, ci ritrovammo di nuovo sulla strada. Pioveva ancora più forte. Un momento di esitazione. Ma perché non fare anche il ritorno sotto la pioggia? E così divertente! Tutte d'accordo, Alcune volte gli acquazzoni mettono allegria. Forse quando si avvicina la primavera, perché nonostante il cielo grigio si sente nell' aria il profumo dei fiori, prossimi a

spuntare, e dell' erba; si sentono le note flautate degli uccellini che ritornano a formare il loro nido.

Arrivammo grondanti di pioggia, con i capelli cadenti, ma col sorriso sulle labbra, felici, soddisfatte.

Olga Faillace

In Gloucester

Letzten Sommer blieb ich im Gloucester, Massachusetts. Das Dorf ist mit seinem Hafen, seinen weissen Häusern, fischenden Schiffen, und kleinen Strassen sehr schön. Ich wohnte mit vielen anderen bei der Glousterschule des Theaters. Die Örtlichkeit ist neben der Werft, wo es schöne Jachte gibt. Das Schulgebäude dehnt sich über dem Wasser aus.

Eines Tages kam ein grosses, fremdes Schiff an. Es hatte vier Segel. Niemand wusste, was für ein Schiff es war oder woher es kam. Wir gingen aus, es zu sehen. Mit dem Schiffe waren fünf Männer, und sie waren schwarz, mit langen, weissen Kleidern. Auf den Köpfen gibt es rote Bänder. Sie sangen fremde, aber schöne Lieder. Wir fragten nach ihnen, woher sie kamen. Auf schlechtem Englisch erzählten sie, sie kämen von Indien. Danach gingen wir oft, sie zu besuchen, und machten uns mit ihnen bekannt.

Anne Langdon





Killing a Shark Off Provincetown

(A true story of Betty Foss and her improvised harpoon.)

I was dragging the ocean floor one September morning for milk bottles to swap with the grocer for nickels. Intent on my absorbing search, I saw nothing unusual to disturb my occupation. The sea was calm. Only small, rippling waves rocked the frail rowboat ever so gently. I had already hooked ten cents worth of bottles; and as I leaned over the sides, grappling for more, I idly dreamed of an ocean bed thick with milk bottles.

Suddenly a dark shadow flashed across the bow of the boat. As if a powerful explosive had been released beneath the surface, a great rolling wave set the tiny craft into violent motion. A shark! My eyes saw only his fin. It sliced the water around me, ominously gentle then. If only he hadn't become so quiet! The stillness of the creature's actions horrified me, but I was too numb to scream.

Now it is not a shark's custom to frequent shallow waters. However, I don't recall pondering on that fact as I measured his bulk with one eye and the distant shore with the other. Unnerved, I grasped both oars desperately, and rowed with the super-strength given to the frightened.

When I reached shore, I was too weak to call for help. I seemed drained of all ability to

move. Then summoning all my strength, I raised my voice to the neighborhood and yelled. My brothers came running down the beach. I gasped my story out to them, excitement still preventing me from reasoning clearly. But I managed to shake off the tenseness that gripped me, just long enough to collect a pitch fork, a rifle, a clam hook, and a garden cultivator.

In two boats my two brothers rowed to the shark, intent on cornering and driving him so close to shore as to make escape impossible. The devil churned the water to white foam. For fear that their boats would capsize and hurl them into danger, the boys could do little with the shark. But inch by inch he was brought closer to shore. After an hour of exhausting struggle had passed, during which a package of rifle shot was used with no effect on the thick hide, his bulk finally dragged in the sand. We watched him patiently. For a fleeting moment his wrath seemed to diminish. During that ungarded second, I swung the cultivator prongs downward. The shark was struck between the eyes, his most vital spot. And thus, rolling to one side, he appeared to die.

But there is one amazing recollection, my younger brother, confused and drenched to the skin, standing beside the mass of skinned shark—with the creature's heart still pulsating in his hand.

Dorothy Carneal

The College of Tomorrow

(Continued from Page 23)

There is too much censorship nowadays. Tolerance of ideas is the essence of democracy. It is up to the student to accept or reject a point of view brought out by an instructor, or to use it as a basis for formulating his own new, individual judgment.

The college should seek to give its student emotional control. We live in a world in which the predominant emotion conquers, and the college that does not recognize the supremacy of emotion is derelict in its duty.

Final examinations should not be stressed as far as getting a grade is concerned. They should merely give the student the opportunity to see his course in its entity.

The co-ordinate colleges such as Radcliffe, Pembroke, etc. should be fostered because they give students the advantages of the university while preserving for them some of the benefits of the separate college for women.

It is a saddening fact that a considerable proportion of college students regard the study of English composition as something extraordinarily hard, and they will go to the most absurd lengths to avoid it. In too many instances, the faculties have appeared to agree with this viewpoint. Newspaper editors who are charged with hiring college graduates have often remarked upon the rather startling illiteracy of the young men from some of our better colleges. And as for spelling, that's a long-forgotten art.

We wonder rather wistfully if all this could be accomplished for our children. Perhaps yes—perhaps no. The college of tomorrow is still an ideal, but a glorious ideal that promises fulfillment in work and hope.

Compiled by Jane Leckie

News Flashes

- February 10-13—Annual White Mountain Trip.
- February 14—Lasell Community Orchestra presented concert.
- February 18—Seniors danced to Glen Miller's band in Winslow Hall.
- March 10—M.I.T.-Orphean concert and dance held in Walker Memorial Hall.
- March 11—Junior Prom with Jack Teagarden's band.
- March 14—Merchandising tea in Bragdon library
- March 17—Endowment Fund sponsored sale of green hair ribbons.
Dramatic Club presented two plays.
- March 18—Lasell-Westbrook basketball game; Lasell victorious!
"Vic" dance at the Barn.
- March 21—Day student tea in Woodland parlors.
- March 24—Students left for spring vacation; twenty girls sailed to Bermuda.
- April 6—Seniors took tables in dining room.
- April 12—Twenty girls visited Tuft's Museum.
Day student tea in Bragdon library.
- April 13—French classes presented French comedy in three acts.
- April 15—M. I. T. -Orphean concert and dance at Winslow Hall.
- April 19—Half holiday given students in observance of Patriot's Day.
- April 21—Stunt Night and Pops enjoyed by students, faculty and guests.
- April 27—Home Management tea given at Blaisdell.
- April 29—Dramatic Club sponsored informal dance.
- May 2—Endowment Fund sponsored Filene's Fashion Show in the Barn.
- May 3—Modern dance recital presented by Mrs. Paul's classes.
- May 9—Lasell Community Orchestra and Orphean Club presented concert at Winslow Hall.

Marian Traxler

PERSONALS



LILLIE R. POTTER, '80

Dean Emeritus

Customs often change with the changing years but the beautiful ordinance of marrying and giving in marriage remains unchangeable.

Feb. 25—Mildred Doris Hamlin '26 and Mr. Roland C. Mather at Slatersville, Rhode Island.

Feb. 28—Margaret Evelyn Heath '29 and Mr. Everett W. Lee at Worcester, Mass.

March 23—Miss Florence Dudley (Home Economics Dept. 1921-'26) and Mr. Lincoln Williams Fitts at Brookline, Mass.

April 1—Miss Lee Stephenson and Mr. John William Carlisle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Carlisle (Edna Rogers '05).

April 15—Julia Clausen '29 and Mr. Clyde Irvin Bowman at Chicago, Ill. Audrey Seeley '26 and Mr. Norman G. Tompkins at Belmont, Mass. Their address is 24 Prescott Street, Cambridge. Viola Drummond Smith '35-'36 and Mr. Stanley Tennant Fuger at Portland, Me. Viola's maid of honor was Barbara Clarkson '35-'37. Priscilla A. Green '37-'38 and Mr. George G. Quirk, Jr., at Providence, R. I.

April 22—Ruth C. Fischer '35 and Mr. G. Frederick Speckel at Tuckahoe, N. Y.

We have also received word of the following marriages: Miss Priscilla Bryant (R.N. 1935-'37) and Mr. Harold Kent; Elizabeth Dove '30-'31 and Mr. N. Dana Lovell; Jeanne Woods '34-'35 and Mr. Jack Cleff; and Jeanette Kent '37-'38 and Mr. Charles Russell Eddy.

Engaged: Ruth Tivnan '33 to Mr. Carl Baldwin Harris; Celia W. Kinsley '34 to Dr. John O. Percival; Barbara Iris '35 to Mr. Stanley Nathan Johnson; Eunice Robinson '35-'36 to Mr. Harold Donald Hastings; Ruth Buswell '36 to Mr. Clarence Isaacson; and Mary Jane Holton '38 to Mr. Nicholas J. Bohling, Jr.

Our Lasell Alumnae national treasurer, Marion Ordway Corley '11, was the recipient of an informal but valuable announcement in her April mail. The letter was from Julia Kittredge '17-'19 and reads in part: "I sent an announcement of my marriage several weeks ago to a member of the Lasell staff but have failed to find the banns published in the LEAVES. On October 15th I was married to Mr. William B. Gregory, who served at Massachusetts State College, where we met when I too were assisting at that same institution." A bit late, Julia, to send you congratulations but nevertheless Lasell now extends heartiest good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. William B. Gregory.

We of the campus family can scarcely "imagine a coffee party at Hawthorne without an ulterior motive." Yet those were the very words of the guest of honor, Celia Kinsley '34, who was pleasantly surprised at a personal shower given by the members of Lasell's official circle at a welcome home "coffee party" for Mrs. Bertha Hooker Willey. Celia's engagement to Dr. John O. Percival was recently announced when she entertained at Hawthorne for Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smith (the former Mrs. Sadie S. Percival). Since her graduation Celia has been one of the secretaries at the college, and is Corresponding Secretary of the L. A. A. Dr. Percival is a graduate of the University of Vermont and Columbia. We extend heartiest felicitations to this young couple.

During President Winslow's official attendance at the American Association of Junior Colleges convention he seems ever to include some worthwhile service on behalf of the Lasell Alumnae. While attending the spring meeting in Grand Rapids, he called upon Lasell's oldest living Alumna, Mrs. Isabel Treadwell Towne '68, now enjoying her ninety-first birth year. Although deprived of her sight, Mrs. Towne is active and happy, and keeps up her daily physical exercise, a habit to which she attributes her good health. This seems an opportune moment to call the attention of our Lasell family to an article in the April number of the Junior College Journal entitled "The First Four Year Junior College" by Theodore Halbert Wilson, educational advisor to the Junior College of the University of Baltimore. The author is largely indebted to President Winslow for valuable data and is free to acknowledge his indebtedness. The entire article deserves our careful attention as it records the development of Lasell Female Seminary into Lasell Junior College.

From Belvedere, Morant Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I., comes a thrice-welcome word from Martha Alberta Baker '98. The early part of the year found Martha, unexpectedly to her and to her guests, administering to a group of semi-invalids. Later they moved to a more congenial clime and are now enjoying their usual good health. During all these years our Alumna has kept up her active interest in music, no longer specializing in voice but directing the music in her home-town church. Martha adds: "I love the work for the people are so appreciative"; and closes with this tribute to President Winslow: "Dr. Winslow has made such a splendid president for Lasell. For his sake as well as for the school's we all should help in his building plans. I am sure the old students feel the same as I do about it."

It was cause for rejoicing to receive after a prolonged silence such a cordial newsy letter from our Edna Rogers Carlisle '05. We omit recording Edna's opening remarks—she always had a good memory! What you said about the

Dean Emeritus, Edna, was true—all too true—but we must not allow these "Doves" of the past quarter of a century to realize that we are "*slowing up*" quite so *fast*. Edna writes: "We have had a busy winter in New York, and our two oldest children, John and Adele, have become engaged. John is to marry Miss Lee Stephenson, whose family live in Auburndale; and Adele is engaged to the son of Dr. Arthur Wright, head surgeon at the French Hospital. Dr. Wright and my husband were roommates in college. Floyd, Jr., is a sophomore at Yale and Catherine attends the Chapin School in New York City. Thursday I had a telephone conversation with Edith McClure Patterson '02. She spoke of having seen Lena Armstrong Brown '03 and many Old Girls whose names were familiar but whom I did not know. Gladys Patterson Hill '04 lunched with me last week. She is a grandmother of four years standing and is as vivacious as ever.

I was sorry to miss the New York Club Luncheon but was away at the time on a cruise—the most delightful one we have ever enjoyed, especially the trip from Caracao, Venezuela to Colombia and the trip up to the Citidel in Haiti. I often see Helen Royce Shirk '03-'04; her two daughters are married and have children. Helen is as pretty and as attractive as ever. With love and best wishes to all. E. R. C."

Mr. and Mrs. William Balch Durand (May Hagar '90-'91) forward their new address: Hotel Philadelphian, 3900 Chestnut Street, West Philadelphia, Penna. Just a card but it bore a most affectionate and valued message.

Dear Lucy Curtis '80, you must years ago have taken a deep draught from the Fountain of Youth. Your letters in part are just as racy as ever (dare I say how many years ago?) This word of appreciation we thank you for. Miss Curtis writes: "What a blessing that you feel so much at home at Lasell and that all are so good to you. Sometimes I laugh when I recall those giddy days of ours at Lasell Seminary. To be sure I was the one full of wild doings—" but right here we fear Lucy is about to turn the spotlight on these early Lasell days and for

safety, in the words of the radio announcers, "I will sign off". Some day we may add a sequel to this classmate's merry confession for we happen to know that her life has been largely spent in most generous giving to the underprivileged.

Katherine Hartman '32, it's fortunate for you and for your New England friends too that as head of your firm you have the right to take weeks off when you really feel the need of rest and change of scene. This time Kay returned to Lasell early in the spring. She was en route to the snow regions of Maine and New Hampshire where that other skiing expert, Gertrude Hooper '32, was to join her in their favorite sport. As the mood was still on, Kay had some skiing up in Montreal on her way home, making a detour to Saranac Lake to see Dorothy Herring '29-'31, who is recuperating in that well known health resort.

Gwendolyn McDonald Black, '18-'28 was recently at Lasell for a real visit of several weeks. Her itinerary was a lively one: first a delightful cruise to Bermuda; an important meeting in New York with Natalie Best '28-'30 and her father, Mr. Walter Best; and then using Lasell as a starting point, Gwendolyn made frequent excursions into Boston. She also enjoyed a short visit with Louise Thompson '29. We were grateful for a few, although too brief, interviews with Gwendolyn and found it difficult to think of this unchanged Lasell girl as the devoted mother of three children.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Amesbury and their daughter, Virginia '37, enjoyed their March days spent in Florida, but to our satisfaction we infer they love New England more. Since their return, our Treasurer has attended an Educational Buyers' Association Convention held at Duke University, Durham, North Carolina.

Laura Hale Gorton '16 in the vernacular of the day is certainly "up and coming", only this time she is "going"—out to the Pacific Coast to the national convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs to be held in San Francisco. She is president of the Connecticut Federation of Women's Clubs. As state dele-

gate to the convention she is to represent an outstanding citizen of her state, and Mrs. Gorton has selected Harriet Beecher Stowe. Through the courtesy of a granddaughter of the famous author, Laura will wear one of Mrs. Stowe's costumes: Lasell is certainly very proud of this representative Alumna.

Faculty and students of earlier years will be turning with especial sympathy to Dr. Sophie Morgenthaler whose sister, Miss Rose, passed away recently in Daytona, Florida.

For the benefit of her many Lasell friends we give Miss Constance E. Blackstock's ('09) new address: 12 Warren Road, Lahore, India. She was recently transferred from Lucknow to Lahore, where after a vacation of two months she will assume her new duties. Our congratulations to the educational institution at Lahore which has been fortunate in securing this able leader. Miss Blackstock writes: "I am sure I shall find Lahore an interesting city. It has several schools and colleges and in this community I will meet congenial friends."

It was a foolish hope on our part perhaps but really we expected Helen McNab Willand's ('25) son would accompany her when she called early in April. Instead she brought a most fascinating baby book filled with snapshots of baby Allan. We shall now count the days until this mother and son actually appear.

Dr. Winslow's sister, Miss Inez Winslow of Orleans, Vermont, was a recent guest of President and Mrs. Winslow. Like all Vermonters, Miss Winslow is satisfied only with the best and after a visit which seemed to her Auburndale friends too brief, returned to her beloved ain countree.

What a glad and complete surprise was ours to discover Raine Renshaw '30-'32 as a dinner guest at Lasell in April. That dear human magnet, Karin Eliasson '31, has kept in touch with Raine, who after leaving Lasell enrolled at Wheaton College from which she was later graduated. At present she holds a permanent position at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

We had supposed that Senora Orozco, was making a tour of Bragdon with some possible

candidates for next year when she and her guests entered our office and to our joy found the "new candidates" were none other than Lucy Kellogg Pels '23 and her Lasell schoolmate, Dorothy Caldwell Jordan '22. Lucy's husband, Mr. John W. J. Pels, is still serving in the Norwegian Consulate at Maracaibo, Venezuela. Dot seemed to us almost as great a stranger as Lucy and this ought not to be for in fact Dot is a near neighbor. She is the mother of two boys and a girl whom, as is our good custom, we instantly placed on our Lasell waiting list. These "Old Girls" made frequent references to their Lasell chum, Ruth Dinsmore Tilton '23, wife of Prof. John P. Tilton, a member of Tufts College faculty.

Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Winslow took a day or two leave of absence from Mr. Winslow's duties as members of the New Hampshire legislature and were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow. While here they had an unusual treat in viewing stereopticon pictures of out-of-the-way places in Mexico. These pictures were taken by Mr. Edwin C. Myers, husband of Rosalind Winslow '20-'21, who is making a special study of colored photography.

We are holding in especial sympathetic remembrance at this time our beloved trustee and Alumna, Josephine Chandler Pierce '96, whose devoted father has just passed away.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church has just celebrated the 70th anniversary of the founding of the society. The meeting was fittingly held in Tremont Street Church, Boston, where the eight honored founders held their first meeting. Our Clementina Butler (Jan.-June '80), daughter of one of these elect women Mrs. William Butler, gave a most illuminating resume of the work accomplished under the title of "All in a Lifetime". The work has reached the uttermost parts of the earth and during these seventy years the Society's budget has amounted to over \$3,000,000.

We are indebted to Mrs. Mary Packard Cass '89 for this important report of recent honors given to Mrs. Carl S. Hoskins (Grace Wash-

burn '97) of Lisbon, N. H. Mrs. Hoskins has just been elected vice president general of the National Society, D. A. R. Although active in many patriotic organizations, Mrs. Hoskins' greatest interest has always been in the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution. During her term of office as state regent she established the annual publication of a year book, and served as its editor for two years. She is at present national chairman of the Daughters of the American Revolution Manual for Citizenship. Mrs. Hoskins' garden is her chief outdoor interest and the collection and restoration of antiques, most of them heirlooms from her husbands' and her own families, has for years been her greatest recreation.

The receipt of Miss Mary P. Witherbee's ('92) scintillating letter brings us at once out of the red, or should I have said "out of the blues". Her new address in the dear old town of Seaford, Delaware is just King Street. As always, she is actively interested in the local welfare work of Seaford. In a letter to another member of the Lasell faculty she closes with, "I am unusually well."

We had not hitherto classed Jane Spear Wender '33 among Chicago's "600", but the latest letter from this favored little mother contained a most winsome picture of her twin daughters, Judith and Joan. This at once gave the proud mother entree, to our thinking, into Chicago's especially favored group. Lasell's congratulations to the little sisters, their parents and grandmother, Ray Spitz Spear '01-'03.

Few young matrons meet their home obligations, carry on their social programs and yet reserve time to successfully act as leaders in some worthwhile philanthropic movement. At this moment we are thinking of our efficient Mildred Peirce Fuller '06, president of the Boston Y. W. C. A., which has just celebrated its 73rd anniversary. The occasion brought together a representative group of Boston citizens who are actively interested in this service and generously contribute to educate the ambitious young women of limited means and in many ways alleviate the needs of the needy. A Lasell

Alumna who was among the guests at this anniversary dinner referred to the stirring message they enjoyed given by Mrs. Austin L. Kimball, national president of the Y. W. C. A.

A note received from Katherine Wheeler '09 refers to the recent passing away of her dear mother. We were privileged guests in their Saint Paul home not long ago, and appreciate Kay's touching reference to the beautiful partnership which this mother and daughter enjoyed during the sixteen years since the father's home going. Lasell's tender sympathy is extended to this bereaved Alumna.

Two members of the Class of 1920 were among our April visitors: Katherine Forgie Holman and Elizabeth Stephens Fuller. We were so glad to welcome Kay home that we had not the heart to remind her of her too infrequent visits. She is still a typical "well and happy" Lasell girl notwithstanding she is the mother of two stalwart sons. Betty Stephens Fuller this time, we fancy, came to Auburndale partly for a visit with our Mrs. Bertha Hooker-Wiley, who was returning to Vermont from her winter spent in Florida. What a joy and satisfaction to even have just a glimpse at these dear former Lasell folk.

When Grace Harvey Hall '11 called on the *Personals* Editor recently she was promptly provided by her hostess with a reporter's outfit and asked to please jot down items of interest concerning the Harvey sisters. Esther Harvey Switzler '25 now lives in Needham and has a baby boy one year old. Marian Harvey Small '07-'10 is living with her daughter in New York where she is one of the supervisors for the Birdseye Foods Company. Nellie Harvey Winchester '13-'15 is residing in Newton Centre; has a daughter, 21, and a son, twelve years old. Grace lives in Newton Centre too and has one son, a graduate of Exeter and Harvard. We appreciate this impromptu report. If all the Harvey sisters have "kept their youth" as has our Grace, they are to be congratulated.

The friends of Julia Larrabee Ingham '28 may address her at 47 Charles Street, Rochester, N. H. She proves her unchanging up-to-date

interest in Lasell by sending for the latest roster of her Alma Mater. Julia, please send to us another message soon telling somewhat about your own daily program.

In the absence of Cecile Loomis Stuebing '22, president of the Chicago Lasell Club, a group of members are still carrying on. During April a Lasell gathering was held at the home of Helene Grashorn Dickson '22 in Winnetka. We are indebted to Julia Potter Schmidt '06 for this informal but most acceptable report: "We had a very happy time and have decided to meet frequently at the different girls' homes. We shall sew for some worthy cause at these meetings, and are considering offering our services to the Children's Memorial Hospital. The following girls were present: Catherine Morley King '29, Dorothy Pearson Cutler '24, Lisinka Kuehl Dawson '21-'22, Elizabeth Buettner Lang '23, Jessie Matteson Ray '25, Margherita Dike Hallberg '10, Alma L. Bunch '13, Gertrude Wagner '28, Mildred Chapman Clements '28, Jeannette White Hutchinson '29, Lucille Guertin Egan '11-'12, Helene Grashorn Dickson, '22, Julia Clausen Bowman, '29, and Julia Potter Schmidt '06."

A recent issue of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* contained a fascinating write-up under the caption "Heirlooms Give Charm to Apartment." The author of "Personality of a House" might well have had in mind this apartment of Miss Frances King Dolley, associate professor of Home Economics at Western Reserve University. The article reads:

"Miss Dolley's furnishings have been handed down from great grandmother to grandmother, to mother and now to daughter. In speaking of them she said, 'they are things which I have always had around me, they are home to me.' And a charming home it is, that well bespeaks the personality of the owner. Lovely pieces of rich old mahogany, against plain backgrounds, sunny drapes, delightful colorings, simplicity, comfort, livableness are the general impressions which it gives. The carpeting is well over a hundred years old and it still has the rich colorings of its day.

"In one room a painting of a bowl of flowers, done by a cousin of Miss Dolley's, hangs over the mantel. Miss Dolley herself gathered the flowers for the artist. A portrait of the same artist's mother hangs on another wall. The flower painting, however, seems to furnish the color keynote of the room. It has the blue green of the paper, the yellow of the drapes, the old gold of the covering of some of the larger pieces. A master's chair and a lady's chair are placed at either side of the door. They belonged to the grandparents, or was it the great-grandparents?"

Two of our Dean Emeritus' Lasell friends, strangers to each other, have literally fallen in love with Miss Potter's birth city, Charleston, South Carolina. Miss Doris Shapleigh, formerly of our faculty and now head of the mathematics department at Miss Porter's School, writes: "We are having a lovely Easter vacation in your beloved Charleston and now mine. The flowers are beautiful." And this later from Frances Bragdon West '05: "I am writing to tell you how much we have been enjoying lovely Charleston. Have had three delightful days here; the gardens are beautiful and the architecture is enchanting. Although I did not know her well at Lasell, I called on Martha Laurens Patterson '07. She is organist and choir master at historic St. Michael's Church. We attended the service there this morning. The music was lovely, both organ and choir."

We are further indebted to Frances for the article concerning Miss Frances Dolley's model Cleveland apartment. While regretting her failure to contact Miss Dolley this winter, Frances adds: "I have seen Florence Miller Henn '04-'05 out walking with her grandson several times, and have had a charming visit with Beth Peirce Bittenbender '04-'06 and her older son." Mrs. West makes friendly reference to her classmate, Barbara Vail Bosworth '05, but had not learned of the recent passing away of Mr. Bosworth's mother, who had grown very near to our Barbara during these years of separation from her own mother, whose home is still in California. Frances closes her letter

with friendly greetings to President and Mrs. Winslow and also to Mlle. LeRoyer.

Betty Daun '31 escaped from the possible war zone none too soon. She enjoyed every moment of her ten months' journeyings in Europe. We gathered from her account of miles of bicycling she allowed nothing worthwhile to escape her. Just now Betty is again busy teaching music in her home town, Cohasset. She reports that Eunice Stack '31 is making good in her chosen profession as a nurse in New York City. When Betty keeps her promise to return with some 250 snapshots of her European vacation, we trust she will bring with her also further news of herself and her classmates.

A report from the head of one of St. Mark's (Brookline) Church group reports a meeting in April when Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender '04-'06 gave to them a charming talk on modern poetry. Beth, why not repeat that talk to a larger Lasell group? We bespeak for you a most receptive and appreciative audience.

From classmates and schoolmates have come the sad tidings of the sudden passing away of Marguerite Mooney '36. And only recently have we learned of the death on November 7th of Marie Andrews Hiteshew '06. Word was sent to her college mate Leslie White Alling '05 at the time, but Mr. and Mrs. Alling were traveling in Central America and failed to receive the announcement. In a recent letter from Mr. Hiteshew, we learned that this beloved Alumna is survived by her husband, son Talbot and daughter Frances. Mrs. Marion Ordway Corley '11 has forwarded to our office notice of the death last November of Caroline Cushing Dunnington '97-'98. Lasell's deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved families of these esteemed Alumnae.

And this note from Iverna Birdsall Lutze '22 we found on our desk: "Sorry not to have seen you. We are to be in Boston for the weekend and will stop in on our return trip." That weekend has long since passed, Iverna, but we are still watching and waiting for that call. Don't keep us waiting too long, please.

Also we regretted missing Carol Maude Case Dennison '09 and her son of Montclair, New Jersey. They called at Lasell one Saturday early in February.

Hildegard Baxter '36 wisely interrupted her strenuous academic work at Boston University with a "few days off" in New York at Easter time. She writes from the hotel de luxe, the Barbizon Plaza: "Have just returned from luncheon with Emily Hubbel '36, who wished to be remembered to you. She is looking just grand; announced her engagement last Christmas and is planning an early fall wedding. At present, Emily has a fine secretarial position with a local law firm.

"Dean LaSourd of Boston University Graduate School for whom I am the part-time Secretary gave me a letter of introduction to Dr. William Stidger who broadcasts daily from 11.45 a. m. to 12.00 noon from radio station WJZ. Yesterday I went to the studio and sat in the control room while he was on the air. It was a thrilling experience. Today I drove out and saw the New York World's Fair Grounds. The Trylon and Perisphere were very impressive but smaller than I expected and a wee bit disappointing. Tomorrow I leave to spend Easter at West Point. Like Lasell West Point beckons one to return often and one is never disappointed when accepting its hospitality. Kindest greetings to Lasell and to you. H. B."

After long years of invalidism Helen Foster's ('16) father has found relief. This devoted daughter writes she hopes to visit Boston and her Alma Mater this spring, and adds: "I shall be especially pleased to meet Miss Rand, whom I remember as such an inspiring teacher." Our sympathy is with you, dear Helen, and Lasell will cordially welcome you home after your long absence.

Florence Swartout Thomassen '09, considering the bereavements and disappointments which have been yours during these latter years, you have certainly proved yourself a Captain Courageous. Florence is planning to attend the 30th reunion of her class at Lasell in June.

She writes: "Though modern to some extent, my children have developed along the lines which lead to good Christian citizenship. My son Henry is a junior at Cornell University and Claire graduates this year from high school. I always enjoyed the spring days at Lasell and I am afraid I used to neglect studies a trifle when the out-of-door feeling got into my system. My love and good wishes to all at the college."

One of the most enjoyable programs given in Winslow Hall this spring was the Newton Symphony Concert under the able leadership of our George Sawyer Dunham. This community orchestra, as the name indicates, is composed of local talent, some of whom by their unusual ability are well known beyond the Newtons.

This new music venture is another of Dr. Winslow's generous gifts to the community. The free use of Winslow Hall for weekly rehearsals, as well as concerts, and the compensation in part of our gifted music master is greatly appreciated. We voice the sentiment of the audience by acknowledging Dr. Winslow's fine Godspeed as a fitting commencement message to the Newton Symphony members for their valuable and voluntary contribution to the musical program of Newton.

Margaret Henderson Soule '05, next to seeing you face to face came your gracious message on the *Personals* Editor's anniversary. Such unexpected kindnesses give to me a new lease of life. Gratefully, L.R.P.

Marjorie Taylor Flemings '28 is not forgetting us. Lasell is still holding you, dear Marjorie, in happy remembrance and now we send congratulations to you and your fourth child, born October 24th. With two sons and two daughters you ought to be, and from your letter you are supremely happy. You are right—Lasell is just as wonderful as ever, and we are glad to learn that you are coming in June to see for yourself "your new Lasell."

What a glad surprise awaits a group of our LASELL LEAVES devotees who upon scanning this latest list of Lasell "toddlers", they sud-

denly realize they are aunts by adoption, or possibly a grandaunt—we have known of one such. The following list is responsible for the new honor thrust upon these happily surprised recipients:

Jan. 30—A son, Harry MacKay Wilson 2d, to Dr. and Mrs. Harry M. Wilson (Alberta Wight '25).

Feb. 19—A son, William John, to Mr. and Mrs. Russell L. Remig (Mary Elton '36).

Feb. 21—A daughter Carolyn Anne to Dr. and Mrs. LeRoy Wood (Catherine Beecher '25).

Mar. 13—A son, Donald Jameson, to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Kent Pope (Caroline Jameson '30).

Mar. 18—A daughter, Ethelyn, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Lenzi (Ethelyn Whitney '32).

April 9—A son, Robert Van Cleve, to Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Giersch (Betty Van Cleve '26).

April 13—A son, John Curtis, to Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray (Helen Crego '30).

April 19—A son, William Bradford, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Gere (Eleanor Patricia Meyer '35).

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Chapman (Janet Kennedy '30-'32), are receiving congratulations on the birth of their daughter Penelope Ann.

Diane Elsa Finkel celebrated her first birthday on March 26th. Her mother is the former Mae Borkum '33.

The appearance of Mary Morgan Varnell '31 was to us, as we wrote the Southern California Lasell Club, like the swinging wide open of California's Golden Gate. She brought so many bright and good news items from the West Coast. Mary returned to her Alma Mater before starting for California accompanied the second time by her husband and precious little daughter Sharon, a future "White Dove" candidate.

Mary Potter McConn '05 and her husband, Mr. Eugene C. McConn, are at present guests of their daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Maguire (Mary McConn '29) in their Houston, Texas home. Our last word from Mrs. McConn was written en route,

and we are hoping for a full and enthusiastic report later.

It was good to hear from you, Mildred Smith Leach '14, but when you wrote: "My boys have grown into young men," we realized that too many years have elapsed since our last meeting. Why not resolve in the future to get together more frequently? What do you say? You will be surprised and pleased, I am sure, to see our—yes, your new Lasell Junior College, and I assure you Lasell will give her best welcome to an Alumna who writes: "Whenever I read a copy of the LEAVES, it takes me back across the years to my happy days at Lasell. I often feel the splendid influence of those three years and I am proud to be a Lasell girl."

Through the courtesy of the Rishell sisters, Helen '99 and Ruth Rishell Frick '99, our librarian has received interesting Commencement programs of their graduation year. We appreciate this unexpected contribution to the college archives.

Our Mrs. Saunders is not a frequent correspondent but when she does write she has news always most interesting and often unusual. Not far from Wilmington, Delaware this former faculty member, her daughter, Mary Saunders Houston '22-'23 and husband with their little daughter and Mrs. Saunders' sister and her husband have built three charming homes. The description sounds most appealing and we hope some day to see with our own eyes this southern estate and its Lasell hostess.

It was indeed a joy to have this written word from Mary Willett Blackinton '05: "My mother has just celebrated her birthday but I imagine you have many daughters to help celebrate yours. My family are pretty well grown up now, and our daughter is married. One son is in business and at the same time completing his fifth year of college work at Antioch. The youngest daughter is still a schoolgirl and I do miss the little folk around the house."

Florence M. Gulick '09-'10 of Riverside, Penna. is now Mrs. Guy W. Adams, 7904

Kneeland Avenue, Elmhurst, L. I. It's many a year since Florence and her sister, Elsie Gullick '09-'10, were Lasell girls. Florence returned on April 30th with her oldtime exuberance of spirit; wanted to look over our new Lasell and gave a satisfactory report of her busy life since leaving college. Her sister is still in Pennsylvania, devoting her time as the constant companion to their mother.

This good news from Mrs. Elizabeth Cushing Taylor, daughter of our Ella Richardson Cushing '72, who has at last yielded to the request of many friends and published her charming children's poems. We understand this book has been dedicated to "Mother Cushing", and we feel sure that many Lasell Alumnae will be pleased to own this attractive collection of child-verse.

Betty Oppel Morris '26 writes from her home in Bridgeport, Conn.: "Lasell for me this spring is out of the question, but I surely hope to return for my 15th reunion." Betty adds the sad tidings of the recent passing away of Mr. Walter Lalley, father of our Christine Lalley Sullivan '23 and her sister, the late Catherine Lalley '25. In the death of Mr. Lalley, Lasell has lost a loyal friend of many years.

Marian Mapes (Lasell '36, Chicago Academy of Fine Arts '38) called at the college on March 31. Marian's objective now is to find opportunity for practicing her chosen profession as an interior decorator. We could not see that her strenuous advance course had robbed her of her usual enthusiasm. Marian seemed well fitted for her new adventure and after our interview we bespeak for her a most successful future. Spring-time and summertime are just the time for carrying out your plan for that interior decoration. Why not get in touch with Marian Mapes, 3138 Chadbourne Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio?

An unusual proof of loyalty to a duty call came to our attention during the Easter vacation. Among our Alumnae callers were Lee Shepard '38 and her classmate, Elizabeth Sylvester. Lee had the opportunity of returning

to Lasell for her first class reunion at Commencement time or a visit at spring recess. She chose the earlier date for as she explained, "I have signed up to serve for nine weeks next summer at a camp for underprivileged girls. There is no compensation attached to the position other than room and board, but this voluntary call appeals to me. I know I shall enjoy the work." As we listened to her enthusiasm over this unselfish adventure, we said is this not just like Lee, our ex-president of the Missionary Society? Elizabeth Sylvester was accepted at The Wheelock School with advanced standing because of her satisfactory preparation received at Lasell Junior College. Betsey has always had this fine school in mind in planning her life work. Like all loyal Wheelock students, she paid a fine tribute to their able and beloved president, Miss Lucy Wheelock.

On March sixth June Rogers '37 gave a talk on Interior Decoration at a meeting of the American Home Committee of the Auburndale Women's Club. Mrs. Winslow and Miss Wright, who heard her, report a very interesting and well presented talk.

In response to a word of inquiry from our Lasell alumnae office secretary concerning Helen Walker Marshall '16-'17, her mother replied: "Helen passed away six years ago. She was ill for two years but always a patient and happy invalid. Her little son is now thirteen years old."

Angelita Santiago Gebelein '33, we are glad we or rather *he*, Mr. Gebelein, persuaded you to settle in Massachusetts, U. S. A. The sight of your radiant face is a never failing testimony to the fact that your decision was a happy one.

Margaret Williams Titus '11-'12, her daughter Jane and a friend, Miss Contance Schaefer, called April 15th. They were on their way to Northampton as Jane was having her vacation from high school. We simply had a moment's meeting in the hall but did have opportunity to ask Margaret if she still "kept up her music". She was one of our out-

standing and most gifted singers. Her present address is 90 Grand Blvd., Binghamton, New York.

Mrs. Levi S. Chapman (Maudie Stone '88), your written word we appreciate, but the next time please accompany your dear message in person. We are not easily satisfied.

The next word is from one of our dear twin sisters, Sarah Hopkins '19. She is planning to join her classmates at Lasell in June for their 20th reunion. Good news, Sarah. My message to your classmates is: Come one, come all. No excuse for absence will be accepted by your Alma Mater on June 10th.

AN INVITATION

Irene Gaban extends a most cordial invitation to her classmates of 1938 to an afternoon tea which will be served at her home, 139 Fairview Avenue, Belmont, Mass., June 11th, from two thirty to four-thirty.

Mary Bradley's ('36) latest letter to our Registrar, Miss Grace Irwin, was written, unconsciously no doubt, on the *Personals* Editor's birthday. This seemed excuse enough to that omniverous good news collector to claim the privilege without Mary's permission of broadcasting a bit from her most friendly letter. She writes from her new home in West Haven, Conn.: "First of all, the most important item to me is that I am now secretary for an architect. The work is interesting and I am learning something new every day. There is also a structural engineer in the office to whom I serve occasionally. It is very different from the insurance business where you do practically the same thing daily; here my program is varied and I have even come to like my old foe, short-hand.

"We are now in our new home, about five miles from town. We love the country and the fun of living in a new house. Perhaps later you will again be coming to New Haven for a Lasell Club luncheon and then we will be happy to entertain you. I hope soon to visit the college—it has been nearly two years since my last visit, and I know a great many changes

have taken place since June 1936. I often see Janice Shutter Grant '36 and correspond with several other classmates. I hear quite a bit of news about Lasell from Carolyn, Janice's sister, who is a senior at the college. Do enjoy our Lasell Club meetings very much. We try to have a project for each meeting. We have two social events during the year—the Christmas tea, which is really for the new Connecticut Lasell girls, and the spring luncheon. Please give my regards to everyone at the college and I shall hope to see you soon. M.B."

Word has come to us of the passing away of Mr. Fred M. Colton, father of our Carolyn Colton Avery '23; also later of the death of Mrs. Harry H. Hunt, mother of Barbara Hunt '32. Lasell's tender sympathy is extended to the members of these bereaved families.

Ruth Meighan '38, Alice Seidler '38 and Elda Yaple '38 returned to Lasell for our spring play and incidentally to the delight of their many friends still enrolled at the college. That same weekend several other Alumnae registered at the college: Jean Randall '38, Barbara Clarkson '35-'37, Jean Morgan '36-'38, Deborah Sweet '37, now enrolled at the Rhode Island School of Design; Eleanor Kenney '37, and her sister Elizabeth Kenney Cutler '36. We were happy to welcome also Dorothy Friend '35 when she was the house guest of Dorothy Ell '36, Lorraine Lombard '31, as radiant as ever, followed soon after as the guest of her classmate, Karin Eliasson. Lorraine had just successfully presented an operetta in which over 200 of her pupils took part. Continued success to this able little music supervisor.

The president of last year's senior class, Lois Wadhams, and her sister Faye, president of the Student Council in 1937-38, were lately among Lasell's callers. Those who had the privilege of meeting these Alumnae have submitted, as we expected, a good report.

Two very proud Alumnae, Jane Eldredge '37 and Priscilla Parmenter '37 brought to us a lovely photograph of their namesake, wee Priscilla Jane Eldredge. Both girls looked especially well and happy and we readily be-

lieved "Tilly" when she declared she was fully recovered from her recent automobile accident. Jane was enjoying a short holiday from her secretarial duties in New York City.

Caroline Lindsay Haney '20, your messages are as bracing as your doctor-husband's wise prescriptions. There are few "Old Girls" with as busy a home program as you have, and yet are successfully carrying on larger interests. This our Lasell former nurse is president of the Motion Picture Council of Portland, Maine. She had recently as a guest speaker, Mrs. J. Francis Flagg of Newtonville, sister of Frances Buchanan Thomson '22. Mrs. Flagg is a gifted author as well as lecturer and a good friend and neighbor of Lasell's. The night before Caroline's letter was written a group of Alumnae from the Portland Lasell Club dined at the Hotel Columbia. Among those present were: Gertrude Hooper '32, Lorraine Lombard '31, Ruth Peterson Eaton '30-'31, Mildred Knight Norwood '21, Patricia Goodwin '38, Martha Welch '38 and Caroline Lindsay Haney '20. The group is now planning a midsummer meeting at Lorraine Lombard's Lobster Pound, Old Orchard Beach. And that plan sounds most attractive. Caroline closes with greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Irwin, Miss Wright, and adds: "How grand that Miss Rand is again at Lasell."

This issue of the LASELL LEAVES was just being sent to the printer when word was received that Miss Jennie Farwell, former faculty member, had passed away. The local press adds: "Although 102 years of age, Miss Farwell wrote, read and received guests every day, and her cheerful laugh was a familiar sound in the corridors of the Somerville Home for the Aged."

The New Haven Lasell Club

On Saturday, March 25th, we had our very delightful spring luncheon at the New Haven Country Club. Miss Marion Roberts '29 was the guest speaker—and a grand one too. After the luncheon we spent a pleasant hour learning of the activities at the college and easily imagined ourselves back there again. Those pres-

ent were: Eunice Andrews '30-'32, Harriet Garlick Beard '36-'37, Mary Bradley '36, Katherine Peck Dietler '35, Leota Fulton '19-'20, Janet McCartney '30-'31, Mildred Munson '32, Charlotte Ockert '33, Miriam Nye '38, Phyllis Merrill Park '08-'09, Edith Thorpe Van Dine '27, Louise Visel '37, Helen Williams '37, E. Maude Williams '29 and Virginia Wilhelm '38.

We are looking forward to our next meeting, in the later part of May, when we hope to have a picnic at Cornelia Hemingway Killam's '22. Love to all our friends at Lasell.

Sincerely,
Louise Visel, '37, Secretary

The Southern California Lasell Club

Dear Miss Potter:

It was so wonderful visiting at Lasell again—seeing some of my old friends and teachers—and you!

On May 2, 1939 the thirtieth annual meeting of the Southern California Lasell Club was held at Haskell's Whitehouse Cafe in Los Angeles, with thirty-two members present.

The table was decorated for May Day and little blue baskets of flowers were at each place. We sang Grace before luncheon and between courses recalled "In Moonlight Reposing", "We're Loyal to you, Lasell", and "L-A-S-E-double L, Lasell." At the close of the meeting we sang the Alma Mater with our arms around each other in the manner we had all learned to sing it in our day.

Georgia Parrish Campbell '26, president, called the meeting to order and said how glad she was that so many were present; that each year at the annual luncheons she was getting better acquainted with the Alumnae group. The minutes of the past meeting were read and approved. The president then asked both Mrs. Bertha Gray Richards '87-'88 and Mrs. Maudie Stone Chapman '88 to stand as they represented the oldest class present. Renee Smith Feinstein '29-'31 was the youngest member present.

Each member was called upon to give her name and any interesting items she might have.

Secretary Mary Morgan Yarnell '31 was called on first and she told of her March visit at the college. She read letters from Dr. Winslow, Miss Potter and several paragraphs from a personal letter received from Lillian Bethel '28, and brought news from Edith Simonds Bennett '04-'05.

It was interesting to hear the little anecdotes that the different members told—even to the number of grandchildren. Miss Bessie Lum '01 told of meeting a prospective Lasell girl at the station in Boston on her way to college and when she arrived at school, discovered this same girl—Florence Plum Harmon '01—was to be her roommate. Mrs. Maudie Stone Chapman '88 lives across the street from Dr. Bragdon's Pasadena home.

The Club officers for 1940 are President, Eva-May Mortimer Riffe '25; Vice-president, Florence Gifford Fleming '23; and Secretary-Treasurer, Anna Hendee Sheehan '24.

Those present were: Ellen Chase Wood '02, Winifred Conlin Clarke '92-'95, Bertha Gray Richards '87-'88, Maudie Stone Chapman '88, Elizabeth Lum '01, Lela Goodall Thornburg '08, Florence Gifford Fleming '23, Sarah P. Wild '19-'20, Louise Wadleigh Bedall '02-'03, Marriott Degan Mac Donald, '06-'08, Mildred Melgaard Rees '22, Renee Smith Feinstein '29-'31, Winifred Whittlesey Barberey '12, Isabelle Bowers Church '00-'01, Kate Wheldon Plumb '02, Catherine Kendrick Cole '02, Iva Scott Bryant '01, Eva-May Mortimer Riffe '25, Marceline Kaiser '19-'20, Elsie Crowell Bennett '19-'20, Eunice Perkins Hill '19-'20, Cleora Brooks Clokey '01, A. Bess Campbell '00, Mary Hubbard Wood '20, Myrtle Hewson Parker '99, Georgia Parrish Campbell '26, Berenice Reagan '97, Florence Wilber Heckler '98-'00, Anna Hendee Sheehan '24, Helen Ebersole Swartzel '01-'02, and Mary Morgan Yarnell '31.

It was a pleasure to see Renee Smith Feinstein again. She seems just the same and says she "is growing up". My husband and I are having dinner at her home this week. Renee and her husband live in San Bernardino, about

sixty miles away. People seem to think little of distances out in California—it certainly is a wonderful country, and a privilege to live here and enjoy all it has to offer.

We had a splendid motor trip through the East—were gone four months and traveled over 12,000 miles from California to Chicago; then to Palm Beach and north to Boston with many stops in between. Traveling is great fun and our little two-year old daughter seemed to enjoy it as much as we did. The moving picture which my husband took of you turned out fine, and I will have a living picture of you always.

And now, I think it quite fitting to wish you—the Mother of so many "White Doves"—the best of wishes on Mother's Day.

Lovingly,

Mary Morgan Yarnell, '31

Life Members of Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

May 1, 1939

1854	Rose Heywood Brown*
1857	Fannie Sykes Davis*
1861	Caroline Hills Leeds*
1863	Ida Capron Cook*
1869	Catherine Ames Ide*
1870	Ellen Clark Gill
1873	Ella Richardson Cushing*
1871-'75	Ellen Nelson Stevens*
1874-'77	Florence E. Tower
1878	Alice Dunsmore Van Harlinger*
	Alice Linscott Hall*
1880	Annie Kendig Peirce
	Lillie R. Potter
	Amelia B. Watson
1882	Carrie Wallace Hussey
1883	Lillian M. Packard*
	Lydia F. Wadhams
	Annie Wallace
1882-'83	Sarah Buck Proctor
1884	Nellie Kidder Cutter
	Ida Sibley Webber*
1880-'87	Mabel T. Eager
1888	Bertha A. Simpson*
1892	Mary P. Witherbee
1894	Mabel Case Viot
	Jennie M. Rich
	Harriett G. Scott
	Rebecca C. Shepherd*
1895	Alice Andreesen Dietz
	Harriet L. Freebey

	Elizabeth Stephenson Morgan*		Helen M. Saunders
1896	Annie J. Hackett		Jessie Shepherd Brennan
1897	Edith Howe Kip		Mildred Strain Nutter
1898	Helen Abbott Bucknam	1918	Lydia A. Adams
	Emma Aull Duncan		Dorothy Barnes Paine
1899	Evelyn Ebert Allen	1914-'18	Katherine Moss Shriner
	Alice Jenckes Wilson	1916-'18	Ruth Cody Ball
	Alice R. Kendall	1919	Mary Hopkins
1900	Blanche Gardner Peeler		Sarah Hopkins
	Elsie B. Reynolds		Mercie V. Nichols
1901	Bessie M. Lum	1920	Anna Crane Sherwood
1902	Bessie Fuller Perry		Doris Crawford Clovis
	Annie Pinkham Allyn		Isabel M. Fish
1900-'02	Mabel Shields Woods		Marjorie V. Hussey*
1904	Jennie Hamilton Eliason		Katherine Rice Brook
	Katherine Jenckes Knox	1921	Gladys V. Lucas
1905	Ida Jones Hayden*		Ruth Rawlings Mott
	Edna Rogers Carlisle		Julia Russell Roberston
	Laura Weaver Buxton		Ruth Smith Coates
1904-'05	Mabel Martin Parker	1919-'21	Helen Jacobs
1906	Edith Anthony Carlow	1922	Iverna Birdsall Lutze
	Anna G. Blackstock		Marion Brown Weber
	Helen Carter Marcy		Harriette Case Bidwell
	Mildred Peirce Fuller		Sarah F. Crane
	Irene Sauter Sanford		Cornelia Hemingway Killam
	Maude Simes Harding		Josephine Holbrook Metzger
	Dorothea Turner Moulton		Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker
	Elsie Young Hayden		Mabel E. Rawlings
1907	Fern Dixon Leahy		Jean Woodward Nelson
1908	Lela Goodall Thornburg	1923	Ethel Cole Charters
	Grace T. Griswold		Ruth Hills Livermore
	Louise Morrell Nestler		Ruth Hopkins Spooner
	Anna Smith Floyd*		Adrienne E. Smith
1909	Annie Crowe Collum	1924	Avis D. Ballou
1910	Lucy Aldrich Berston		Edith Clendenin Stahl
	Julia Crafts Sheridan		Helen B. Perry
	Julia DeWitt Read		Alice Wry Anthony
	Mildred Goodall Campbell	1925	Eva-May Mortimer Riffe
	Susan Stryker Brown		Elizabeth Nowell Croft
	Josephine Woodward Rand		Helen Wahlquist Wolcott
1908-'10	Grace Douglass Schindler	1926	Dorothy Hale Brown
1911	Margaret Jones Clemen		Sarah Mackay Robin
	Gladys Lawton Bullock*		Mary Witschief Wood
1912	Florence Jones Allen	1927	Alice L. Crawford
1913	Mildred Westervelt Warner		Madalyn Patten Hoberg
1914	Dorothy Canfield Cheseldine		Madeleine Robinhold Leinbach
	Ruth Davis Giller		Janette Smock Allen
	Ruth Thresher Jenks	1928	Margaret H. Behrens
1915	Susan E. Tiffany		Marjorie Blair Perkins
	Nell Woodward Collins		Mary D. Pryor
1916	Naomi Bradley Reed	1929	Marion Kingdon Farnum
	Ruth Griffin McDonald*		Alice Pratt Brown
	Laura Hale Gorton		Ruth E. Richards
	Helen Merrill Strohecker	1934	Virginia Leahy
1917	Florence Bell Merrill	1931-'34	Miriam Nichols
	Fannie Gates Frey		*Deceased

Pass

"Lay down your hands," the dealer called.
 "There seems to be no bid at all."
 At once four pairs of hands drew near,
 And four life stories spread out here.

The first, a mother's kindly hand,
 That could caress or reprimand.
 One hand ruled on a schoolroom floor;
 To teach new truths it did adore.

A business girl's firm molded palm
 Laid down the cards without a qualm.
 And last, a hand that knew no work,
 But a game of bridge would never shirk.

These are four varied feminine hands,
 Their like are seen throughout the land.
 They help to rule the world each day,
 For each has strength in its own way.

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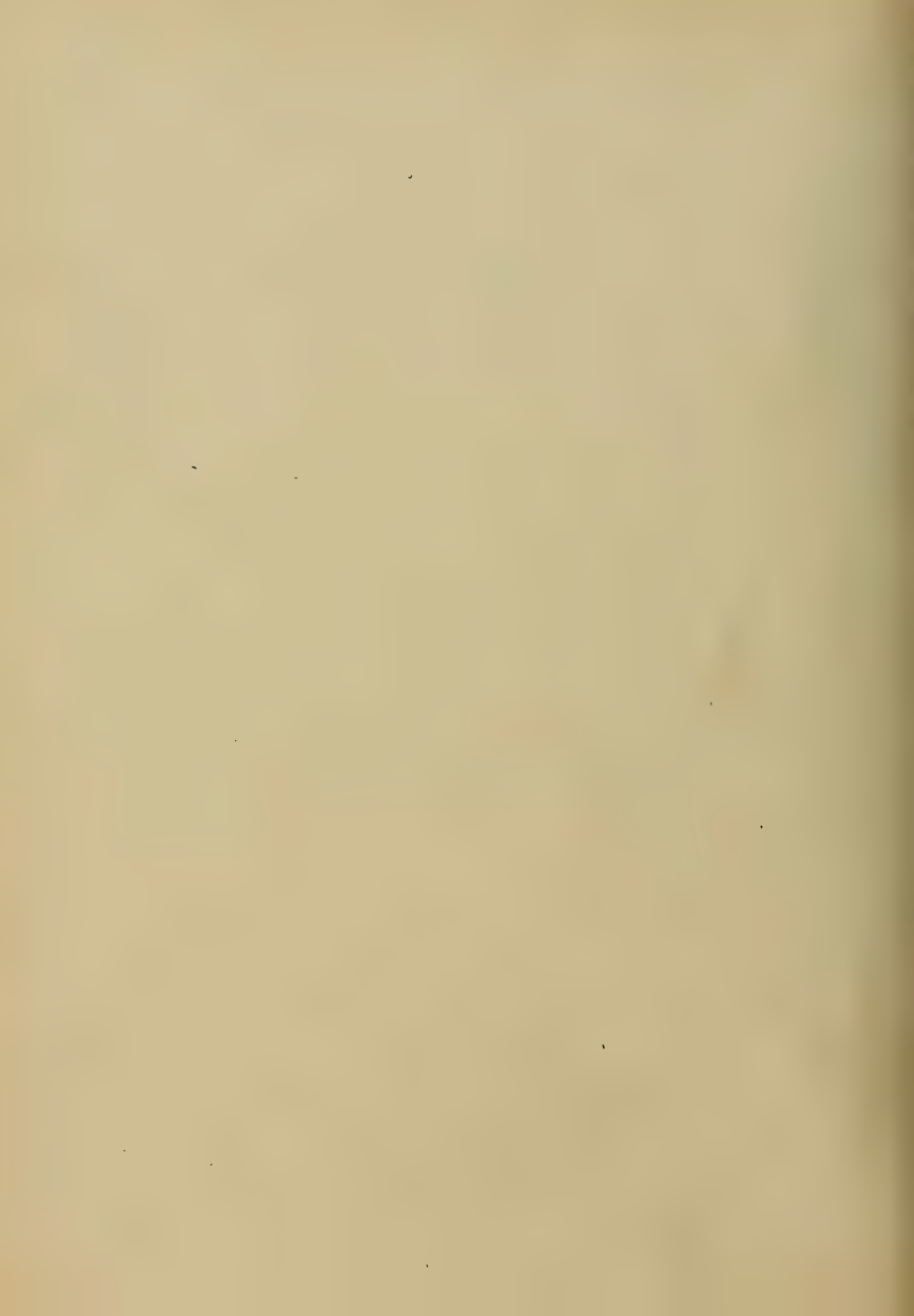
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LASELL LEAVES



AUGUST, 1939

Vol. 64, No. 4

FIRST

There are many classroom teachers suffering under the delusion that they cannot afford a *real book* but must work under the handicap of substitute material for text books such as typed notes, etc. If you have such a manuscript that you wish to have translated into book form we would be only too glad to furnish the necessary plans or estimates. *You may be agreeably surprised.*

SECOND

Ordinarily our contacts are slight with the many authors who appear among the pages of the various publications that we print. We have, however, printed several *books* during the past year for authors who had experienced what they believed was an unusually good treatment of their material in magazine form.



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LASELL LEAVES

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Baccalaureate

The Reverend Charles R. Brown, D.D. of Yale, gave the baccalaureate sermon for the Class of 1939 on June 11.

Dean Brown began his address with a description of a door as a place of interest through which one might find added experience. He then listed the four doors to life,—“Come, Take, Learn, Find,” and explained each one.

“Come” intimates a movement of the inner life toward a personal and intimate relationship with God. Supreme and everlasting things rest upon the human being. Religion, combining faith, hope, love, worship, and obedience, may be obtained through experiment and personal experience. Beauty, prayer, and rest may be found with the Lord. “Oh taste and see that the Lord is good;” for the Lord said, “Come to me.”

Through the second door of life, the soul of man and the spirit of Christ must meet the challenge of duty together; they must accept sorrow and disappointment together. A self-indulgent life is very dull. Christ must dwell in our lives to bring happiness. The Lord said, “Take my yoke upon you.”

In daily life the individual must learn to pray and live by praying and living. Life is not merely a magnificent play to be watched; it is to be lived to its fullest extent. Obedience is the organ of spiritual knowledge. So “Learn of the Lord by doing,” and another door of life will be open to you.

New discoveries are being made every day. The children of God are continually building with him what they know not. They are renewing powers, physical, mental, and spiritual. They are finding consecration and self-mastery, not by running away as cowards, but by living life and finding rest with God. “Ye shall find rest, for the yoke of the Lord is kindly.”

Dean Brown closed his talk with the assurance that if mankind will find these four doors to life and regard them with respect, a richer and happier life will be the result.

Nancy Brown

Commencement

The commencement address for the Class of 1939 was delivered on June 12 by Mildred H. McAfee, LL.D., President of Wellesley College. Her theme was “The contribution of college women to a democratic society.”

Young women are very significant in helping to build our democratic society until it is a fine demonstration of a democracy. The college woman should do her share to stimulate a democratic form of government. Although she may not follow a political profession, she must not hide behind femininities and say that the doors of society are closed to her in a democratic society. She may contribute by voting and by being an intelligent citizen.

There is a profound difference between the philosophies of community life in a democratic state and a totalitarian state. In a democracy every individual counts, and is significant in himself. In a totalitarian state the individual is important only as he submits himself to the state and becomes a cog in the great wheel of affairs. Therefore, in a community, your attitude toward yourself as an individual and toward your fellow men is important. You must

know yourself and respect yourself as an individual with inevitable assets and limitations. You are you. At no stage have you reached your limits. Assets discovered in college can be increased in later life.

It is important to know not only yourself but other people. In college you have studied individuals through courses and college experience. You must learn to recognize people as they are significant within themselves. You must have a profound respect for the other person who is,—as are you—unique, and you must respect his significance, which is his to give and not yours to take.

To conclude, Miss McAfee expressed her hope for the future success of the graduating class and the society of which it is a part.

Nancy Brown

High Lights of the Year

September 14th dawned bright and clear. The old house on the hill fairly burst with excitement, for it was registration day at Lasell! Old girls met each other loudly, newcomers, like scared little children, stayed in the background. Already activity was taking place however. Seniors, proudly showing off their junior sisters, were on the tennis courts, on the golf course, or in the barn smoking and making new acquaintances.

But no, this life just couldn't last. Classes began, they always do eventually at college, and hockey and soccer teams were formed. Norma Jacobus, Louisa Clark, and Norris Beakes were hailed as the leaders on the field. Life was flowing all too serenely by. The hurricane introduced fear into our hearts when Betty Jensen and Jackie Bailey were hit by a falling tree. Our traditional Crow's Nest and many of our beautiful trees were now nothing but timber for the neighborhood.

But life marched on. Classes continued as usual but studying slackened, due merely to the lack of any electrical appliances that do aid in our modern life. Classes were bound more firmly by elections. Meredith Prue, Ruth Shepard, Barbara Rose, Jean Burns, Shirley

Shields, and Madeline Edie leading the seniors, and Priscilla Sleeper, Nancy Drew, Barbara Shanley, Scotty MacNeish, Becky English, and Mary Mathews heading the juniors.

Just as things were really in full swing, Thanksgiving vacation entered many a welcome heart. The students returned in time to attend the all-college prom, a few exams, and then hit the trail for their respective homes for the Christmas holidays.

Snow enveloped our campus during vacation. On our return the ski slope saw new color. Flashing ski suits, flying skis, and sprawling bodies all added to the fun. The White Mountain trip formulated four days of fun, sports, and friendships.

Exams, classes, work, more exams, and so the days rolled by, interrupted by the gala senior prom, the joyous junior prom, and the dramatic hit, "Cradle Song", in which Barbara Albrecht, Mary Mathews, and the entire cast, to say nothing of Rammy and the off-stage workers, gave to Lasell a most inspiring play.

Sniffing noses, chapped lips, rising temperatures, and headaches put many a girl into the closed doors of the infirmary. Spring vacation saved us all from disaster for the change in climate and routine did wonders for us all.

New York, the city of cities. Here groups of Lasell girls met at the Hotel Taft for a grand luncheon before our Bermudians headed for the sea. Lambie was thrilled to tears when the orchestra played "Aloha" for her.

Spring in all its glory. Open cars, crew, baseball, rehearsals for the Workshop Play, Lasell night at the Pops, installation of new government officers, class night, graduation, and so another year came to a close. A year that was so full and rich that years nor change could ever mar the wonderful memories we have of her. Sobbing seniors, pale-faced juniors, wondering faculty members, and proud parents climaxed that year with a strong firm hold and so, as life takes us to many corners of the world, we can only say, "May God speed you on your way."

Meredith Prue



PRIZES and CERTIFICATES

June 1939

Winning Crew—The Junior STRIPES Crew won. Members of this crew receive an "L".

Junior STRIPES Crew—Nancy Drew, Captain. Mary Ann Dewey, Margaret Gibb, Priscilla Clark, Mary Ann Gullett, Ruth Moxon, Betty Birkland, Mary Bradshaw, Barbara Wilband.

Tennis—Priscilla Sleeper, winner of the Tennis Tournament, receives an individual trophy from the Athletic Association. Her name is engraved on a cup that remains at the school.

Golf—The winner of the Golf Tournament, Nancy Bailey, receives an individual trophy given by the Golf Club. Her name is also engraved on the school cup.

Archery—The winner of the Archery Tournament is Barbara Waters.

The Athletic Shield—Won by the WHITE team. Presented to Betty Jensen, leader of the Whites.

Special Awards to Outstanding Athletes—A small gold shield is awarded to:

Louisa Clark: Won L in Hockey, Soccer and Basketball. Norma Jacobus: Won L in Hockey, Soccer, Basketball, Crew and Archery, Louise Johnson: Won L in Soccer, Baseball and Crew. Norris Beakes: Won L in Hockey, Soccer and Swimming. Priscilla Sleeper: Won L in Hockey, Soccer, Basketball, Tennis and Golf. Nancy Bailey: Won L in Hockey, Soccer, Basketball and Tennis.

President of Athletic Association for next year—Priscilla Sleeper. Head of Whites for next year—Priscilla Sleeper. Head of Blues for next year—Nancy Bailey.

SECRETARIAL COURSE

Typewriting—Emily Jean Burns, Mary Caley, Helen Agatha Clement, Miriam Gertrude Cross, Mary Christine Curtin, Marjorie Madison Dow, Dorothy Sears Farnum, Mary Alice Houghton, Jane Roberta Leckie, Florence Hope MacDonald, Agnes Mary Neu, Jessie Elizabeth Page, Geraldine Priscilla Pluff, Mary-Carolyn Porter, Barbara Louise Small, Shirley Elizabeth Stevens, Betty Patricia Wallace, Ruth Anna Weymouth, Helen Kinau Wight.

Accounting—Louise Allen Johnson, Ruth Allison Starr.

Shorthand—Barbara Wells, Marguerite Wesson.

Typewriting and Accounting—Evelyn Marjorie MacLeod, Aimee Claire Perras, Elaine Clara Thompson.

Shorthand and Typewriting—Grace Arline Austin, Susan Jacquelin Cunningham, Mary Catherine O'Connor, Ellen Louise Stoll.

Shorthand, Typewriting and Accounting—Jean Aller Aljoe.

Secretarial—Jeanne Katherine Daniels.

HOME ECONOMICS COURSE

Clothing Major—Mary Eleanor Brett.

Foods Major—Elizabeth Jensen, Jean Reed Michael, Marjorie Aldrich Woodrough.

Clothing and Foods Majors—Dorothy Earle Corliss.

DRAMATICS COURSE

Sarajenny Annis.

ART COURSE

Constance Ackerman, Shirley Raymond.

ACADEMIC MUSIC COURSE

Piano Major—Rachel Virginia Reed.

MERCHANDISING COURSE

Doris Rosemary Benecchi, Romena Georgia Bowden, Ruth Ellen Bull, Helen Marian Forsberg, Doris Harriet Huntington, Norma Ethel Jacobus, Georgia Elvina Pierce, Barbara Emma Rose, Margaret Scott Schneider, Margaret Gladys Smith.

JOURNALISM PRIZE

There has been one girl, in the seven years since the *Lasell News* was founded, who has been able to handle the student share of the business management without supervision: Marjorie Lind. This year so many girls have given noteworthy service to the LEAVES and *News* that it is impossible to single out a few for Honorable Mention.

BUDGET PRIZE

Awarded to the student who has kept the best budget for the year.

Awarded to: Sybil Hartley.

SEWING PRIZES

Honorable Mention: Jane Robinson. For one year's work: Jeanetta Annis.

Awarded to: 1st—Mary Eleanor Brett. 2nd—Shirley Shields.

FOODS PRIZES

Honorable Mention: Jean Reed Michael.

Awarded to: 1st—Marjorie Woodrough. 2nd—Dorothy Earle Corliss.

LASELL COATS

"One girl out of a hundred." The "all-round" Lasell girl with a high standard of character and possessing in high degree the qualities named below is awarded a Lasell Coat. Scholarship, loyalty, cheerfulness, consideration of others, sportsmanship, and leadership. Three jackets are awarded each year.

Awarded to: Margaret Schneider (Pres. Exec. Council), Louisa Clark, Norma Jacobus.

SCHOLARSHIP PRIZES

Honorable Mention: Mary O'Connor, Marjorie Lind.

Awarded to: 1st—Mary Jean Schultz. 2nd—Jane Roberta Leckie.

And Always Have Fun

An ember stirred, and fell with a well-mannered crunch upon the hearth. Sally lifted one eyelid slowly, and gazed reflectively at the fire. It was a good fire. It burned with a cheery little blaze, behaved itself beautifully, and was thoroughly annoying. She passed a hand wearily over her hair, and let it fall on the back of the couch. Even when she closed her eyes, she could see the sleek black fireplace, the polite fire and all that went with it. It was a beautiful room, she had to admit; as stylized and modern as they came. Not a thing out of place,—not even Bill.

She opened her eyes again and looked at him. He fitted in. He looked sleek like the fireplace, and as if he too had a well-ordered fire inside of him. He sat in the big chair, slightly slumped, frowning a bit at what he was reading. His hair and heavy brows looked dark against his city pallor. She remembered him,—his head flung back, laughing in the sunlight. They hadn't laughed much lately. Either too busy or too tired. Days were hectic, Bill trying to work on the new book, she rushing from one luncheon and tea to another. The evenings spent out, always out. They were an expensive couple, living high, in the expensive city of New York. It would be different if they were having fun, but they weren't, at least she wasn't. She couldn't tell about Bill—things were a little hazy.

Taking her eyes off him, Sally closed them again and laid her head back. Even sitting quietly, she looked poised for flight. Someone had once said about her that she always seemed to be running in a high wind. It was true. You thought of clear blue water ruffled darkly by the wind when Sally gazed at you. She was not very big, in fact, rather little, but she gave the impression of being intensely alive. Moods came and went in her like summer rain.

Now, sitting there, her thoughts slid back. She and Bill had been married for two years. Before that they had loved each other for five, and been intensely conscious of each other

ever since grammar school. Theirs was a childhood romance, of the kind which made all the old folk shake their heads and say portentously, "It won't last." But it had, and they'd made the grade. What grade? Money, friends, beautiful apartment, yes. But what had happened to their motto—"Love, create, and always have fun"?

Starting way back with the night in the rumble seat, riding home from a movie in the thin November air, when she had asked him what he was thinking and he had gulped and said "I love you," they had always had fun. Through that last year of high school, and four years of college, they had loved and created, and followed their motto. Theirs was not the conventional type of fun. It consisted often of two axes, a beautiful day, and the New Hampshire hills. She had really become proficient with an axe. Bill had said she had a good swing. When not in the woods, they could be found lying in a great yellow field watching the clouds chase the sun. Or standing, close together on top of a hill and laughing into the wind. Week-ends in New Hampshire or in Boston had been equally wonderful. The summers—long, lazy, slow summers with her boat and Bill's job on the town newspaper. And through it all, Bill's brown eyes smiling at her, his strong hands holding her, his voice husky with feeling.

Of course, there had been others—a Harvard boy, and a nurse at Bill's college. They had almost broken over that. There had been a drive to Gloucester and a long talk with the sea breaking over the rocks, and finally the realization that together they made harmony, and apart they made discord.

Another polite pop in the fire made Sally jump and her thoughts jerk back. Bill hadn't moved. Suddenly, "Happy, Bill?"

"Sure," he didn't look up, just smiled faintly.

"Oh." Sally shrugged, and resumed her thinking.

What then? Then in a rush had come graduation, and on top of that, their marriage.

Parents had scrambled about frantically, friends had given sage advice. But Bill and Sally had just smiled and got married.

On wedding presents of money from both families, they had climbed aboard a tramp steamer and for one mad screwy year had done Europe with duffle bags and two bicycles. Bill had written a travel book and she had painted. She had been so confident, so proud of him, that the success of the book and the overwhelming returns had seemed only natural. So that brought them up to the present, with a year of New York to become stuffy in. We're in a rut, Sally decided, and I don't like us. So what's to be done?

There was a purposeful gleam in her green eyes as she got up. But her expression held nothing as she slid to the floor beside Bill's feet and rested her head against his knees.

"Darling, do you love me?" she asked, looking up at him.

"Uh, huh," an affectionate absent-minded pat landed on her ear.

"Bill! Pay a little attention to your wife," Sally demanded, pinching him wickedly in the ankle.

"Ouch! Looks as if I'm forced to." Bill laid his book carelessly on the floor. "What's up, wench?"

"What do you think of us?" Better get to the point quickly, Bill would never put up with her beating around the bush.

"Why," Bill held her off, turning her head from one side to the other. "I think we belong to that 'charming couple' class. You know, the witty husband and gracious wife who give the swellest parties in town."

"That's what I thought," Sally's eyes dropped.

"Now that we've categorized ourselves satisfactorily, run along, will you, sweet? I've got myself wrapped up in a book."

"Listen, Bill," Sally's voice was quiet. "Do you remember those two we met and laughed at during one of Kay's cocktail brawls? The pompous fellow with the peacock wife who made such fools of themselves? Well, that's

us,—a few years from now. We're on our way to join them."

"What are you driving at?"

"Us, Bill. How long has it been since we've caught our breath at the beauty of a gull, listened to our 'Romeo and Juliet' love music, held hands in a 25-cent concert? A whole year. One year of parties and routines. One year of growing apart. Don't you see what it's done? This is the first night we've been alone in two months. Oh, Bill. . . ." she stopped, and stared at the fire, not seeing it, her heart thudding in the stillness.

Then her breath stopped. She felt two arms come around her and pull her up close. She clung to him desperately. This was her Bill, the Bill who loved her and understood.

They sat holding each other silently for a long time. The fire had dropped. It burned now in a sultry smouldering blaze.

"What do you say to going house-hunting in the country next Sunday?" Bill's husky voice sounded strange in the quiet.

She just held him tighter.

"And darling, let's find a big rustic fireplace," Bill said wistfully, "and build roaring fires in it."

Shirley Raymond

"Phantasy" of the Sea

The sun had long since gone down, and the dark shadows which draped its exit like a great curtain were growing darker. Heavy clouds, sagged close to the water, forming thick mists which rose up from the shore. The sky and bay were so closely blended together that neither was distinguishable. A splash, too loud to be caused by a diving seagull, broke the quietness; then another followed, and another. Suddenly a tangle of voices rose sharply out of the night. Evidently in argument, they reached an angry pitch. Then a terse command cut through the squabble like a knife, and it ceased abruptly.

"Chuck it and get those sails down. It's hard enough to keep this boat from going aground without you running us in the wind. She's

heading right for shore. Hand me that flashlight, Freddie, and make it quick."

The voice, frightened, yet unruffled, came from the stern. Its owner held a long oar suspended over the side of the small skiff, and he aimed it straight down in the water. "Not even six feet deep," he said. "Hey, Freddie, where's that flashlight?"

A muffled reply came from inside the tiny cabin. "Got it, Bill." And as if his statement called for proof, he shined it full in Bill's face. The light revealed the sturdy youth's set countenance, his brow drawn in deep anxiety. Feeling the younger boy's eyes studying his face, Bill smiled.

"You know," he began, with an attempt at bravery, "I think this is fun. Being lost out in the bay, I mean. Only we're pretty near land now. Why, for all we know, it might be a deserted island. Remember how we used to play,—say, what's the matter with you, Charlie? Not scared, are you?" As he spoke he again dipped his oar into the water, straining hard to push the boat forward.

Charles was kneeling in the bow, tying the loose sail with a rope to prevent it from flapping. He was a strong lad for his age, but small and slender. The sun had bleached his tousled head to a frosty white, in contrast to his darkly sun-tanned face. Courage was not lacking in his make-up, but caution urged him to speak.

"Listen, Bill, you know I'm not afraid, but that land looks mighty black. I've heard . . ." A brilliant zigzag of lightning killed the words on his lips. He leaped up, causing the skiff to careen dangerously as he stumbled towards the cabin.

"Hey," called Bill, "keep still. Nothing's going to hurt you. Say, how old were you on your last birthday, three or four?"

Shamefully rebuked, Charles made his way back to his place.

"Aw, quit teasing. You know I was twelve, just three years younger than you. And I'm at least two months older than Freddie."

"You are not, either."

"I am, too."

"All right, prove it."

"Quiet, you two!" Again the oldest lad's voice brought a verbal clash to an end. Their attention had thus been diverted from the approaching storm. When Bill flashed a light in the direction of the shore, the beam picked out a few scattering raindrops sliding down the dense screen, but no sign of land penetrated the veils of mist that hung between them. He held his breath. The boat was beginning to scrape bottom. The tide was falling fast. Then another thought came to him, and it sent a shudder of horror through his whole being.

A little too strained to deceive the younger boys, the question he asked so indifferently caused Freddie's ruddy complexion to whiten, and the chunky lad instinctively groped through the darkness and found a place in the bow beside Charles.

"What did you start to say about what you've heard, Charlie? I mean, about some land around here."

"Well," Charles answered slowly, "Pike's Point must be near here." He thought for a moment. Then, peering through the darkness, he spoke again. "Golly, it's creepy. Let's see. We must've come about a mile up Mobjack Bay. Cap'n Sterling said the 'Phantasy' wrecked on Pike's Point. It's a haunted island. Nobody lives on it."

"There aren't any ghosts," Freddie cut in stoutly, but his voice wavered anxiously. "Anyhow, I'm not afraid of—"

"There're other things to be afraid of besides ghosts," interrupted Bill, discovering a new problem, "and right now it's this boat. We're stuck."

Angered by Freddie's light dismissal of his introduction to the fate of the "Phantasy," Charles did not hear Bill's announcement. He continued his tale teasingly, with exaggerated expressions of terror.

"Cap'n Sterling said the 'Phantasy' wrecked on Pike's Point. Her crew had deserted her just before she sailed into the bay,—that is, all except her captain. And," his whispered

story concluded with, "he was dead. But, his spirit still—uh—hovers around what remains of the ghost ship,—right here on this very island!"

A low gasp escaped from Freddie's lips. Suddenly a flash of lightning revealed that land was, indeed, only a short distance away.

"Look," cried Charles, "it really is an island!"

"Sure thing," panted Bill who had been attempting vainly to stir the skiff from her stubborn position in the sand, "and we're heading right for it. This boat isn't a good place to be when an electrical storm like this one's playing around."

As he finished speaking he laid the burning flashlight carefully down, and stooped to roll up his trousers. Then he raised his head and followed the ray of light with eyes that no longer expressed confidence. The beam pierced the driving sheets of rain for a short distance, but seemed driven back by its fierceness. The boys' bare backs were streaming with water, and their grimy slacks slapped limply about their legs.

Bill thought of Captain Sterling and the old fisherman's warning. "Better not take a sailboat out in weather like this," he had admonished.

The muscular, heavy-set old seaman had once been a mate in a trading vessel before the responsibility of a family forced him to exchange an adventurous sort of life for a quiet existence as a fisherman. But because of his long silvery white hair, and the time-honored seaman's cap which he wore upon it, the well-known figure was respectfully addressed as "captain" by all, a title which intimated a higher rank than his had been.

He thrilled adventurous young boys with stories of his own experiences, and filled their imaginative minds with fantastic legends of the sea. Charles frequently made a worshipping audience. So he had come to know the tale of the "Phantasy" and its every whimsical detail for memory; and he half believed it. And now, in order to prove his courage and

superiority, he had relived as realistically as he could, the fate of the ship and her spectral captain. But in doing so his creative young head had been stuffed with unseen visions of *things*, and his boldness suddenly fled from him, leaving him terrified.

He heard the swish of Bill's feet in the shallow water as he waded around to the back of the boat to find the anchor. Lightning was flashing at short intervals, and Charles was able to follow Bill's actions. Without uttering a protest, he watched him lift the anchor and drop it over the side. The splash made him start.

It was difficult for him to control the quivers that crept maddeningly into his voice.

"Bill, you're not going to that island, are you? Bill, it's haunted. I swear it is. Cap'n Sterling said it is. He oughta know. Please, Bill. Let's stay here."

"No, this mast is a regular lightning rod. It might be struck any minute. It'll be a heap safer on the Point, even if it is haun—uh—not inhabited." At that tactless moment he stepped on a jagged shell, but his loud "ouch" didn't drown out Freddie's sudden yell.

"Oh, golly, look!"

Bill turned the flashlight on him, and followed his panic-stricken gaze.

"What is it? I don't see anything."

Freddie sucked in his breath and let out a second shriek.

"Over there, between those trees. It's a—a light. I thought you said nobody lived on this island, Charlie!"

Charles stood rooted to the bottom of the boat, his answer frozen on his lips. He could not give sound to the words that formed there. Then:

"I—I d-did. Nobody—alive. Cap'n Sterling said the cap'n of the 'Phan' . . ." His sentence faded away, but the full meaning of what he was about to say was written on his face.

Bill was thinking fast. He himself was unnerved. "But," he argued silently, "what would anyone be doing on Pike's Point a night like this? Yet, there must be someone. All this

stuff about ghosts is foolishness. Gosh, I am scared, though. We'll—ah—stay in the boat until the tide comes in," he half shouted; "it'll be safe."

At the utterance of the words the very heavens seemed to open to contradict his statement. A terrific bolt of lightning illuminated the entire sky, and was followed instantaneously by a crash which echoed like a violent explosion. The air was filled with flying splinters.

At the same time the boys were hurled to their hands and knees. The two in the boat lay stunned. Bill was thrown face downward in the chilly water, and the cold plunge revived him immediately. Not fully realizing the cause of his sudden upheaval, he picked himself up, and looked dazedly around.

When he saw the skeleton of the "Phantasy", her ancient form shattered, he knew that they must do one of two things. They could stay in the boat and wait. Or they could find shelter from the storm on Pike's Point. Bill decided without hesitation. "That captain may not be real," he said to himself, "but this lightning is. We're heading for that island!"

He clamored into the sailboat, and stepped on Freddie's still form. As if the younger boy's energy were just waiting to be set off, he jumped up.

"What happened? What was struck?" he demanded excitedly. "Whatever it was, it was sure close."

Bill was trying to arouse Charles. "Come on; get up, Charlie," he urged frantically, not knowing whether or not the boy was hurt. Mixed emotions of fear and fright had endowed him with a superior strength. But when he saw Charles pick himself up slowly, his body seemed to mutiny. He sat down limply.

"Whew," breathed Charles loudly, "that was some . . . say, look at that, Freddie! That old ship! It was struck. It's not so far away. Gosh, it could've been us!" He paused a second until the reality of his last statement burst upon him. "That's right. It might've been us! And it might still be. Let's get out of here."

With only a flashlight to defend themselves against the legendary inhabitant of Pike's Point, the three left their sailboat anchored just off shore, and splashed noisily towards land. Noise was reassuring. Even the steady swishing of the small waves as they broke, tumbling over each other, relieved the tenseness that the dark outline of trees filled them with. Again a faint glimmer of light found its way through the blackness. Freddie grabbed Bill's arm and clung to it. He gasped, but did not speak. Charles fell slightly behind. All three struggled for nerve, and plodded determinedly on.

Only when they reached the edge, where the narrow beach rose suddenly up into dense vegetation did they stop. Bill spoke first, his voice scarcely above a whisper.

"I guess we'll be safe enough here," he said. "No use going any further."

Charles laughed loudly. "Say, this is fun." His tone belied his meaning. "If there's a ghost around here, let's call him." He got up boldly, and, cupping his hands to his mouth, yelled. Then he waited for results. A sharp crunch sounded. They looked at each other petrified. Something was coming slowly through the trees. Their eyes seemed to be held to an opening between thick bushes. The thing that emerged through it was a man.

"Cap'n Sterling," they yelled in chorus.

The tall, heavy-set figure strode over to where the three were still huddled together. "You sailors picked a fine time to come exploring. Discover anything?" He chuckled heartily.

"W-what're you doing here, Cap'n?" Charles managed at last.

"Me?" the old fisherman replied. "I should be asking the same of you. I came out to draw in my nets while the tide was still low, and this squall came up. So I pulled in here."

"Did you see what the lightning did to the 'Phantasy'?" Bill asked.

"You mean that sloop just off shore? That ain't the 'Phantasy'. That's my boat. What's the matter with her?"

The boys smiled.

Dorothy Carneal

Hymn of Happiness

Sun on his body, jam on his bread;
Prayers with his mother, her hand on his head;
Happiness for a child are these—
Tangible joys that delight and please.

Eyes filled with promise, provocative miss;
Star-spangled moment, swift stolen kiss;
This is the ecstasy common to youth—
Moments when heart knows beauty and truth.

Heart deep in peace, soul steeped in prayer;
Four walls of comfort, soft summer air;
Blessing of age, contentment is this—
Benediction of worldly bliss.

Carolyn McCarty

Sonnet for Anatole France

Defaming man to men I must avow
A sin iniquitous and cardinal.
Serenely scientists compare enow
To prove mankind a common animal.
"Both learn to tell the seed from chaff,
Must eat, must mate, must die by hallowed rule."
At this philosophers can only laugh.
Aghast the scientist brands each a fool—
His calculating keenness cramps his view.
Impersonally science loudly brays,
But passion, love and hate and fear taboo
And damn this theme in philosophic nays,—
"With pen none equal man's veracity,
Yet he created true mendacity."

Jean MacNeish

Euphemistic Disguise

I am not the person people think I am!

I was born and brought up in an average middle-western home and received the same training as my older sisters. Yet, I am not like them. My family possesses conventional ideas, and a seemingly puritanical air pervades my parents. They are good people and I don't condemn them for being so, but I do condemn the whole design for living that has made me what I am. I am of Indian descent, my great grandmother was a Sioux Indian, and I consider my whole character to be derived from the Indian deceit. This blood doesn't shame me though, for I am justly proud of it, in that it gives me an added interest in myself. Our family is not an affectionate one, in fact, very

little affection or interest is ever shown between us. We merely are kind and considerate strangers, and we find that this promotes better cooperation in the home. But I am the "black sheep", I rebel at each suggestion, and resent any advice or assistance from the members of my family. With my friends I find I am very much the same. I wouldn't go out of my way to assist a person not a friend of mine, but I resent having to help a friend do anything that I think she is perfectly able to manage herself. I am not friendless, quite the contrary, but my friends are like me, restless, domineering and aggressive.

My choice of companions have influenced my thoughts and actions. It is the old game of someone else getting away with a thing so we try it too, only I try it all the time. My parents sent me away to schools, camps and relatives to try to effect a cure for my "contrariness" as they term it, and I have loved all the attention fostered on me. In fact, I really believe I would be a sincere person now had I been left to struggle and think for myself. On entering high school I discovered I had a social standing to fulfill, I was pledged to the best sorority in town, and at once refused to recognize any girl who was not a "sister". I started to run with the sorority crowd, a fast one to be sure, dances, weekend parties, football games, country club gatherings and many more not quite so nice activities. I am proud that I deceived my parents on many of these occasions. They have never learned just what their daughter is really like.

I love these dangerous and rather naughty undertakings, I take a personal delight in having put something over on my family. Fast cars are my first love, and with no speed laws in our territory I thoroughly enjoy myself. Sailing, although contrary to my nature, holds a fascination for me, and with a good boat and a good wind I am content, for a while. Clothes are another one of my loves. Anything different, extraordinary and exciting, at once must be mine. I need great numbers of dresses and accessories for in my case I know that clothes

make the woman. Without something to cover me, I would at once be my revealing and deceitful self, people must never know what I really am. That is yours and my secret.

I dislike people, whole crowds of them pushing and milling. I often cross the street to avoid a crowd. It isn't inferiority, but a sense of distaste for pulsing masses of humanity. I have no use for boring types, and often as not I offend them by abruptly leaving or interrupting their simple or elongated sputterings. Affectionate women annoy me also. I have never seen any need for lavish attentions to be showered on one of the same sex, and I manage to steer completely away from women of that type. People in general do not appeal to me, but I am not entirely a person without friends.

As the general run of people, I have habits both good and bad. Swearing is one attribute that I cannot bear in a woman, hence I refrain from all heavy swearing excepting a few very mild but emphatic words. I do have one outstanding quality and that is promptness. Responsibility is another of my infallible traits and one that I am justly conscious of and proud to possess. I am a moderate victim of the tobacco habit, of which my family does not object, but does not recommend to a girl of my age. I am a catty person. I fully realize that I would just as soon talk about another girl as she would about me, and I don't mind confessing that all of my conversations are not complimentary to the person discussed. I am very weak to all temptations, and I realize that I cannot continue to exist in such an unorthodox way, but I do very little to overcome my weakness.

If I continue on the way I am now I will be striving towards no goal. My marriage, for there is to be one, will no doubt suffer through the character I give it. My children and their lives will surely be a reflection of my true self, and I will have very little to offer to the sanity and beauty of my home. I know that my friends will be few, but those I have will be firm. My husband will have an inherent love

for me but little respect for the aggressive and determined spirit I possess. Whether my family will be proud or ashamed of their daughter remains to be seen in the dim future that awaits me.

"What is this person?" you ask.

I am a modern day, deceitful, and adolescent snob!

Anonymous

What a Life!

"All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players.

They have their exits and their entrances,

And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages."

Thus Shakespeare describes human activity. Since I have been called upon to give an account of my life, I have suddenly realized that it is going to be an experience for me. I hope that I shall not seem "merely a player" on the world's stage.

I made my entrance in the year 1921. I was born in Tokyo, Japan, much to my later dismay. I say "dismay" because so many people have accused me of being Japanese, or at least, looking like one; so that at one time I nearly believed that someone might have changed bassinets with me. My father was in the diplomatic service; that is how I came to be born in Japan. While there, we lived in a Japanese house, and I had a Japanese nurse. Several times, my parents have told me, I was nearly killed; once when a raging typhoon blew our flimsy Japanese house down, and other times from serious illnesses.

We left Japan when I was nearly two, and went to Washington, D. C. Here my sister Louise was born. I must have been dreadfully jealous of this added attraction, for I have heard many stories about my unsisterly actions.

Daddy's next post was Antung, China (on the Korean border). I remember little about the place, except for our "Amah" who was so gentle, and who had bound feet. She taught us quite a bit of servant-class Chinese. I also remember the tennis court at the club, for some strange reason.

Antung was an unbearable place in which to live and still is. I recall a few faces there—the French Catholic fathers, and a German man. As there were few foreigners for my father to associate with, he used to go hunting a great deal and take me with him. He taught me to love the open fields, the thrill of waiting for ducks or geese, and the quiet of Nature.

Three years later we were sent to Mukden, Manchuria. We were there in the winter, and at one time it was thirty below zero. Our house had no heat, and the roof leaked badly. There was a dirt road over which I was hesitant to travel because of the fierce "wild dogs," but I soon got over it. My little sister, Ruth, was born in Mukden on a cold, black night in December. Louise and I were inclined to ignore her because we had wanted a little brother so badly. I used to dream of adopting a little boy, or even transforming myself into one.

After a year, we went to Dairen, Manchuria, which is one of Japan's biggest ports in China. We lived in a flat over the National City Bank; above us were two families, one Scotch, the other English. My best friend was an English girl, but this fact does not seem to have made me like the English. My aversion may have started with the arguments that Muriel and I had over the rules of hopscotch. I had introduced the game to her; yet she thought she knew all about it—just like the English! It was in Dairen that I first tried to dance, and I loved it. The younger generation took ballet and folk dancing from a White Russian named Alexieff. I was his star pupil and was so proud of myself.

As I look back upon my early life, I realize that I knew more Japanese than Chinese children, and therefore my present dislike for the Japanese had no early foundation. Louise and I used to be sent away to play in a park behind the club, and there we met some charming Japanese girls. I did not like the boys because they were constantly dashing around with swords, singing war songs and making themselves obnoxious.

My first fear of the sea came when, one

evening, our Japanese girl friends asked us to go to the Sea Festival with them. They took small boxes of food along, which were to keep alive the spirits of those who had perished at sea. We marched down beside a wagon-load of food, and then watched it drift out to sea, while the sad relatives sang a mournful dirge on the shore. The sun was setting and the sea seemed too calm and big. I was impressed, but feared the unknown.

In 1930 we came back to America. I didn't like it at first because no one could understand me; I didn't like street cars, and I was afraid of telephones. We were destined to stay five years here, for my mother had a nervous breakdown and my father went to Montreal, Canada.

We were lucky to stay in the United States during that period of our lives because we received a good American background.

My grandmother died a few years later, and her death influenced both Louise and me for a long time afterwards. Death had always awed me, but now, especially, because I saw some one that I knew, stretched in a beautiful casket and looking so still.

My mother came back from the hospital. We were glad, because she made life cheerful, and not something to be feared.

She started our friends in a little dramatic group, and we presented quite a few plays. Acting has been one of my main ambitions since then.

In 1935 Daddy begged us to come to Korea, where he had been without us for a year and a half. I was not at all anxious to go. But these two years we were abroad changed my whole outlook on life. I was awakened to the actual and led an existence as an individual, and not as just one of a mass. I realized that I wanted to be considered a "somebody" and not a "nobody".

Korea is a beautiful country and awe-inspiring. I was greatly influenced by the missionaries and became almost as religious as they. The children I went to school with were all missionary offspring; and since Louise and I had to live with them, we endeavored to

be like them. We were no longer modern and light-hearted, but serious and religious. Every Sunday morning at seven, we attended a service at the High English church. There were only six foreigners with us. We grew fond of one of the nuns, and admired the bishop of Korea tremendously.

All this may sound as though I led a sombre life, but we had a good time. Tennis has always been my favorite sport, and we had many inter-school tournaments, in which, I blush to relate, I won the cup. I believe Korea made me grow mentally, beyond my years, but I loved it there and would give anything to go back.

In 1936, my mother, Louise and I went to Peking, China, to live; Louise and I were to go to school. From the first I knew that I would love this magnificent city more than any other. We lived in a little Chinese house, and we were thrilled with everything. As I write, I get a queer sensation! The mode of living, the means of transportation—everything, was all so different. I was fortunate in meeting all sorts of nationalities. I was very friendly with a German boy and I shall never forget him. Knowing him, I think, resulted in heightening my interest in Europe and politics. We succeeded in breaking the barrier of race consciousness. That year was very successful although I had times of depression. However, I won acclaim as a tennis player and for having the leading role in the annual school play. I learned much about the culture and language of the Chinese. I found that one of my worst faults was relying on people too much. I learned several harsh lessons.

In the summer we went to Mukden, Manchuria. For the first time in many years our whole family was together. I discovered that I had missed much by not knowing them before. I have great admiration for my family; my sister is a talented artist, my little sister is a linguist and plays the violin, Mummy is a

charming hostess, and Daddy is the most wonderful conversationalist in the world. We grasped at family life eagerly, because Louise and I were leaving for America shortly. We were very excited because we were to travel alone.

But being socially independent most of our lives did not prepare us for the strict private school in Connecticut where we were sent. We were under constant surveillance. I have never been so unhappy as I was in that school! I lost all confidence in myself, and buried myself in work, to forget. This unhappiness might have been adolescence, but I think that it was mostly being caged in and getting used to the States again. Although Louise and I were close before, we became even closer through necessity. In private school I learned how to study and got a sense of values that I might not have obtained elsewhere.

I was president of our dramatic club, and was fortunate in directing plays. I believe that my craving for expression in some form has finally come out in dramatics. I know what I want now—a well-founded education and a career in dramatics. I know Lasell can give me the former, and I shall go to a special school for dramatics.

I have reached the denouement and you may judge me as you will.

Anne Langdon



HASKELL'S POND
Newly acquired by Lasell

Family Anecdote

My great-grandfather once attended a church which had a Scotch minister.

This man was inclined to exaggerate while he was preaching.

However, he had good intentions, and wished to overcome his bad habit. So he asked the sexton, as he was then called, to whistle if he heard him exaggerating at any time. Well, one Sunday the minister was telling the Bible story of Sampson and the foxes' tails. When he started to talk about the tails, he said they were some sixty feet long. Immediately he heard a low whistle. So he said, "Well, maybe they were only thirty feet long." Again he heard a low whistle, and he said, "On second thought, I guess they were only ten feet long." Again he heard the whistle.

Exasperated he yelled at the sexton, "Sandy MacDonald, I'll nae take anither ha'per off them foxes' tails!!"

Ruth Fulton

There's Many a Slip

Judith had a passion for music. None of this blary, jitterbug noise for her. She simply abhorred the name Goodman; and if Louis Armstrong or Artie Shaw were mentioned, her beautifully arched brows would lift to a point of polite horror. She loved nothing better than to sit hour after hour enfolded in the artistry of the Masters.

The fact that she had met Pete at a dinner party last Tuesday, a superlatively presentable young man who loved glorious music, had nothing to do, of course, with her own insatiable desires for it. No, it was quite natural for her to appreciate and cultivate the beautiful.

Tonight she was going to Symphony Hall to hear a concert conducted by the greatest maestro of them all, Horace English. Her green eyes glowed, and her cheeks were flushed with excitement. As Pete handed her out of the car, she clutched his hand in a fever of anticipation.

They plunged into the crowd composed, as are all such crowds, of fugitives from reality, and were swept along to their seats.

Presently the program rustling and the murmurs ceased. A diminutive figure crowned with burning red hair rushed across the platform, his too large coat streaming behind him, and clambered onto his stand. He bowed absent-mindedly in acknowledgment of the thunderous acclaim, rapped sharply for attention, and then with a quick motion of his hands obliterated from the minds of his listeners today, tomorrow, and yesterday.

Judith and Pete settled back in their seats, letting the magnificent sounds surround them. Pete turned to look at her. She was staring off into space—transported. It was only a coincidence that Judith was looking so fixedly at a point across the auditorium where sat a woman arrayed in a gown strikingly similar to the one she wore. Presently she closed her eyes and sank back in her seat. For the rest of the concert she remained that way—hypnotized by the music.

At last the maestro took his final bow. The crowd began to walk uncertainly and reluctantly away from enchantment into the cold night. As they stood on the pavement waiting for a taxi, Judith turned dreamily to Pete, who was pretty sure that here, at last, was *the* girl. She looked at him for a moment with those large, wide eyes and said, "I can't possibly thank you enough for tonight. I just love Wagner's sonatas."

The passers-by couldn't hear it, but there was a loud crash as one more woman knocked herself off a man-made pedestal.

Sally Greene

What Price Pearls?

"Aren't you fortunate! You have absolutely everything any woman could want. I suppose we all can't have your luck. Something is always happening in our family. Last week, Johnny smashed the new Lincoln Zephyr and almost killed himself. On top of that, yesterday Tom took a 10% cut in his salary along with the rest of the company. He says it's democratic, but he's really afraid of a strike. It's just one thing after another. Worry and trouble week after week."

Cynthia smiled—even laughed, softly. It amused her to remember the irritated expression that was permanently fixed in the lines around Mrs. Whitelaw's eyes and mouth.

So, they were bitter—jealous of her wealth and success.

She could see the looks of envy darted at her from under large picture hats, and the red and white brilliance of lacquered nails as they tilted china teacups near cultured, masked faces. It was a mumbling, suspicious aristocracy built upon the teetering piles of new-minted money. She was glad they whispered to each other—"There's that stunning Mrs. Van Slyck. Hasn't she gorgeous clothes? They have piles and piles of money. I wish you could see that handsome husband of hers. He is so devoted, and simply worships their small son."

Pride was part of her. She had always had everything. It never occurred to her that happiness didn't last forever, and that tragedy in some small way comes eventually to everyone's life. Carl, her husband, worshipped her; gave her everything. He was her strength. With him she could afford to laugh at the world and be proud.

She even hummed a little tune as her fingers lightly caressed the heavy sterling of her dresser set. In pride of possession her eyes touched the sparkling group of multi-colored perfume bottles, the lush blueness of the heavy carpets, and the flimsy strawberry of the curtains of her bedroom. Outside of the open windows, the trees were held silent, clenched in the oppressive heat of the night air.

Her eyes stopped at a splendid modernistic painting on the wall. With the grace of movement common to the self-possessed, she walked over and touched a part of the picture. It slowly moved forward revealing a small safe in the wall. She took a velvet case from among all the other papers and valuable objects in the safe. This was her most prized possession. Gently she stroked the flame-red velvet and smiled to herself.

She sat down in front of her dressing table

and opened the case. Inside was a string of pearls bearing in its fine lustrousness the unmistakable mark of aristocracy. Carl had given it to her when Philip was born. He knew she had longed to have this particular string ever since the jeweler showed it to them when they were buying a silver tea set. Perhaps it was vanity that made her take the pearls out and clasp them around her neck. She toyed with them, cool against her throat. She had often showed them off in front of her friends. Of course they admired the jewels and openly envied her. (Didn't she love it, though?) But how silly Mrs. Haskin was when she had said, "They're lovely, Cyn, but weren't you a little afraid to accept that particular jewel from Carl? You know the old superstition that pearls bring tears." Superstition, indeed! Mrs. Haskin was jealous. That was the trouble. These were her pearls, and she loved them almost as much as she loved herself and her name.

There she was reflected in the mirror. She noticed that ice-blue satin did make her eyes bluer. It made her hair look blacker, too, and the occasional silver was rather becoming. Her friends always remarked about her lovely skin. She hadn't spent hours every Tuesday afternoon having it specially treated for nothing. Other men called her attractive, but her own Carl thought she was beautiful.

Suddenly her whimsical archness stiffened. It was surprise that made her start, and fear that held her cold and brittle. Staring at her as fixedly as she stared back were the expressionless eyes of a man. In that mutual second, she knew he was her enemy. Nothing entered her mind. She just watched him, waiting. Without a word he reached forward. It was for her pearls, *her* pearls. Instinctively she reached for them too, and screamed her anger and hatred. What mad sickness clenched the pit of her stomach as she thought of losing her pearls? Nothing else mattered but to keep them. Even the strength of hatred seemed to be leaving her quickly, and her struggle ended in blackness.

Hours, years, of nothing. Finally the sound of a familiar voice dragging her back to despair. Yes, Carl was there as he always would be. She was suddenly very glad of him. Through eyes of mist she saw anxiety and worry on his face.

"You will get them back again for me, won't you, Carl?" she whispered. All of a sudden I saw the eyes of a strange, dark man looking at me in the mirror. They were cruel, deadly. I hated him. He took my pearls, my beautiful, beautiful pearls."

Carl's voice again—strong, reassuring, speaking to another.

"He must have come through that open window. You can see into this room from the driveway. He probably saw Cyn take the pearls from the safe. They were quite valuable, and my wife was particularly fond of them."

"Tall and dark—the footprints through the garden—pearls—search—guns." Words came out of the confusion of voices around her.

Again she felt Carl's kiss on her lips. "Don't worry, darling."

Everything was all right. Carl was going, but he would be back soon. She felt comforted and warm.

"Yes, he will be back soon," she breathed, "and he will bring me my pearls."

Sun poured through the windows with the dawn and saturated the heap of untidy bed clothes. Cynthia with a clear head looked disgustedly at the clutter of clothes and dirt. She despised untidiness. All those strange men had made her confection-like boudoir a shambles. She shuddered a trifle and strained the edge of her nostrils with disdain. Irritably she called, "Carl." There was no answer. "Not back yet," she thought. "As soon as I get my hands on that necklace, back it goes into the safe. I'll only take it out when Carl's around again. This is going to cause quite a bit of talk. I'll love it. Everyone probably will be very sympathetic, but no doubt, jealous that my pearls still make me the center of the set. No one has enough money to buy any jewels to surpass mine."

A doorbell rang—faint, far-off. The maid's voice mingled with others. Footsteps scraped on the stairs, and strange men again filled the room. Her pearls were held out to her. She reached for them, laughed, and touched milky coolness.

"Carl," she sang.

There was no answer. She looked up with a surprised question in her eyes. A voice somewhere spoke, "He isn't here, ma'am."

She didn't say a word. Carl was always there when she wanted him. Again a voice timidly and apologetically began.

"You see, we had a gun battle with the thief and—and—your husband was killed. We got both the thief and the pearls, though."

She did not move. Blood-red pearls burned into her hands. They fell like tears upon the loneliness of her soul.

Jane Leckie

Wherein Lies Grace of Movement?

Every object capable of motion possesses a distinctive grace of its own, a certain charm, a certain beauty of line. It is an unconscious attribute of pleasing appearance often inspired by the impulse to create or clarify an idea. The sweep of a hand to express a limitless expanse, the quizzical arch of an eyebrow and the shrug of a shoulder, the quick backward step of one frightened and cringing; these gestures, the rhythm of ideas, contain infinite grace. However, the discussion cannot be limited to human beings alone; inanimate objects, too, possess beauty of line. The wild gale that races through a wooded knoll lends the same charm to each tree and shrub and blade of grass that bows to its fury. The launching of a ship, the moment the keel slides swiftly and evenly into the dark water neatly, crisply dissecting each wave; the instant a plane dips and then swoops along the field before its wheels touch the ground; man even has imbued his own inventions with his innate sense of the graceful.

Jean MacNeish



JUNE QUEEN AND ATTENDANTS

l. to r.: Patricia English, Doris Ohlrogge, Queen Shirley Shields, Maid-of-Honor Priscilla Sleeper, Barbara Rose, and Virginia Bowen.

On Happiness

Happiness has always been the main quest of mankind; the search for it is the burden of all history. It is perfectly true that greed and vengeance have played their parts, but even there the ruthless powers resorted to violence merely because it was the one way in which they could be happy. Behind every act that ever touched the imagination of man, there has been the promise and hope of felicity. Through the ages every important social and political idea has, in some way, promised greater happiness.

As we contemplate the subject as it pertains to our history, we naturally think of the Declaration of Independence. According to that document we are all endowed with certain rights, among them "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Yet we are supposed, by some people, to be born happy. Why then, should we spend all our lives in its pursuit, and perhaps die without ever reaching our goal?

It is the pursuit of happiness which binds people all over the world together, regardless of race, color, or religious beliefs.

A Chinese boy in San Francisco and a doctor in New York have two very definite things in common: the hope for future success and happiness. Both of these terms are relative, and a matter of personal opinion. Who can decide as to another's success or happiness in life?

Success is usually termed the favorable conclusion of anything attempted; often the gaining of money, position, or other material advantages.

Very few people seek success alone. It more often goes hand in hand with happiness. Yet the latter should never be subordinate to success, but rather vice versa. We are often so blinded by material possessions that we can no longer see clearly those things which stand for real happiness. We all have a natural desire to possess what we do not already own. The belief that this or that change of condition would make us happy, or at least more contented is perfectly natural and common to all.

A man without money is constantly striving for it. One of the few blessings of poverty is that it stimulates a man to escape from it.

Perhaps the pace of our modern world does not give us time to be happy. It seems more likely that it is because most people are so busy seeking happiness that they have lost their sense of value. As Von Humboldt so aptly expressed it, "It is worthy of special notice that when we are not too anxious about happiness and unhappiness, but devote ourselves to strict and unsparing duty, then happiness comes of itself—nay, even springs from the midst of a life of troubles and anxieties, and privations."

This is true for an obvious reason: our souls know truth when they see it, and so carefully avoid placing false values.

Material possessions will, of course, suffice for a time, but gradually we come to realize that we have received from them all they have to offer. With faith and hope in our hearts we soon recognize that there are better things waiting for us. In this state of mind, we shall, without a doubt, find the elusive, intangible thing called happiness, which we have been seeking since time immemorial.

Jeanne Buse

The Secret of Eli Bourne

Eli Bourne was a banker, but none realized it more keenly than he did. The fact that he was the most respected citizen in town and that many people came to him in time of need, meant a lot to him now. Whereas he had enjoyed this esteem and perhaps reveled in it just a little bit, as an ordinary man might, his thoughts this particular May morning were not especially happy. They were beating in his brain like the monotonous rhythm of a conjure drum, torturing him beyond all endurance.

As he walked toward the dining-room where his wife was waiting for him, he squared his shoulders and walked into breakfast with a smile.

"Good morning, Ellen," he said, as he leaned down to kiss her.

"Good morning, dear," said Ellen.

"Where are the children?" Eli asked.

"Oh, Sally has gone to the club with Phillip Drexel to play golf, and Richard left a little earlier for school. I think he mentioned a meeting or something."

Eli sat down at the table and unfolded the newspaper that lay beside his plate. Turning to the financial page, he began to scan the columns eagerly. Suddenly his face paled and he groaned. Ellen glanced up, coffee cup in hand, and said quickly, "Anything wrong, dear?"

"Oh, it was nothing," he hastened to reassure her. "My coffee was just a little too hot."

"By the way, Eli," Ellen said, "do try to be home early tonight. You know we're going to the Thompsons' for dinner."

"Well," he said, "I may be at the office a little later than usual, but I'll do my best, dear."

As he turned to leave the room, he paused and turned toward Ellen.

"There's something I——" Eli began, then stopped. "What I mean is, I don't think I'll stay at the office. In fact, I think I'll come home earlier than usual. You know, I'm rather looking forward to tonight. It's about time I was learning to play again. You've been very patient with me, Ellen."

"I think you're right, Eli. You know the saying about all work and no play. Now run along, dear; I'm going to be pretty busy this morning and I don't want you under foot."

Eli smiled at his wife and left the room. As he was putting on his hat and coat, he wondered if Sally was using the car. But no, there it was, standing in the driveway. As he opened the front door, a rush of warm spring air met him. Oh, it's good to be alive, he thought. But is it? This pretense is breaking me up inside. To have Ellen and the children and the happiness that is mine, and then to think—— He sighed, a heart-rending sigh. Well, I can't stand here and moon all day. He shut the front door quietly, and walked slowly down the driveway toward the car.

From the window, Ellen watched the tall

figure open the car door. Then she went back to the table to linger over her breakfast. Pondering over Eli's last words, she thought, "We've been so happy together." The years suddenly brought a flood of memories. Her wedding day, June 18, 1918; how proud she had been even though he was only a clerk in the bank. She had had such faith in him, a faith that had been justified as the years went by. Then Sally was born. How gay they had been, planning her future. Then came promotion for Eli, and that had called for steak for dinner and a celebration. It was his first rising step. When Richard was born, Eli was well on his way toward becoming president of the bank. That day wasn't long in coming. Her eyes filled with tears at the memory. They had been like two happy children. But something had happened, something she couldn't combat. She had tried to brush away her silly fears, as she called them, but it was all around her. She couldn't reach it, but she instinctively felt it. What was it Eli had said this morning before he left, "Ellen, there's something I——" and then his seriousness had suddenly given way to gay bantering. How many times lately had she surprised him when he was staring into space? She suddenly realized that of late he had seemed to be keeping up a pretense, a gaiety he didn't feel. Oh, what has happened? She was afraid. Suddenly the shrill note of the telephone disturbed her.

As Eli drove away from his beautiful home, which was situated just within the city limits of Danville, the storm of thoughts which he had so successfully quelled during breakfast, suddenly rushed to the surface to torment him again. "What foolhardy temptation," he thought, "possessed me to do it! What a greedy, callous, selfish thing I've become! Just because I could consider myself a success, the more I had, the more I wanted. All those lean years when Ellen encouraged me with her faith and love, I've thrown away. Just because my friends were successful in the market, I thought I could be smart. So what did I do? Just proved myself to be a fool. Why didn't

I leave the market alone? I played and lost, and then took those bonds from the bank to pay my losses. What shall I do? I can't let Ellen down this way. To destroy that complete faith and trust will be punishment enough. But if I'm caught and sent to prison, perhaps for a long term, what will become of my family? I can't bear to think of the scandal, the bitter disillusionment that will follow. I've got to find a way out."

As he walked through the bank toward his office, Eli was greeted on all sides.

"Good morning, Mr. Bourne. Nice day, isn't it?"

Eli walked rapidly into his office. This particular morning he couldn't stand the pleasant greetings that had followed him, or even the evident admiration of little Ted, the newsboy at the corner. He felt himself to be utterly wretched. After telling his secretary that he didn't wish to be disturbed, he closed the door of his office, and sank back into his chair. The relief of being alone was welcome. When he was surrounded by people, he could see all eyes focused on him accusingly, or hear a crowd mutter, "That's Bourne; he's the guy that thought he was pretty smart. Thought he could get away with it, did he? The crook!"

Bourne sat with his head in his hands. Suddenly he thought, "What's the use of staying here and torturing myself any further." He rang for his secretary and ordered his car.

"You can reach me at home if I'm needed," he flung back over his shoulder.

Ellen heard the front door slam, and the tread of Eli's feet on the stair. She stood motionless, her fears of the morning confirmed. The echo of his footsteps faded away. She knew almost without thinking that he was headed for the fourth floor, the studio, where he sometimes painted. Many problems he had solved in this manner. Painting was his only hobby. Ellen suddenly felt that this was the climax to the nameless thing she feared. She made no move to follow him. Her rôle was a patient and faithful one.

In the studio, Eli was staring at an unfinished picture. Now he knew what was wrong with it. With renewed inspiration born perhaps of desperation, he went to work. Three hours later, Ellen crept softly into the studio and found him critically surveying the finished product.

"Eli," she said, "It's wonderful! I never dreamed you could paint like this!"

He turned toward her, his face shining with excitement.

"Ellen, Ellen, I found the something that was lacking. To think that I worked for days on this, and then suddenly, out of a clear sky it came to me."

Ellen was trembling with pride and sudden inspiration.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "why don't you enter it in the exhibition for the opening of the new museum?"

Eli started, "By thunder, I could. It's for amateurs. I'll do it."

As he rushed to the telephone, Ellen stood in deep thought before the painting.

"What made me suggest that, just now?" she pondered. "It was almost as if I was being prompted." Just then, Eli came into the room and said,

"Everything's been arranged. They're sending someone to get the picture, and the first exhibit opens at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon. I'm not going to put my name on it."

It was early in the morning two days later. The sunbeams had found their way through the open window and were making dizzy patterns in the room. Eli opened his eyes and smiled softly to himself. He had just had a wonderful dream. Some one wanted to buy his picture for twenty-five thousand dollars.

Only it wasn't a dream. It had actually happened—only yesterday, in fact. And the money had just covered his debt to the bank. Oh, it WAS good to be alive!

Frances Gay

There's Something About a Soldier

The letter with the gold crest lay on her desk. Lay very much in evidence where she could see it just by turning her head, and she turned to look at it often. It seemed to fascinate her with a hypnotic power, for frequently she got up from her chair, went over and picked it off the desk to read once again the words written on its smooth whiteness, or maybe just to run a finger over the magnificent gold eagle stamped firmly and authoritatively at the top of the paper.

Mary had received this invitation to happiness, or more specifically, an invitation to June Week at West Point, the day before. And now at 3:25 sharp, Thursday afternoon, she knew quite thoroughly every word of the four closely written pages. She knew the exact time, because in fifteen minutes she would have to be at the station to meet her father's train. Allowing five minutes to get through traffic to the station, she still had ten in which she could just stand still with the letter in her hand and remember. Standing by the window looking out upon Golden Gate she recalled two weeks in a year of her life.

* * * *

Into the soft June night an orchestra sent gay streamers of music through opened windows and doors. A festive confusion of voices and laughter mingled with the music and floated down to a softly splashing pool where sat two bright young moderns rather frighteningly aware that they were not so bright and invulnerable as they had thought. To have admitted that fact even to themselves would have amounted to sacrilege against the highly artificial code by which they lived. To bring to light any serious thought, one had first to coat it with laughter and near ridicule as to make it practically unrecognizable; and this, whatever it was, that surrounded Mary and Pete sitting apparently thoughtless by the little fountain was too intangible and too disturbing to laugh at.

Pete broke the long quiet minutes that followed their very smart comments upon the

party, the orchestra, and inevitably the weather, which last finally lost the struggle to possessive silence.

"Mary?"

"Yes."

"Just wondering, little one, if you would fully appreciate the honor of being my guest at the Cadet picnic tomorrow?"

"I don't know; you haven't gotten around to asking me yet." Mary could cheerfully have kicked herself for her answer. It sounded, she thought, as if she'd been waiting hopefully for the invitation all evening. Well, she asked herself, hadn't she? And, really, what girl having eyes and ears wouldn't have wished the same thing? She tried hurriedly to think of something devastating to say to redeem herself, but gave it up as Pete interrupted her thoughts.

"Well, I think it's a fairly worthwhile idea. Already I can hear people say as we pass, 'My, what a handsome couple!' Why with your raven locks and gray eyes, and me with my blond beauty, we'd be a sensation!" The idea apparently pleased him, for he repeated it.

"I think you're pretty too." There, Mary thought, that'll fix him.

Pete blandly ignored the sarcasm and went on.

"I know it; having been told from earliest youth by fascinated females that my charms were irresistible has naturally made some impression on me. Why, at the tender age of three . . ."

"Personally, I think your egotism is unbearable," Mary interrupted. "I do admit, though, that you look fairly well. It's probably the uniform that does it; but you'll have to offer me something more than mere beauty to keep me interested tomorrow. I wouldn't feel comfortable, just sitting in awed silence and gazing at your profile."

"My good woman, have patience, the best is yet to come. It takes time to extol the many and varied virtues I possess."

Before he could continue this personally conducted tour of his shining character, two things happened; neither of which could be

ignored. Mary had been looking fixedly at some point in the splashing pool, but, she decided, it was high time she did something to upset, just a tiny bit, this young man's beautiful confidence. Without turning her head, she raised her eyes from the water to his face. It was something she had practiced for several years, and it was known as Mary's "long, slow, sidewise look; guaranteed to reduce to abject humility anything male." The results were quite satisfactory. Pete caught his breath, and looked completely startled. Before he had sufficiently recovered to comment on her tactics, he was interrupted again by a loud shout from the terrace above them.

"Pete! Oh, Pete!"

"Do you suppose he means me?"

"You just might answer and find out." And then she remembered, "Oh, golly, it's Bounce!"

"Seems to me I remember you arriving with that worthless roommate of mine." The worthless roommate being Captain of Cadets, which means near perfection in everything he chose to do, was rounding up his charges, and even now was bearing down on Pete and Mary. In answer to Pete's "You're getting warm," he came around a bend in the path.

"Here you are. Pete, where in the name of heaven have you been all evening?"

"Right here."

"Don't you want to know where I've been too?" Mary asked.

"That's easy," Bounce replied, "I had just to find Pete, and I was pretty sure you'd turn up. Can't help admiring his remarkable taste, even though the girl he picks to favor with that famous smile is my date. Just wanted to remind you, Pete, that you have no time left to gild with scintillating conversation. Curfew rings in exactly fifteen minutes, and we've got to get back to the barracks."

"Maybe, if I just sit here and ignore him, he'll think he's talking to the wrong guy," Pete whispered loudly.

"No kidding, fella, we've got to get back on time. The C. O. is on a tear, and he wouldn't like it one little bit if we came back late."

"Okay, Legree, we're practically on our way. Just one more thing. . . . Can I call your date tomorrow and ask her to make up her mind about the picnic? I've already asked her to go, but she's a shy little thing, and hasn't said yes or no."

"Oh sure. Think nothing of it. I deserve whatever I get for bringing her here in the first place, when I knew all along you were coming too. 'Night Mary, and, to coin a phrase, 'It was fun while it lasted.' Come on, you chiseler."

Pete unwound his long legs and stood up. He let Bounce get a little ahead of him before he turned to say goodnight to Mary.

"May I call you tomorrow, Mary?"

"Yes, Pete."

Pete got her out of bed the next morning with his telephone call. He was apparently on his way to a class, and could only hurriedly outline plans for the day's activities.

"Call for you at one," was all she'd really heard.

One o'clock; five hours to wait. Mary put the telephone down, and, smiling vaguely, went back down the hall to her room. Five hours was a long time to wait. As she dressed, she thought about last night. Nothing had been said, and yet something most definitely had been implied. What it was she hadn't the remotest idea.

When she thought she had exhausted the interest she felt for the second floor, and had wasted an hour or so, she decided to try the first floor, and see what she could do about the time still left. She wandered into the living room and picked up a novel that had held her enthralled yesterday. Today she had only to read two or three paragraphs to realize that the story was dull; that life was much more exciting. For the lack of anything more stimulating to do, she lay on a couch and watched the lazy smoke from her cigarette spiral toward the ceiling. The ticking clock punctuated time's passing with complete indifference and maddening slowness. She longed to shriek at it to hurry, and opened her mouth to do just that

when she realized that Hazel, the new housemaid, would undoubtedly be quite upset, and would most probably drop the little jade figure she was dusting. So she shut her mouth.

When one o'clock finally dragged itself into the present, she had been completely ready for almost an hour. She heard the scrunch of wheels in the gravel drive, and footsteps coming up the stone steps to the front door. In about five seconds the doorbell would ring. She said a quick little prayer that she wouldn't disappoint him, and hurried to open the door. With her hand on the knob, she paused long enough to count ten, and to remind her silly heart to be still.

As he stepped in the door, she saw an anxious hint of a question in his eyes. Suddenly he smiled, and she was thankful; glad that it wasn't just the moonlight that had made her lovely. Quickly she caught up her things, and as she joined him in the cool entrance hallway, she heard snatches of army songs coming from the outside.

"What's that?"

"Just some of the boys and their drags in the station wagon. Two of the girls have never been near anything Army and the boys are trying to get them into the mood by singing all the old cadet songs.

"Sounds wonderful. Let's go out quick, so I can hear it too."

All afternoon they lay on the sand talking lazily or more often saying nothing. Perfectly content to lie quietly in the warm sun. They tried eating once early in the afternoon, but two little boys and a large dog romped past and blew sand into all the food Pete had struggled through a mob of determined cadets to get. He sat and looked at a once succulent hot dog, now quite ruined.

"There's something so glamorous," he said, "about a hot dog filled with sand." He put the revolting mess carefully back on its plate; lay back again.

"Too much effort to eat, much nicer just being still," he muttered to no one in particular. "By the way," he continued, "have I asked you

to marry me yet? No? Well, will you?"

"Oh, gosh, Pete, I'm sorry, but I make it a rule never to get married on a Tuesday. You'll have to ask me some other time."

"That answer of yours sounds tailor made, honey chile; but strangely enough the question wasn't. I'll ask you again, though, and in the meanwhile you can think of a better answer." He looked at her for a long moment, then shut his eyes.

The two weeks of his leave on Long Island flashed by, bringing glorious days, and cool, scented nights. More and more often Mary realized the necessity of deciding what she was going to do. In a few days she had to leave for the west coast where her family was living, and Pete had to go back to West Point for his last year. Fourteen days is really a very short time in which to decide your future. Mary thought she was sure, but she couldn't tell for certain. She knew she loved him, or why would her heart quicken when he walked across a floor, or she heard his voice, or his footsteps? But would his love for her stand a year's separation? She didn't know.

When he came in the door, she had only to look at him to realize that she need never have wondered. As he came toward her, she knew what her answer would be, and put it away in her heart until Pete sought it. When he kissed her, she kissed him back more fully than she had dared before.

"Is that my answer?" he asked quietly. She nodded, and his arms tightened so they hurt her, but it was the kind of hurt, she decided, that grows worse when it stops. He kissed her again; and when she opened her eyes, he saw they were filled with tears. He laughed softly because he understood.

Wordlessly they went into the living room and sat down close together on the couch. For a long time neither of them spoke. Used as they were to priding themselves on saying just the right thing at the right moment, their strict training in the art of being clever and amusing was no help now; and besides they were frightened, badly frightened.

Twelve long months were separating them. Soon a whole continent would be added to that already appalling barrier, and there was nothing to be done except wait. It was unthinkable that Pete should leave West Point now when he was so close to graduating. And besides, doing that would leave him less capable of taking care of Mary. No, there was nothing for them to do but wait.

Pete looked at her long and closely, memorizing her face, the way her gray eyes were set, her black, rather heavy eyebrows, the straight little nose, and the way her mouth went up higher on one side than on the other; her dark hair that curled childishly on her forehead. All these he put away for the days without her.

"Oh, Mary, I can't let you go. It's too soon to lose something you just found. What wrong did we ever do to make things like this?"

"Don't think about it. A year is a long time, but it isn't forever. And darling, I don't think we could have done anything very wrong; in fact, it must have been something wonderful we did to earn this." She pulled his head down to hers and kissed him gently.

Silence fell upon them once more. Talking meant coming again and again to the inevitable—tomorrow and tomorrow.

It was time, at last, for him to go. Even now he had to obey the inescapable commands of routine and discipline. She walked with him to the door. They stood apart, holding each other only with their eyes. With a little strangled groan he caught her to him, and would have kissed her, but she stopped him with a finger against his lips.

"Wait a minute, Pete, before you do that; I want to say something. Don't kiss me good-bye, just make it a good night, and then, darling, leave quickly. Don't stay or I'll cry, and that would never do."

He bent to her lips, and put his own over them gently.

"Goodnight," he whispered. Turning sharply he strode to the door and stepped outside. The latch clicked in its little niche, and he knew

he'd remember that small sound the rest of his life. Pete looked at the door and hated it; it shut from him everything he wanted.

Mary heard the door click too, and then his footsteps going rapidly down the stone steps, down the drive away from her. "Goodnight, Pete. We didn't fool each other with that, did we?"

* * * *

The clock in the hall struck the half hour loudly, and Mary jumped, startled. Guiltily realizing she'd almost forgotten her poor father, she hurried out to the car. As she got in, she remembered she was still holding the letter, the letter signed "Pete."

Sally Greene

"Cowards Die . . ."

It was 5:30 as the subway train rolled down into the tunnel under the river. The car was packed with tired working people swaying on straps or sitting hunched together trying to read the evening paper. All was as it should be when suddenly the lights went out, the train slowed down, finally coming to a full stop.

A woman screamed. A child started crying. A man looked up from his paper saying, "What the hell—?" Panic seized the minds of most. Some rushed to the doors frantically to get out, only to find them locked. "It wouldn't do no good getting out, anyway, folks," a man's voice said. "We're in the middle of the tunnel."

"We'll all be suffocated, drowned like rats. Oh God, we haven't got a chance." A woman collapsed, moaning.

A small Italian woman sat mumbling Holy Mary's. A fat ditchdigger fumbled in the dark for his bag; found it, pulled out a bologna sandwich, starting to munch on it.

"I ain't afraid to die," he began. "My God, life's bad enough. I ain't got nothin' to live for anyhow. And besides, maybe I'll get my name in the paper."

"Die? Who's going to die?" A woman's calm voice came from the corner. "There's no need frightening anyone. Just some temporary delay up ahead. It won't be long be-

fore—" she stopped. A rasping voice interrupted her.

"Before that we'll all be dead. Don't be a sucker. Our number's up. I'm afraid."

"Well, if it's your time to die," the calm voice went on, "why not go bravely? It isn't the dying that hurts; it's the thinking of it." Her soft spoken words has a soothing effect on the crowd. By this time most of them were stunned into silence, sitting there quietly, half expecting some huge, dark monster to stalk upon them claiming them for his own. Almost before they were aware of it, the lights went on and the car had started.

"You see?" the calm voice said. A lady sat quietly, smiling to herself as if she had found out some great secret. Tears of relief and thankfulness were streaming unheeded down the ditchdigger's face. The little Italian woman sat blessing her Holy Mary, swaying back and forth, talking to herself. A woman hugged a child closely. Life resumed its natural course.

Elinor Campbell

Modern Satyr

When Tony, crouching on the mossy bank of a loquacious little stream, leaning over its edge, turned his lean moody face toward me, laughing, I thought suddenly of fauns in far-off woods—and Debussy's descriptive music. Tony belonged in a hoary forest,—scampering along on goat's feet, drinking at deep green pools, and pricking pointed ears at whispering noises. Tony's elusive quality of moodiness never escaped me. Sometimes a rare smile would flash across his thin face,—so vividly abrupt that it made you catch your breath; or again, his swift dark eyes could not conceal a sly leer, or a wicked thought. The present ran away from him like the cool water slipping through his fingers. He constantly dreamed of some other time, not with a conscious rebellion, but with a bitter-sweet satiety. Tony wanted to roam a wood dazzled with intense sunlight at noon-day, silver pools of heady moonlight at midnight, and caper to thin, distant pipings of Pan following some adventure. "L'Apres-Midi D'un Faun. . . ." *Natalie Bodwell*

On Lipstick

Vile stuff! An artificial substitute for nature's subtle coloring. A vicious clashing red, or a stripe of red on red, instead of the soft tint that is meant to be on the lips.

Here I see a stunning red-head who has chosen all her clothes with utmost care, but without a thought to her complexion, has ruined the composition with an application of sickly, pinkish lipstick. Perhaps the artistic side of her nature tells her that pink and carrot-red are complementary. Unfortunately, the combination fails to register as pleasing to my critical eye.

A beautiful languid blonde came drooping into my room the other day in what appeared to be an affectation of Greta Garbo's glamorous sway, or else in a definitely dying state. If it were the latter, I knew at once where she had been hurt, for on her lips there still remained the dried blood of the wound. Or, could that dark mysterious gash be lipstick?

Far be it from me to designate, for range of choice is from "deep purple," to "a study in red."

However, why don't I practice what I preach?

Alice Buck

As They Celebrated in 1904

"A Hallowe'en masquerade was given by the Seniors and open to the school at large. The gymnasium was lighted only by the eerie rays of the jack-o'-lanterns, shedding their ghostly light upon the motley throng of spirits roving about in the gloom. All kinds of beings were represented — awful, awe-inspiring ghosts, witches riding on the favorite broomstick, little maids from school, dark-eyed sultanas, blushing Dutch girls, sparkling French demoiselles, Egyptian princesses, Topsy from Dixie, almond-eyed Japanese beauties, old Colonial dames, swell city dudes, blooming rustic lasses, the wild woman of Borneo, soft-voiced gypsies, and spirits that dwell under the earth,—all forgot their former state as school girls, and joined in one grand frolic.

"Apples were the accepted form of refreshment, the counting of seeds determining the fate of many. A real gypsy fortune-teller from Hungary was present, and by her wonderful skill imparted grave secrets of our past, present and future. The greater part of the evening was devoted to dancing, the Virginia reel being especially favored by the spirits. As the old clock solemnly struck the hour of nine, the spell dissolved, and the spirits vanished to take up once more the burden of their previous existence."

Paddling Down the Charles in 1906

"The Canoe Club race was run from a point near Norumbega Tower to a distance three-quarters of a mile down the river. The finish of the race was viewed by numbers who had gone out in canoes or had walked along the banks of the river to see it. Interest was intense from the moment the contesting crews, known as "Blacks" and "Blues," had rounded a curve and were in sight of all. The race was close for the most part, but at the finish the "Blues" were a boat's length ahead. The captain and stroke of the "Blues" were Helen Andrus and Florence Stark respectively, and of the "Blacks" Lucy Wilson and Edna Thurston.

Christmas, 1912

"The Seniors certainly gave us a delightful surprise on the evening of November 26.

We had just taken our usual places at the dinner table when suddenly we were left in total darkness. Then little flashes of light drew our attention toward the stairs and there stood the Senior class, each with a tiny flashlight turned on their class pins.

"After singing their songs they marched through the old dining room into the new part instead of taking their regular seats.

"The Sophomores were first to cheer their sister class but were soon followed by the Juniors. The entire school heartily responded to each class yell with the customary 'Ho-e-la'."

Dinner Was Much the Same in 1913

"Our dinner hour! What a throng of happy thoughts those words bring to the mind of a Lasell girl! [I guess they had our appetites too] I shouldn't wonder if the first of them were about her frequent scrambles to appear clothed and in her right mind when the clang of the electric bell and, immediately after, the booming of the Chinese dinner-gong find her at five-thirty in the midst of combing her hair. But somehow she always appears with the other jolly girls on the stairway and looks down at the crowds in the hall below following Miss Potter down to the dining-room. If she chance to be at the last of the line, and her table at the other end of the dining-room, she will have to hasten to get there, wedging deftly through the narrow spaces left between the tables while the girls are pulling out their chairs. She arrives just in time to drop into her seat as the blessing is being said, and when it is finished she looks up to discuss the day with her mates. . . . Pleasantest of all the sounds in the dining-room, however, is the singing of school songs between courses, a new custom just introduced this year.

"We have other songs at our dinner hour, too, for the dining-room is the place where sundry big class-events are announced by songs, sometimes even by yells. On the great occasions when the Seniors first display their pins, or show themselves in caps and gowns, there are special songs and great excitement. There are also class dinners, when individual classes have special tables and special songs. Our dinner hour, you see, is often a center of school spirit and class activity, as well as of ordinary social intercourse.

The most interesting part of the whole hour to many of the girls is that near the close of the meal, when the evening mail is brought down to the tables, and the last few minutes of suspense must be patiently endured, until the letters are distributed by the teacher and the eager girl is either made sad by receiving no mail, or happy by the possession of a welcome letter or two.

At the close of dinner those at each table are dismissed as the meal is finished, and, the teacher and the Senior leading, walk upstairs where the various girls join the jolly groups in the halls. Dinner is the pleasantest meal of the day."

Dancing a-la 1913

"During the week of September twenty-eighth, the new girls received invitations from the old girls to a dancing party which was to come the following Saturday. Of course they all accepted, and the most important question in school was, "Who is going to take you to the dance?" When Saturday evening came, the new girls, escorted by the old girls, gathered in the gymnasium at the appointed hour, seven-thirty.

"Just before the dancing began, the Seniors formed a circle and announced their class officers—

"After this excitement was over, all formed for the grand march, which was led by the newly-chosen President and her partner. The dancing continued until ten o'clock, and it was with reluctant hearts that we went to our rooms."

Present Arms! 1914 Style

"One of the many things which decided me to come to Lasell four years ago, was the fact that military drill was taught there. I have heard many people say that they did not think it was a practical or a fit thing for a girl to take; but I also have never heard a girl who has taken the drill say that she regretted it. Unfortunately we have it only once a week, for half an hour, and of course, a great deal depends on the girl herself, as to how much she gets out of that short half hour. From November until spring when it is too cold to drill out of doors, we drill in the gymnasium. There are three companies, and the drill takes place every Tuesday afternoon from half past three until five o'clock. Captain Randlett of the eighth infantry M. V. M. is our instructor, and the captains command their companies under his direction.

"This year a new uniform is to be tried. It is a one-piece, white tailor-made suit, trimmed with brass buttons. It is made to look as strictly military as possible, and I think will prove to be satisfactory.

"The last Saturday in May is generally the day set for our exhibition or prize drill. It is a most exciting gala day. It is also a big day for the balloon man, as each buys a balloon of the color of the company she is upholding; the two hundred or more blue, red and yellow balloons make a very pretty sight. After the three companies have drilled individually, the Junior prize squad comes out, and after that the senior. In these a prize (medal) is given to the girl who does the manual of arms most correctly. The last thing on the programme is the review of the battalion, and to my mind, this is the prettiest and most impressive movement done.

"... The officers who have acted as judges remain for dinner, and a table is reserved in the center of the dining room for them and the officers of the battalion. Speeches are made, at the close of which the Star-Spangled Banner is sung. So ends the day which has been looked forward to so eagerly."

Announcement of Class Officers 1914

"After dinner Friday night, October 2, as usual the girls gathered in the gymnasium to dance until seven-thirty. After a dance or two all were surprised to hear a cow-bell being violently rung in Carter Hall. They were still more surprised to see "little Ethel Murray" run into the gym garbed as a small boy, shouting, 'Seniors, Seniors'. Her classmates responded and formed a snake line. With Ethel at the head of the procession, they led the rest of the girls a merry chase through the halls and finally out on the campus before a fire, near Carter Hall. All the time as they ran they sang. . . . Circling around the fire they announced their new officers. . . . When the gym was again reached, cheers and congratulations were given to all the new officers, and 'three times three' to little Murray."

Compiled by J. Leckie

News Flashes

May 26—Workshop Play proved success at Winslow Hall.

May 27—June Prom, a gala event at Winslow.

May 30—Memorial Day, half holiday enjoyed by the girls.

June 1—River Day, crew races on the Charles. Outdoor picnic on athletic field. Blue and White baseball game, Blues victors!

June 2—The *Lamp*, a real success.

June 5—Senior week started; also exams.

June 7—Commencement Concert at Winslow Hall.

June 8—Garden Party. May Queen and her Court presented. Home Economics Style Show. Art, Craft and Sewing exhibitions.

June 9—President's reception at Winslow Hall.

June 10—Mother-Daughter luncheon at Wellesley Inn. Class Night on athletic field.

June 11—Baccalaureate, Dean Brown of Yale.

June 12—Last Chapel.

Graduation, President McAfee of Wellesley. Crow's Nest Farewell. Commencement Luncheon at Bragdon Hall.

Marian Traxler



BACCALAUREATE PROCESSION



THROUGH THE WOODS
TO WOODLAND



THE NEW CROW'S NEST

PERSONALS



LILLIE R. POTTER, '80
Dean Emeritus

New England's June days this year were indeed beyond compare. We trust that like perfect days also favored Lasell brides and grooms whose names appear on the following marriage roll:

May 6—Blanche Moore '34 and Mr. Carlyle Stanley Austin at Flanders, N. Y.

May 6—Helen B. Allen '34 and Mr. Andrew Venson Follett at Westwood, Mass.

May 19—Dorothy Brown Wilson '31 and Mr. George E. Kessel, Jr. at Chicago, Ill.

May 27—Ada May Bartlett '34 and Mr. Robert Taft Degree at Worcester, Mass.

May 27—Pauline Staples (Woodland Park 1930-33; '35-36) and Mr. Robert Elmer Gould at Cambridge, Mass.

May 30—Doris Shipman '34-35 and Mr. I. Dudley Edge at East Orange, N. J.

June 3—Ruth Tivnan '33 and Mr. Carl Baldwin Harris at Manchester, Conn.

June 10—Marguerite Brandt '34 and Mr. Webster Hill Wilson at Chestnut Hill, Mass. Marjorie Jones '34 was a member of the bridal party.

June 10—Constance Hatch '38 and Mr. O. Connor Pilgrim at Kittery, Maine.

June 24—Ruth Shaw '39 and Mr. Edgar Thomas Gault at Needham, Mass. Julia Keegan '39 was maid-of-honor, and another of the bride's college classmates, Janet Payson '39, was bridesmaid.

July 1—Sally Guerin '36-37 and Mr. Charles J. Dare at Millington, N. J.

July 3—Ethel Vance Morse '14 and Mr. Will A. Foster at Los Angeles, Calif. Mr. and Mrs. Foster are now residing at 2223 Easton Drive, Burlingame, Calif.

July 6—Virginia Bascom '33-34 and Mr. Chapin Fay at Worcester, Mass.

July 8—Eleanor Ramsdell '35 and Dr. Charles Henry Stauffer at Worcester, Mass.

Another June bride was Virginia Crane '31-33, now Mrs. John Arthur Orrell. We have also received notice of the marriage of Virginia Hanscom (Woodland Park 1921-25) to Mr. Herbert William Draper; and Alice Cushman (Woodland Park 1924-26) to Mr. Ralph Price Thomas.

Engagements

Elizabeth Ellenberger '29 and Mr. Paul King; Betty Allenbaugh '35 and Mr. Harry Deets Weller, Jr.; Barbara L. Briggs '35 and Mr. Leigh Stanton; Mary Jane Selby '35 and Mr. Francis Guerry; Inez Viles '35 and Mr. Robert Perry Wilson; Doris E. Carey '37 and Mr. Robert C. Patterson; Irene Dreissigacker '37 and Mr. Potter Brimlow; Genevieve Hackett '37 and Mr. James V. Bonner; Louise Visel '37 and Mr. Howard C. Redfield; Irene Gahan '38 and Mr. Daniel E. Burbank, Jr.; Helen Taylor '29-30 and Mr. Theodore Carter Caldwell; Marjorie K. James '32-36 and Mr. George I. Whitehead, Jr.; Nina Keppler '32-33 and Mr. James Saye Dusenbury, Jr.; Jean Frohock '36-37 and Mr. George Stuart Ferreira; Georgette Durand '38-39 and Mr. Alfred Strauss.

Lasell Junior College extends heartiest congratulations to this elect group.

From a Lasell Junior College official we learned that 1,000 guests assembled at Winslow Hall for the graduation exercises on Commencement Day. In a friendly sense each one was a guest of honor. Leading in rank were the parents and close friends of our fine Senior Class, 128 strong. Our Dean Emeritus welcomed with Alma Mater affection graduates representing the Alumnae for the past 37 years, and one of her Lasell confreres present dated back some 59 years.

They came to Lasell according to promise—Jessie Matteson Ray '25 and her husband, Dr. Harold S. Ray. In a letter received before Commencement, Jessie writes:

"I recall with amusement and with a feeling of nostalgia the way we, as seniors of '25, looked upon returning graduates of ten and fifteen years previous. They seemed a group apart and just couldn't have the same bond with our Alma Mater as we felt. And, of course, we would never be quite as staid and middle-aged as they. But the years do pass and our names slip farther and farther back among those who have been graduated, but the bond remains firm as ever. My husband seems as eager to visit Lasell as I do. I read every word of the *Personals* with avidity, hunting for names of my former classmates and when I do learn of what they have been accomplishing since they left Lasell, I regret my negligence in writing. At this moment our two-year old Jennifer is protesting in no uncertain way that she wants more attention. I will save news of myself—and really there isn't much to report—until our visit at Lasell when I hope very much that I shall be able to talk again in person with Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, you and others at the college whom I remember with a great deal of affection."

We found it an easy and pleasant privilege to add Jessie's genial husband's name to our list of most welcomed Commencement guests.

It was a joy at Commencement time to have a real visit of several days with Olive Chase Mayo '19, Carolyn Vicary Krider '24, her

little daughter, Marguerite Vicary '08-10, and Frances Coombs Goff '19. During the past year Lasell has renewed her bond with the Vicary family for one of our students, Louise Pottorf, is the daughter of our still lamented Grace Vicary Pottorf '07.

The too brief call from Ethel Vance '14 "pepped us all up" according to the report of her modern Lasell guide. Ethel was touring the United States with her 18-year-old son, Erskine. This was his first view of the East coast and he was charmed, especially with the best part of it—New England. In July Ethel became the bride of Mr. Will A. Foster, vice president of the Borden Milk Company. They will live in Burlingame, California, thirty miles from San Francisco, her home city. The *Personals* Editor has previously written up for the LEAVES the successful and unique career of this gifted graduate who majored in Home Economics and was widely known as "Marian Manners".

• Clara F. Nims '07 is one of our Alumnae who grows younger looking with the years. Possibly her secret rests in the fact that she thoroughly enjoys her position as librarian in the Children's Department of the Flower Memorial Library, Watertown, New York. Happily for us, she usually spends her summer vacation on Massachusetts' rock-bound shores which gives Lasell opportunity annually to welcome her home.

Sibyl Webb Dougherty '06-09 is a near neighbor, but not as neighborly as we wish. The reason is that her duties as director of the vocal music department at Dana Hall, Wellesley, occupy most of her time, while part service is given to the students at Pine Manor, the junior college department of Dana Hall. Although just closing her year's work Sibyl looked, as a north country friend used to say, "weller than ever". She gave a pleasing report of her sister Glenna Webb Tilton ('05-08), whose daughter was a member of this year's senior class at Dana Hall.

Duluth seemed not far distant as we listened

to the casual way in which Virginia Moore Starkey '17 referred to her journey from that most northerly Minnesota city to Boston. Accompanying Virginia were her oldest daughter and youngest son. She brought good news from her sister Carolyn '14, still at home in Duluth but who spent most of last winter in the more genial climate of Texas. In appearance and vivacity Virginia is still young, and a fitting example of Mrs. Blanche Martin's "well and happy" group. We were glad to welcome her to her Alma Mater and especially pleased to meet her daughter and son.

Lasell's caretakers, those who have charge of the college campus, have this spring been successfully engaged in removing all traces of the disastrous hurricane. To be sure a few of our Lasell family are still sorely missing certain friendly trees of long standing in our sight and affection. The most noticeable improvement is the campus of our still new Winslow Hall. Sandy spots have given place to green sod protected by concrete curbing, and shrubs and flowers are adding their beauty to this newest bit of campus. On this choice site the Class of 1932 at Commencement time placed a beautiful sundial, a fitting memorial to their beloved classmate, Elizabeth Follett Kistler '32.

Virginia Johnston Lond '36 and her little daughter were among our June Fete guests. This was wee Barbara's first glimpse at her mother's college, which we hope will some day enroll this little one among her honor students.

One of the most welcomed surprises on Baccalaureate Sunday was the return of Edith Houghton Heckert '09 of Red Oak, Iowa. She was accompanied by her husband, Mr. Henry L. Heckert, and several interested friends who shared with our Alumna in her enthusiasm over Lasell of today. A few weeks later Mary Houghton Will '00, her husband and son favored us with a call. It had been many years since Mary's return to her Alma Mater. In proof of their genuine interest the group, with Mrs. Statira McDonald as guide, visited every point on our now rather exten-

sive campus. We appreciated their approval so generously expressed.

Early in the summer, Donald J. Winslow spent several days at Columbia University where he corrected English examinations for the College Entrance Examination Board of New York City.

Dorothy Barnard '24, it was a joy to see and hear you at the Commencement meeting of the Lasell Alumnae, Inc. And now, true to your slogan, you are again "on the forward march" in the business world. Dorothy writes from Aviation Point Guest House on beautiful Lake Winnisquam, New Hampshire, where she is not only hostess but proprietress. Her description of the new hostelry is alluring. She writes: "In this lovely spot we shall be happy to welcome guests from June to October. Fine trees, good bathing and fascinating drives are among the attractions." Dorothy refers to her recent visit to Lasell and closes with love and good wishes for a happy, restful summer to all her college friends.

Grace Washburn Hoskins '97 is now vice president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution. In a note to President Winslow, thanking him for his personal good wishes concerning her candidacy, she refers to her interest in Lasell's pioneer work as a junior college. Her important position as a high official in a nation-wide organization does not lessen Mrs. Hoskins' enthusiasm for her Alma Mater. Lasell extends hearty felicitations to our recently honored Alumna, Grace Washburn Hoskins.

A pleasant coincidence was the fact that Commencement Day and Mrs. Annie Kendig Peirce's ('80) birthday anniversary occurred the same date. Mildred Peirce Fuller '06 and Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender '04-06 celebrated the event a few days later with a birthday luncheon served at the Wellesley Inn. Mrs. Peirce's Lasell classmate and roommate, the *Personals* Editor, was also a privileged guest. An interesting after luncheon event was the receiving by Miss Potter of a copy of Timothy Fuller's (Mrs. Peirce's grandson) recent

charming and timely short story "Here Comes the King".

Barbara Jones Bates' '14 interest in Lasell Junior College is always active. In a recent letter to Dr. Winslow she writes a most friendly word of commendation concerning Elizabeth Hensch, who is to enter our college in September. Barbara also adds: "You may have our daughter Barbara in a few years. She talks Lasell always when schools are discussed and one day asked me to please send her application in at once. I would have been glad to return to Lasell for my 5th Reunion and bring my daughter with me but at the same time our son Frederick was graduating from high school and we had to abandon our plan to visit New England. Recently my husband took a Lasell catalog and a few copies of the LEAVES into one of the offices of the Continental Bank, Chicago, to a gentleman who is interested in finding a school for his daughter. I have just learned that two of our high school teachers attended and enjoyed the Music School at Lasell last summer. Among other attractions they mentioned especially the delicious food and the beautiful new building, Winslow Hall."

It would be difficult to describe in a few words the charm of that Franco-American home at South Hanson, Mass., the summer residence of our Mlle. LeRoy Chamberlain. And who can venture to picture the lovely, almost hidden garden so cherished by her distinguished husband, the late Joseph Chamberlain, known and beloved to a host of readers through his daily contributions to the Boston *Transcript*, under the caption of "Nomads and Listeners". It was our surprise to learn that the attractive paintings of birds and flowers on the woodwork of the diningroom were from the brush of our modest Mlle., whose artistic father had been her early instructor. Many hours of those sunny summer days were spent in the Nomad's garden, a winsome spot well hidden from the public highway. Here were bird houses, baths and swinging baskets of refreshments for these feathered friends. And there were roses, roses everywhere and the air

was fragrant with honeysuckle. Some rare and many an old-fashioned flower were abloom in this secluded garden. When again in the whirl of city life the recollection of the hospitality of our hostess and these days afiel will help to "keep eternal summer in our grateful hearts". The lingering fragrance of flowers mayhap still "throw their sweetness into our tired city streets."

Mercy Sinsabaugh Ingalls '87 in her recent letter to Dr. Winslow encloses a notice of the death of Mr. Frederick R. Tibbetts, husband of her former Lasell collegemate, Mabel Bliss Tibbetts '86-87. For the past twenty-five years he has been a resident of New York City and while successfully engaged in large business interests, found time to serve for many years the Y. M. C. A. on Governors Island. Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Tibbetts and her family.

Mrs. Ingalls also enclosed a picture of an unusual and beautiful gift which she has recently presented to St. Stephen's Church, Port Washington, N. Y. Accompanying the picture was this fine word of explanation and appreciation from the members of St. Stephen's parish:

"A priceless Altar Frontal designed and made by Mrs. Owen L. Ingalls of this Parish was consecrated by the rector on Easter Day. This beautiful Frontal, which represents many hours of labor, is on a foundation of hand-woven Arrague spider-web pina made in the Philippines. The pieces of which the design is made consist of heirlooms and many were gifts from members of the parish and their friends. As far as is known, there is no other frontal with ecclesiastical symbols in this country. The members of St. Stephen's Church, of which Mrs. Ingalls is a member, are grateful to her for this wonderful gift. When in use on all important days in the Christian Year, it will be a witness of the love and devotion she has for her Church."

Unfortunately we missed a recent call from Agnes Adelsdorf Weil '12, who is now residing in New York City—47 East 88th Street. Agnes was one of our outstanding Lasell girls

While doing her academic work squarely, she took time to read to and entertain a most needy patient of the Newton Hospital and again had a blind neighbor of Lasell among her free, friendly patients. Agnes, we feel sure you are still going about doing good, but wish we knew in just what lines you are now serving.

The *Personals* Editor returned to Lasell from a weekend outing just in time to greet and wish Godspeed to Mrs. Elizabeth Cushing Taylor and her guests, "Mother" Cushing's son-in-law, Mr. Charles S. Morris, president of San Mateo Junior College, and his son, Charles S. Morris, Jr., a member of the Hughson High School faculty. Mrs. Taylor came laden with flowers from her Stony Brook, Westford, garden, and also brought a White Dove paper weight. You may never see a dearer dove than this latest addition to our collection unless perchance you should glance into your own mirror.

Dorothy Brown Kessel '31 writes from her new home, 515 Grove Street, East Lansing, Michigan: "I have just finished reading the LEAVES and am positively homesick for Lasell. These last six months have been very crowded ones for me. In January I left for the West Coast. While changing trains in Chicago, I telephoned Libby Baer DeStaebler to say hello. From Chicago went to Franktown, Nevada, where I stayed at a western ranch, and loved the life there. The West is certainly God's country. After three months at the dude ranch I decided to travel with some friends I had met in the west. We drove to California, took in the Fair and then sailed for Honolulu. On the return trip visited some friends in Nevada, who had recently bought a 4000-acre ranch. In May I journeyed to Chicago and upon my arrival there was married. Needless to say, I am very happy. Michigan is a beautiful state; people here are so gracious and hospitable. Several weeks ago I saw Dorothy Glasser Monteglas '31 in Grand Rapids. I read of Karin Eliasson's ('31) western trip and wish we could have been

together. Affectionate greetings—

Brownie."

Lasell friends of Phyllis Rowe '19—and what a host there are of them—will be happy to learn that her enforced rest in the Adirondack Mountain region has proved a panacea. A friendly note from one of her co-workers assures us that she will return soon to service in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland.

Mrs. Statira P. McDonald has recently returned from a delightful visit with her daughter, Gwendolyn McDonald Black '18-28, and family. For years Gwendolyn's father-in-law, the Honorable F. B. Black, has been a senior member of the Canadian Senate. His eldest son, Major J. L. Black, Gwendolyn's husband, is major of the 8th Hussars of New Brunswick, guard of honor for Their Majesties at St. John, N. B. This in part afforded our assistant dean the privilege of getting a nearby glimpse of England's charming Queen Elizabeth and her beloved consort King George VI.

We let Virginia Hausler Heath '36 submit her own arresting report. From Fairview Road, Woodlyn, Penna., she writes: "I am another Dove who has gone astray, so to speak, in that I haven't written before to tell you the important things which have happened to me. On March 11, my little daughter Susan celebrated her first birthday. I am very much a Mother Hen about the formulas, schedule and general care of our 'bundle of joy'. I hear from several of my schoolmates, Marjorie Reed '36, Marjorie Bassett '36 and Frances Fairbrother '36. We were heartbroken to learn of the sudden death of our classmate Marguerite Mooney.

"Much success another year to our college and congratulations on increased enrollment at Lasell."

Immediately following Commencement, Harriet Frey Golder '14-15 of Utica, and her hostess, Florence Bell Merrill '17, returned to their college to express regret over missing our graduation exercises. Harriet was attending

the Kiwanis convention in Boston. Both girls looked well and not much changed in appearance since their college days. It was difficult to realize that Harriet is the mother of two daughters and three sons, one of college age. Florence's three daughters are attending preparatory school. Next to her family interest, Florence's attention is devoted to world problems. Being a near neighbor of Harvard College, she has enjoyed especially Anton De Hass' valuable lectures on international relations.

Priscilla Winslow '35 is now serving in the secretarial department at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and as usual is enjoying her work.

Miss Kay Peterson, former director of our Art Department, has returned from her winter spent in Mexico and will again resume her work at Lasell in the fall. We bespeak continued success for this gifted artist.

Nell Carneal Drew '10, accompanied by her esteemed mother, Mrs. James D. Carneal, was with us at Commencement time primarily to enjoy her niece's (Dorothy Carneal '39) graduation activities. It is always a distinct pleasure to welcome these most loyal patrons.

It was a disappointment to us, perhaps selfishly so, that Ruth Tilley's ('31) call to a new business position came just before our Commencement program. She is now the assistant manager of Filene's attractive Cape Cod shop at Hyannis. Lasell's congratulations to our Ruth.

We are indebted to Mr. Herbert B. White, husband of Madeleine Roth White '26, for a charming picture of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Gaines (Aileen Wilson '24-25) of Los Angeles, Calif. They were recent guests at the White home in Peoria, Ill., and had just returned from a southern cruise. This young California couple were on their way to the Gaines ranch in Bismarck, N. D., before returning home.

Mrs. Richard F. Hadley (Mary Godard '21-23) writes from West Hartford, Conn.: "I had hoped to return to Lasell this June but just couldn't make it. However, I will hear all the news from Lois and Faye Wadhams

'38. Next to coming back is the fun of reading the *Personals*.

"My family have been well all winter. Dewey, the older son, is growing up fast and George Godard is nearly a year old. I was much interested in the LEAVES account of Mrs. Saunders. My husband and I were in Delaware last December but I did not know whether we were near Mrs. Saunders' home or not. I would love to see her and the next best thing would be to hear from her.

"Our same group of nine Lasell girls are meeting every other week during the winter: Connie Colton Avery '23, Dorothy Merwin Brown '23, Freda Griffin Leining '20, Marion Griffin Wolcott '16, Carol Griffin Teich '30-31, Harriette Case Bidwell '22, Julia Case '32 and myself. Once a month we get together for an evening's party when the husbands join us. Our house gatherings are over for the summer but we will probably have a picnic for all in August.

"Will try to drop in at Lasell early in the fall. Please remember me to all the friends at the college. Must run up now and greet George—he is calling me. M.G.H."

This young mother enclosed a most attractive photograph of her little son, George Godard Hadley.

The welcomed little toddlers who unfailingly come to swell Lasell's Cradle Ranks are all volunteers. We submit below the latest enrollment of Lasell children and grandchildren:

Jan. 25 A son, William H. III, to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Anderson, Jr. (Lucille Smith '27-28).

May 12 A son, Robert William II, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Hartley (Ethel Stroud '36).

May 29 A son, Charles Michael, to Lieut. and Mrs. Charles Howze (M. Catherine Holby '27).

May 30 A son, John Harper 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. John H. Benjamin 3d (Mary Frances Wynkoop '31).

June 11 A son, Frederick Herbert, to Mr.

and Mrs. Herbert Frederick Mayer (Marjorie Keller '29-30).

June 17 A son, Roberts Earl II, to Mr. and Mrs. Roberts Fuller (Elizabeth Stephens '20).

June 20 A daughter, Joanne, to Mr. and Mrs. John Batten (Barbara Merritt '32).

June 20 A son, John Eggleston, to Mr. and Mrs. John Morhous (Jacqueline Meyers '33).

We wish to share with the *Personals* readers this newsy letter recently received from Mary Elton Remig '36:

"I thought you might enjoy seeing this picture of Our Bill. While he can't ever be a student at Lasell, he may visit there and perhaps run off with one of Miss Beede's office girls, as his father did. He certainly is a little rascal and so full of pep. Of course, we can't tell as yet whether he will be a Yankee or a Southerner.

"We are trying our best to keep him from being spoiled, but he has the distinction of being the only grandchild—in both families. Aunt Janice (Remig '36) is very much in love with him, and she is also his godmother. I often wish I might slip into one of the Little Dove meetings. M. E. R."

The present address for Charlotte Ridley Watkins '30 is 434 Mellon Street, S. E., Washington, D. C. Charlotte writes: "I am still engaged in teaching and concert work." Lasell is not forgetting Charlotte's delightful contribution to our Commencement program last year. Again we thank our Alumna and wish her continued success.

We are indebted to our assistant dean, Mrs. Statira P. McDonald, for an exceptionally interesting report of a recent call from the Peffer sisters, Nancy ('29-30) and Betty Peffer McCracken '30-32. They were en route for Katherine Ridgeway Camps, Cooper Mills, Maine, where their mother is director. Michael McCracken, eighteen months old, accompanied his mother and aunt. He showed remarkable prowess for his age by climbing the whole

length of Bragdon slope unaided. Nancy is head of the Physical Educational Department at Allegheny College, Meadville, Penna., and is having her sabbatical year. She will study at Columbia University. Nancy's last encouraging word concerning the *LEAVES Personals* was: "They are the most informative of any college Personals I know; they are the best ever!"

The *Personals* Editor, having made a favorable impression on Lois Nichols Arnold '18, by telling her she looked so young and jaunty that we questioned if she had done a stroke of serious work since our last meeting. In self-defence Lois promptly reported a street fair in Gardner, Mass. for the benefit of the Hospital Aid Fund, in which we believe she was the prime mover. At this fair they raised \$2300 above expenses in two days. Other Lasell girls who assisted were Dorothy Hartshorn Underwood '14 and Emily Cleaves '34. Congratulations over this splendid report and an apology for this jest made at the expense of our dear Lois.

Julia Case '32, president of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club, her still-young mother and sister, Harriette Case Bidwell '22, accompanied by two attractive little daughters, returned to Lasell for June Fete Day. This charming group we heard described later as a symphony in pastels. Harriette, by keeping your promise to bring to Lasell your little daughters gave to us one of the happiest surprises of our garden party.

Esther Ross Winger '18 of Toledo, Ohio, her husband, Dr. Ira R. Winger, and son Ross called early in July. "Has this dear schoolmate changed during the years?" you ask. We answer: "To us, very little. Do you remember how attractive she was? Well, she is just as winsome and then some." When your Dean Emeritus completes her post-graduate course at Lasell she is planning to move to Toledo and then and there renew her youth.

Dear Evelyn Douglass Hooper '28: how did you, your doctor-husband and blessed L.W.D. leave New England without our knowledge,

and I was about to add consent. To our regret we did not often meet, but it was a comfort to feel you were near. "Doug's" address is 257 Oakland Avenue, West New Brighton, S. I. Her little daughter, Susan, is one year old. Dr. Hooper is taking a special course in one of the New York hospitals and they may later reside permanently in Connecticut.

Mary Ruth Sanford '35-36, having completed her kindergarten training, is launching out on a novel adventure. We have just received her attractive announcement which reads: "The Cradle School". Just below the title is a tiny etching of a baby's cradle and then follows this announcement:

"A School for boys and girls two to six years of age. Opening September eleventh with nursery and advanced pre-school groups. Morning sessions 9.00-12.00. Tuition \$4.00 per week including transportation and mid-morning milk. 60 Court Street, Westfield, Mass."

Success to Mary Ruth and her Cradle School.

True to her promise, Helen McNab Willard '25 returned promptly to Lasell this time accompanied by her six-months old son Allan. After glancing at his bright blue eyes and rosy cheeks, we called him a "Little White Dove." He did not resent it and his mother added: "We will repeat our call as soon as possible."

Glancing over programs sent to our president by May Thielens Peeples '04-05, we gather that her children have inherited their mother's musical and artistic gifts. Their names appear repeatedly on the programs of plays for young people sponsored by the Civic Theatre Guild of Chicago. We were especially pleased to note on the Edward MacDowell program, given in the Academy of Fine Arts, that this former Lasell girl contributed a sketch of the life of the composer. Our renewed congratulations to Mrs. Peeples and her gifted family.

Below is the most recent Honor Roll on which appear the names of those who have been called into the higher life:

From Mrs. Alice Porter Powell of Tiffin, Ohio, was received the following announcement: "Mrs. Edwards H. Porter (Harriet Noble '93) passed away at her home June 1, 1939. She is survived by her husband, Dr. E. H. Porter, one son and a daughter. Mrs. Porter was a sister of the late Alice Noble Leister, a member of the Class of 1894."

To Dr. Winslow came this notice recently: "I am sorry I have not written before to inform you that my sister, Sarah Soule Randall '03, passed away October 11, 1937. She is survived by one son Thomas C. Randall, who lives with us. He is eighteen and entered Mt. Hermon School last September as a Junior. My son, Norman A. Kilby, Jr. is sixteen years old.

"I am sure Commencement at Lasell will be a great success this year. Wish I might join my classmates of 1914 for our Twenty-fifth Reunion. I always look back on those three years I spent at Lasell with fondest memories and great appreciation. Sincere greetings to you and Mrs. Winslow.

Helen Soule Kilby '14."

Our President also heard from Miss Constance Joseph of Stonington, Conn.: "It is with deepest regret I must inform you my sister, Charlotte Joseph Tuite '13, passed away March 19, 1939. She had been an invalid for three years."

We are grieved to learn of the recent death of Mrs. Walter C. Billings, mother of Marjorie Billings '29. She will be sorely missed not alone by her family but by a large circle of devoted friends.

Our tenderest sympathy is extended to these bereaved families.

In a welcomed note from Helen Hamilton '37-39 she writes: "I am already enjoying my work at the Massachusetts Memorial Hospital, Boston. It is giving me just the practical experience I needed." Lasell's best wishes are following you, dear Helen.

Evidently this summer for Karin Eliasson '31 rest is not "quitting this busy career". She and her sister Ana are giving the art talks at

their home, the Black Estate, Ellsworth, Maine. Karin adds: "These vacation days are filled with duties and pleasure. Many visitors to the Art Gallery remain for a taste of Swedish hospitality, but we have time for reading, music and games afield where my alert father is usually the victor."

Does not this bright and friendly word sound just like Clarissa Gibbs Smith '04-05? After congratulating the Dean Emeritus on having rounded out a good old age, Clarissa adds: "The LEAVES description of Florence Miller Henn's ('04-05) walking out with her grandson makes me anxious to tell of my dear granddaughter, Judith Bancroft Fuller, one year old. The day she was christened, she sang all through the baptismal service. Miss Potter she is not a Little White Dove but an angel. My love to you and best wishes for many more happy years at Lasell."

We regretted missing the call of Ruth Putnam Jackson '35 and her husband. We hope to have a glimpse of them soon for they are now serving in the Christian Science Publishing Company, Boston.

Augusta Williamson '37 and Meta Searles '37, classmates and roommates, returned recently to Lasell. Augusta spends part of her time as the guest of her beloved aunt, Mrs. Augusta P. Van Wyck of Hudson, N. Y., but finds time to give training to a group of Girl Scouts, who thoroughly enjoy their young leader. Meta is happily employed in the office of a Boston insurance company. The fact that twice during her comparatively short time of service she has been given a "raise" indicates a satisfactory employee and appreciative employer. Both girls devote their free time to voluntary service for the under-privileged.

Helene Jones Pressel '32, still the "wide awake", brought all the way from Michigan a prospective new pupil, namely her own little winsome daughter. Helene assured us seriously that she intended registering her that very day. Let us hope that the little daughter will take to and be as loyal to Lasell as this her devoted Alumna mother.

A large circle of friends were grieved to learn recently of the passing of Mrs. Clara Bowen Lewis '87-88 of Lockport, N. Y. The editor of the local paper paid fitting and appreciative tribute to this beloved citizen who had been for many years a leader in the civic and religious life of her community. Sincere sympathy Lasell extends to the bereaved family.

An attractive picture of Wilmine Lane '36-38 appeared in a June issue of the Scranton (Pa.) "Scrantonian" with this comment:

"All the way from Japan comes Wilmine Lane, who graduated from the preparatory division of Scranton-Keystone Junior College during the week. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lane (Ruth Rowland, Lasell 1911-12) of Sapparo, Japan, and her father is an instructor in the Imperial University of Hakkaido. Wilmine completed three years of her preparatory school work at Lasell Junior College and expects to spend two more years at Scranton-Keystone studying social service."

In reply to a word of inquiry sent out by our college Alumnae secretary we have received the following brief but valuable notices.

Eleanor Heineman Goldsmith '28-29 writes from 606 North Oakhurst Drive, Beverly Hills, California: "On October 14, 1937 I married Dr. J. Edison Goldsmith. In addition to his regular practice, my husband is on the staff of one of the Los Angeles hospitals."

The present address of Florence Harper Ellicott '17 is Still Pond, Maryland. Florence and her husband are evidently birds of passage for her report reads: "I am constantly travelling with my husband, who is employed by the United States Government."

Another northern girl who has moved South is Thirza Abrams Arrowsmith '21. She writes from 169 Huntington Road, Atlanta, Georgia: "We moved from Rochester, N. Y. last January."

We would appreciate further word concerning these former students whom we hold in fond remembrance.

Marie Houghton Gilman '16 sends this word from her home, 75 Elm Street, Springfield, Vermont: "I have just received our Round Robin Class letter which has been in circulation ever since our graduation, thanks to Mabel Straker Kimball. During the years only one member of our class, Ruth Griffin McDonald, has passed away."

Helen Whittle Bush '30 of 191 Berkley Street, Rochester, N. Y. is devoting herself to her little son, C. Allan Bush III, whose first birthday was celebrated August 2d. We were glad to receive this important news item but wish the reporter had added a few facts concerning young Allen's mother.

Charlotte Traylor Koller '30-31 of 60 Wal-dorf Road, Newton Highlands, Mass., writes: "Until recently I have lived in Philadelphia and later Cleveland, Ohio. Our little son, Thomas, was born April 19, 1937." Charlotte, we appreciate this brief but worthwhile report.

Marjorie Bouvier Reed '35 writes this welcomed word from her home, 4016 Kendall Avenue, Detroit, Michigan: "My husband is now in service work and travels often to Pater-son, N. J. I shall visit Lasell soon."

REUNION REPORTS

1914

Ruth Thresher Jenks has again proved herself a friend indeed. She sent the following informal but valuable response to a sort of S. O. S. call from the *Personals* Editor for a report of the 1914 Class Reunion. Ruth writes: "One reason for the small attendance at our 25th Reunion was that many of our classmates' daughters and sons were graduating the same day from high schools and colleges. Myra Eby Craighead, Ruth Quick Dean and I lunched at Bragdon on Class Day and later attended the Alumnae meeting in Winslow Hall. My older son's engagement was announced that evening and this social function, much to my regret, called me away from Lasell.

"It has been the custom for a number of

years for a group in our class to keep a Round Robin letter and my recollection of this last letter has in a large measure furnished the material for this report. We had greetings from twenty-five of our classmates with best wishes for the class and Lasell. Helen Baird Vance and her son have gone abroad for the summer. He has just been graduated from college and will enter Harvard Law School in the fall.

"Our president, Ruby Newcomb McCorkin-dale, was ill and could not attend, much to our disappointment and her own. We have not seen Ruby since our Tenth Reunion; at our Twentieth Reunion she was in Europe. Sophie Barrett Norton was ill and has for years been a sufferer. The Class sends to her our love and sincere sympathy.

"Genevieve Bettcher McDonnell was at Colby College with her older son. Mary Bingaman is still teaching and her school duties prevented her from joining us. We were indeed sorry to learn of the recent loss of her mother.

"Irene Bollman Kunkel, the wife of a physician, has one son. Lois Brader Buckner was eager to return for the reunion and she usually does join us at our five-year meetings. She sent pictures of herself, her husband and two fine sons. From her letter we gather that Alleda Burnett Arneson, her husband and son are a very happy family.

"Ruth David Giller was greatly missed for she always adds so much life to our meetings. To our mutual disappointment, Elsie Doleman's duties in an insurance office kept her away.

"Others from whom we had greetings were Angeline Emery MacCulloch, Marcia Fogg Moore, Dora Ellen Goodwillie, Dorothy Hart-shorn Underwood, Mildred Hotchkiss Girvin, Carolyn Moore, Dorothy Payne Whiteway, and Barbara Jones Bates, who hopes soon to place her daughter as a student at Lasell. Florence Shields Miller, Mildred Smith Leach and Helen Soule Kilby also sent greetings and regrets.

"Evelyn Schmidt is residing in New York and is busy in her profession as a dentist. Marie Klenze Hickey, whose husband died very suddenly last year, has five children. Our deepest sympathy to her in her bereavement.

"Esther Underwood, who married 'Chick' Evans, the famous golfer, usually accompanies him on his professional tours.

"On Alumnae Day we had a fine long visit with Dean Rand. It makes us happy to have her again at Lasell; she seems to be a part of it. We visited the new Infirmary and thought it a splendid addition to the college. Of course, the auditorium is a joy. Myra Craighead had not seen it so she was doubly thrilled with the building. I felt repaid for attending the reunion just to meet and enjoy 'Little Eby', as we affectionately called Myra. She traveled all the way from Harrisburg, Penna. in order to be present."

The *Personals* Editor adds one word more and that is our dear reporter, Ruth Thresher Jenks, failed to mention that she was accompanied by her charming daughter, whom we had not had the pleasure of meeting until that day. We are also glad to add that Ruth is one of the trustees of Lasell Junior College. She closes her report with:

"Let us resolve to make our Thirtieth anniversary something of which we can be proud!"

Ruth Thresher Jenks, '14, Secretary

1919

Mercie Nichols, the permanent secretary of the Class of 1919 sends this welcomed report:

"I regret that the Class of '19 did not make a larger showing at their Twentieth Reunion, but girls who did return certainly enjoyed being together after their long separation. Those who live nearby were especially happy to see Edith Vance Nicolson and her charming daughter. They with Frances Coombs Goff and Olive Chase Mayo had enjoyed quite a long stay at Lasell before their classmates arrived. Unfortunately, they had to leave shortly after our class luncheon at Wellesley Inn on June 10th. Also present at that luncheon were

Priscilla Alden Wolfe and her daughter, Virginia, soon to be a Lasell girl. Alice Phillips Weeks drove up from Cohasset with me and we also had with us Helen Webster Fitz. We were all so happy to have Marguerite Houser Hamlin stop over on her way from Florida to her summer home in Maine. We had a happy reunion and were especially pleased to have letters from Helen Moss Post, Miriam Bell Bell, Ethel Ramage Fisk and Sarah Hopkins. Even the few words on the cards returned from some of the girls unable to join us brought many merry memories. All present hoped that at our next reunion we may see a larger number of our classmates. I am always pleased to see our Dean Emeritus at Lasell and have her looking well and happy. How much at home it made the '19'ers feel to have Miss Rand, our senior house teacher, back with us again and to find her as splendid and charming as ever. With best wishes for a pleasant summer to all our Lasell friends.

Sincerely,

Mercie V. Nicols, Secretary

1924

1924's Fifteenth Reunion was held amid the beautiful surroundings of the Brae Burn Country Club, Saturday, June 10th. We are happy to report that nine faithful members were able to join us for luncheon. Several "good will" messages were received from classmates who were unable to be present. Sarah Crane, a member of the Class of 1922, sent a friendly telegram wishing us a happy and successful day.

Our hearts were saddened by the news of the recent passing away of our classmate, Elsie Terhune. To her bereaved family we extend our deepest sympathy.

Those present at the luncheon were: Marietta Chase Stedfast, Katharine Carroll Webb, Helen B. Perry, Dorothy Barnard, Helen Terry Francisco, Carolyn Vicary Krider, Frances W. Badger, Elizabeth Barden Coulson, Edith Hadley McLean and myself.

Submitted by:

Edith Clendenin Stahl, '24, Secretary

1929

Being "on location" got me into a peck of trouble with that ambitious Class of 1929. If my records serve me correctly, there were twenty-nine members of the class who appeared at one time or another during Alumnae Day. A good percentage of these served to create the volume for the Cap and Gown song at the Alumnae Dinner, which is being so much talked about in various quarters. Quite evidently such volume was not expected for a tenth reunion.

We were indeed distressed that Phyllis Beck Van de Mark, our life secretary, was not able to be with us and also President Emily Crump Ramstetter. On the spur of the moment, Saturday morning, we collected seventeen girls and went to lunch together. I am sorry that space does not allow a detailed report of the conversation and news of all members that was put out during lunch. And, really, a reprint of pictures of the children should be sent to all. We enjoyed a fine letter from Mary Barton Libby and a disappointing telegram from Teddy Pratt Brown saying that due to illness she and Ellie Pitcher Hansen were not able to come.

At a meeting following the Alumnae Dinner, those present voted a committee for the fifteenth reunion: Isabelle Daggett Wilson, Marjorie Billings, E. Maude Williams, Katherine Braithwaite, and Yours Truly as chairman. This set-up we hope will be most effective and if I am not still "on location", I am to notify another member of the committee who lives in this vicinity to take over the plans. We warn you five years in advance that your lives will be made miserable unless you plan to come back for the Fifteenth. The girls who returned this time agreed that it was lots of fun living on campus again, following the Class Night Parade, watching the Seniors weep at the Crow's Nest and so on through the program.

I am sure that the list of guests will interest all: Margaret Allen, Myra Page Haven, Margaret Heath Lee, Marion Kingdon Farnum, E. Maude Williams, Katherine Braithwaite,

Preble Borden Gruchy, Isabelle Daggett Wilson, Doris Gardner Bigelow, Verta MacLeod, Marjorie Billings, Dorothy Hayward Sutherland, Marjorie Schaller Schoonmaker, Barbara Goodell Trott, Mary McEvoy Robideau, Janet Kaufman Robinson, Dorothy Cole MacRae, Muriel Hagerthy Small, Katherine Edwards, Ruth Rowbotham Strickland, Barbara Peirce Gove, Helen Ohm Kingsman, Esther Angel, Margaret Contrell Sayre, Constance Chalmers Harlow, Constance Chase Marchant, Marion Simpson Lunt, Mildred Walker, and Marion Roberts.

Are there any errors or omissions?

Submitted by:

Marion A. Roberts, substituting

1934

The long anticipated Fifth Reunion of the Class of 1934 began with a delightful luncheon at "The Commonwealth" in Auburndale on Alumnae Day, June 10th. Though we were disappointed that family cares and long distances kept so many of our classmates away, the eighteen of us who gathered around the table enjoyed hearing reports about the absent ones from their friends who were present. Messages were received from Celia Foss, Annabeth Williams, and Roberta Davis Massey, our Life Secretary, whose enforced absence we all greatly regretted. The practicing of class songs and Cap and Gown Song brought back many pleasant memories and "Do you remember" was heard on all sides.

Those attending the luncheon were: Phyllis Atkinson Stone, Emily Cleaves, Frances Day, Barbara Dean Decker, Edith Downey, Alice Floyd Rice, Helen Gibbs Allen, Helen Hall, Barbara Kerr Marshman, Betty Potter Janse, Dorothy Second, Beth Snow Bissett, Mary Nassikas, Mabel Crowe, Louise Cook, Helen Schelenberg, Virginia Collins and Celia Kinsley. After the Alumnae Meeting we were joined at dinner in Bragdon Hall by Mabelle Hickcox, Betty Cook, Barbara Hoyt and Marian McAuliffe Lantery.

We are all now looking forward to 1944 and a bigger and better tenth reunion for the Class of 1934.

Submitted by:

Celia W. Kinsley, '34

1937

The Class of 1937 had their second reunion at the Wellesley Inn on June 10th with forty-three members present. We thought it a fine evidence of loyalty since it was not a regular fifth year reunion. Many of the girls were working Saturday afternoon, but they joined us Saturday evening at the Alumnae Dinner (and incidentally aided greatly in the singing of our Cap and Gown Song), and attended Tap's tea on Sunday afternoon. We were very happy to have as our luncheon guest Miss Eliasson, who made us all feel that we had not been away from Lasell for two long years. Irene Dreissigacker, Louise Visel and Doris Carey took this opportunity to announce their engagements. Our ever-faithful song leader, Rae Salisbury, was delayed on her way from town but finally, with the aid of one of the Newton Police cars, she just made the last course at dinner. Several '37'ers dropped in at Tap's tea on Sunday afternoon and welcomed the sight of our class banner, which gaily decorated the Tardivel home. We had a wonderful reunion and are looking forward to another "unofficial" one next year.

Those attending the reunion festivities were: Irene Dreissigacker, Elizabeth Wisdom, Virginia Wright, Louise Hedlund, Connie Mafera, Gertrude McEvoy, Margaret Harris, Elise Rougeot, Genevieve Hackett, Margaret Hills, Jean Meady, Eleanor Martini, Barbara Harding, Alice Dohoney, Doris Connington, Dorothy Forsstrom, Betty Tracy, Barbara Wheeler, Lucille Huse, Jane Eldridge, Barbara Lane, Priscilla Parmenter, Doris Carlson, Dorothy Acuff, Lois Small, Meredith Tillotson, Marian Sleeper, Marjorie Gilbert, Virginia Gately, Barbara Burnham, Sophia Regas, Eleanor Kenney, Rae Salisbury, Mary Rose, Dorothy Coffin, Edythe Cummings, Miriam Goff, Meta Searles, Nancy Edmonds, Meredith Johnson,

Ruth Baber, Priscilla Greig, Betty Harrington, Evelyn Piepenbring '35-36, and Louise Tardivel.

Respectfully submitted,

Louise Tardivel, '37, Class Secretary

1938

We submit with pleasure another of these delightfully informal reports of Class Reunions. Virginia Wilhelm, life secretary of the Class of 1938, writes:

"Our Class Luncheon was held at the Woodland Golf Club on Saturday noon, June 10th. We had an attendance of sixty and our junior and senior advisors were with us at this our first reunion. Miss Eliasson had to divide her time for she had previously accepted an invitation from the Class of 1937. It was difficult to remember to call our junior advisor, Miss Ethelyn Whitney '32, by her married name, but before the meeting was over we had grown quite used to saying Mrs. Lenzi.

"The Woodland Club was a lovely place in which to hold a luncheon as there was a large, attractive lounge where we could all gather to see who could out-talk the other. After the luncheon, we sang our Cap and Gown song under the direction of Jane Sherman. Our meeting was very informal, with a short welcome by Lois Wadhams, our president. We had approximately 90 girls in all back for the weekend. On Sunday afternoon Irene Gahan entertained the class at her home and there formally announced her engagement to Mr. Daniel Burbank, Jr.

"It was a very pleasant weekend long to be remembered. Everyone seemed to be happy in whatever work she is doing, and Lasell girls are certainly able to go out and get the jobs. It speaks well for the school in times like these when the competition is very stiff and positions not very plentiful.

"Our luncheon was such a success that many expressed the wish for another reunion next June when I hope even a larger number will be present. All good wishes for a successful year at Lasell.

Submitted by

Virginia Wilhelm, '38, Secretary

Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

The annual meeting of Lasell Alumnae, Inc. was held at 3:30 P. M. on Saturday, June 10, 1939, in the auditorium of Winslow Hall. The meeting was called to order by the President, Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22, who welcomed the Alumnae to their first reunion in the new building and suggested that the meeting be opened with the singing of L-A-S-E-Double L Lasell.

The Recording Secretary read the report of the meeting held on June 11, 1938. The minutes were accepted as read.

The written report of the auditor, Mr. Walter R. Amesbury, was read by the Secretary, accepted as read, and with audited statements of income and expense was placed on file with the Secretary.

Marion Ordway Corley '11, Treasurer of the Corporation, read her report of receipts and expenditures for the past year, referring to the audited statements for the itemized record.

Evelina Perkins '15, Chairman of the June Garden Party Committee, announced that the sum of \$163.46 had been cleared from the sale of food and flowers on June Day, June eighth, and turned over to the Endowment Fund of the Class of 1939.

As Chairman of the Memorial Committee, Mary Packard Cass '89, asked us to stand and bow our heads in silent prayer in memory of Lasell girls who have passed away during the year, and remembering our close friendship with them as active members of our Lasell Alumnae group.

Chairman of the Nominating Committee, Evelina Perkins '15, read the names of the following officers for 1939-40 as presented by the Committee at the Board Meeting held on May 10, 1939:

President	Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22
Vice-President	Mildred Strain Nutter '17
Recording Secretary	Lillian G. Bethel '28
Corresponding Secretary	Celia W. Kinsley '34
Treasurer	Marion Ordway Corley '11
Asst. Treasurer	Helen B. Perry '24

Directors: Laura Hale Gorton '16
 Mabel Straker Kimball '16
 Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender '04-06

Memorial Committee:
 Marion Joselyn Young, Chairman '94-96
 Lillie R. Potter '80

Scholarship Committee:
 Jane Ford Amesbury, Chairman '01-03
 Margaret Rand, Dean
 Marion A. Roberts '29

Nominating Committee:
 Esther T. Josselyn, Chairman '27
 Marjorie A. MacClymon '32
 Marion Rice Severson '23-24

The Secretary was instructed to cast one ballot for the slate of officers as nominated.

Josephine Woodward Rand '10, Norine Burroughs Dillingham '96-97, and Marion Ordway Corley '11 were named as nominees for election to the Lasell Junior College Corporation, their term of service to be for five consecutive years beginning the October following their election.

Dr. Winslow expressed his great pleasure in welcoming the Alumnae to their first meeting in Winslow Hall and in extending an invitation to remain for dinner as the guests of the College and to attend Class Night Exercises on the athletic field. It was splendid news to learn that Lasell had just finished a very fine year and was looking forward to an even greater enrollment for 1939-1940. While attending the winter meeting of the American Association of Junior Colleges in Grand Rapids, Michigan, Dr. Winslow visited Isabel Treadwell Towne '68, oldest living graduate, who is ninety years of age and totally blind, but who very vividly recalled her days at Lasell Female Seminary for Young Women. The suggestion was made by the present members of the Alumnae to instruct the Secretary to send a word of greeting to Mrs. Towne.

Mrs. Winslow very graciously welcomed us to Commencement, asking that this time of year be considered as Lasell's Thanksgiving with the

"children" coming back to find the "family" living in the "old home" and very eagerly waiting to have us share the holiday.

"Old girls" who were unable to attend the mid-winter reunion enjoyed the opportunity of hearing from the new Dean, Miss Margaret Rand, who expressed her pleasure in being able once again to greet such a representative group of Lasell Alumnae.

The roll call of five-year reunioneing classes was read by Dorothy Barnard '24, beginning with the Class of '89 with one member present and continuing to the Class of 1938, holding its first reunion with ninety members at their luncheon. President Meredith Prue, as representative of the Class of 1939, assured us that the members of her class were graduating into our Alumnae organization and were looking forward to being present at our annual meeting next year. We hope to see this large class of 128 members in June 1940!

Caroline Coburn Briggs '86-'87 brought with her a large picture made when she was a student, showing Bragdon Hall before the addition had been built and including a photograph of Dr. Bragdon taken with the student body during that year.

Two former Alumnae Presidents, Susan Tiffany '15 and Priscilla Alden Wolfe '19, were also very welcome members at our meeting. Our "Lady White Dove", Lillie R. Potter '80 and her roommate, Annie Kendig Peirce '80, brought to our meeting that touch of the genuine Lasell that means so much to us "little white doves" at Lasell's Thanksgiving.

Anecdotes of Lasell days as told by Mary Packard Cass '89 were highly entertaining both to those who recalled similar occasions and to the recent graduates who can only listen and not quite comprehend! With Mrs. Cass

on this fiftieth reunion was Mrs. Frances Thomas Fiske '87-'88 whose daughter, Mary Fiske Cass '16-'17, married the son of Mary Packard Cass '89. Corsages of rosebuds were presented to these two loyal Lasell girls and to Miss Harriet Scott '94, life member of the Lasell Alumnae, who was celebrating her forty-fifth reunion.

After the singing of the Alma Mater, the meeting was declared adjourned at 4:50 P. M.

"Bound firm by a bond unbroken,

Love for old Lasell!

Take we now a pledge outspoken,

'Ere to guard her well.

Alma Mater! Fidelitas!"

Signed:

Lillian G. Bethel, '28,

Recording Secretary

Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

Lasell Junior College

Auburndale, Massachusetts



1939's "FAREWELL"

Moon Drops

There lives an ugly satyr with three horns upon his head
 Who chuckles in his throat as he clammers from his bed
 Out from a swampy river bank of muck and moss and mud,
 All tangled in the iris and the weeds and cat-nip bud.
 Shaking off the iris petals fallen in his hair
 He blinks his green and bleary eyes at moonlight everywhere.
 He grabs with scaly hand a reed and twists it thrice about,
 Then blows a low and blooming tune that calls the goblins out.

Deep from the bottom of a lake the water nymphs arise,
 And dally in the pool where the water-lily lies.
 And when the moonlight whitens, you can see throughout the marsh
 Dryads old and grinning, playing music wild and harsh.
 So if, at night, you're near a wood, it's not the wind you hear;
 It's the dryads' low and booming tune upon the atmosphere.
 (And you'd better run, my dear!)

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NOVEMBER, 1939 Vol. 65, No. 1

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Thanksgiving Tradition

For the past seventy-five years the governor of each state has proclaimed a day of Thanksgiving which has come to be regarded of late years as a great day for football games, family reunions, enormous dinners, and turkeys and pumpkins, harking back to the first harvest feast of the Pilgrims of Bradford's "Plymouth Plantation" in celebration of their existence in the new world for a little less than a year.

President Lincoln began the idea of a universal date for this festival, which is incidentally not a government-established national holiday. The last Thursday of November was eventually decided upon and strictly adhered to up until this year, when President Roosevelt announced his intention of proclaiming Thanksgiving upon November 23 in response to the pleas of the organized retailers of the United States. The retailers applauded this action vigorously because it makes for the alleviation of the tremendous pressure of business between Thanksgiving and Christmas. Thanksgiving is one of the least commercialized holidays we celebrate, and any extra business which might be derived from the change in date would probably be awarded to food shops, and producers of table decorations. Football managers may bemoan the loss of a profitable day from their schedules, but it is still a moot point as to whether the precedent of a holiday so full of tradition as Thanksgiving should be compromised to relieve economic pressure. Opponents of Mr. Roosevelt may regard this as an opportunity to prove his disrespect of the true sentiments of the country.

There has been much unnecessary controversy over the issue. The final decision rests in the hands of the governor of each of the states. Thus far there are twenty-two states for Roosevelt and November 22 and 23, the whole of New England for tradition and the last Thursday in November, Mississippi is still undecided, and Texas and Colorado will thrust all quibbling aside and observe both Thursdays.

Jean MacNeish

Twenty-three vs. Thirty

Oh dear, college girls do have so many problems, don't they? It's not enough that we have to figure out a good reason to take that extra cut, or what dress to wear to that too divine dance, but now we have to eat two turkey dinners. Of course all the girls living in states celebrating the twenty-third spent days trying to decide which week-end to go home; and though they hated it, they finally decided on both. Really, you've no idea how hard it is to have two long week-ends in a row . . . it almost overwhelmed some.

One thing that bothered us was the turkey question. In the first place, was twice the number of turkeys necessary; and if so, were there enough to go around? We always had a soft spot in our heart for these innocent little birds and we should hate to think of every farm killing two instead of one.

Another problem was the family reunion. Maybe people with large families held "open house" for a week; and when Aunt Minnie from Rhode Island arrived on the thirtieth, she was received as cordially as Aunt Hettie was the week before when she came in from New Jersey. Of course this holiday might come in handy for families with feuds raging . . . they could have all of one side on one date and the opposition on the other.

We hear continually about our modern age; all about our progressiveness and "colossalness"; but don't you really think it is carrying things a little to the extreme? After all, if we are going to have a double holiday, why not make it Christmas or birthdays? Just think how much fun it would be to have Santa Claus come twice a year. AND, what are we going to do about those annual football games? They're all managing to play the WRONG week-end as far as I'm concerned.

Oh, well, all this turkey talk is making me hungry. So I guess I'll go dress for dinner . . . maybe we'll have chicken.

Betty Bell

What the Colleges are Doing

(Condensed from Editorials and Articles in various college publications)

A practical trend is the establishment of a new law course at Cornell. Students will set up a legal office and solve the problems of professional lawyers. This training heightens the interest of the students, and also helps the instructor to judge the students' abilities.

* * * *

Professorial Union Card

Whether or not he has any real interest in scholarly research, a student who wishes to enter the field of college training must earn a Ph.D. degree in his chosen field. This is a very convenient arrangement. It keeps the public convinced that only a superhuman can become a college professor; it keeps new graduates from flooding college labor markets. But it also keeps from college teaching any number of wise and eager and talented young men.

No matter how great a research man a professor may be, the source of the substance of his teaching is the study he has made of his field, not the research he has contributed to it.

The doctor's degree should no longer be a professorial union card, but a reward for contribution to human knowledge. It should be made more rare, and more desirable.

* * * *

The outstanding defect of the curriculum of the present-day American college is its lack of spiritual drive. The teachers, students, and graduates of a college are not bound together into a single unified community dominated by the emotional attitude of a single enterprise.

If the faculty of a college numbers two hundred teachers, each of them giving three courses, all knowledge is divided into six-hundred fragments. What is there in such an arrangement to give the student any sense of a common purpose dominating the whole college? The unifying devotion of the college

is given always to non-intellectual, extra-curricular values.

The curriculum might be arranged, not with the scholastic intention of covering the whole field of knowledge, but with the practical purpose of fitting the minds of all students alike for carrying on a common spiritual endeavor. This would fuse the intellectual and the social activities of the college into a single life.

From "Defects in Colleges"
by Alexander Meiklejohn

* * * *

A great paradox of college education is that much time is spent in talking about democracy, but that in the college itself there is no democracy at all. Students cannot determine their own courses, or name the men who will teach them.

What exists is a loose system of advice in which the administration consults students about all minor decisions.

"The best interests of the college" are too often the best interests of one group, and this is a denial of the democracy which would infer that every group, and every person, would be working for the "best interests" of the whole.

* * * *

The road to intellectual achievement lies through the highroad to freedom. Citizens must recognize that a new world is being created, and that we cannot map its frontiers without the risks of a voyage of exploration. They must be willing for the economist and political scientist to do in the realm of ideas what Lewis and Clark did in the realm of physical discovery. They must be ready for experiment.

Freedom for teacher and student; that is the primary necessity. True teaching is not in lectures but in the friendship of teacher and taught. Individual relationship should not be lost through size—universities consist not of buildings but of men.

Compiled by Patty Kieser



BRAGDON HALL AT NIGHT

Night Before the Quarterlies

"Now let's see, where was I? . . . Oh, yes, . . . 'Robinson got the Pulitzer prize in —' what's that? . . . telephone? . . . thanks . . . wonder who that could be? . . ." Mad dash to phone. Breathlessly . . . "Hello—oh, hello Tom . . . I'm fine, but I'm simply swamped with studying . . . yes, exams all week, and they're horrible! . . . you too? . . . Oh, Friday night will be grand! . . . all righty . . . bye, dear." Up two stairs at a time to the room again. "'Prize in' . . . that's where I was . . . here it is . . . 'prize in 1924. In 1929 he published . . .' that reminds me . . . what's the hour? . . . 8:30! . . . gosh, I've got to get a letter off to dad by the nine o'clock mail." Books pushed aside. Paper and pen pulled out. "Dear Pop, . . . I must have fifteen dollars, for I've got to get a new dress for class night, and I have to get flowers for my senior

sister. Also, will you ask Dr. Peters if he could take my tonsils out Monday? I want to go to Pete's wedding Friday, you know. I want to see what *she* has that I didn't have! Love, Me" . . . whip out to mail box. Just in time. Back again to the books. All is a matter of wrinkled brow and scribbling for half an hour. Suddenly, slam, and the books are closed. "Doris, I've studied all night on this stuff. I refuse to do any more. If I don't pass now, it won't be my fault!" Up goes the hair for the night. Off come the clothes. To the bathroom and back. Into bed. A sigh. A smile. . . . Not so long to Friday, . . . and Tom.

Elizabeth Jewett



Getting Acquainted

"Getting acquainted" is one of the most fascinating things we do in life; and yet many people find it the most difficult.

Every year so many girls go away to school, each with her own dreams of fun and happiness with her classmates; and in each group there are always a few who never seem to find this enjoyment simply because they do not know how to make friends. Of course, the first week everyone looks everyone else over, but soon each girl has decided whom in the college she would like for her friends.

I really believe that the girl who enters without knowing any of the students makes friends quicker and easier than the girl who comes with her "gang" already organized. The former's main difficulty is usually her shyness; but then most normal people are a little shy when they first face a group of strangers,

especially when the surroundings are also strange. Other troubles which she can quickly overcome are, perhaps, too heavy a schedule, a late arrival at school, and an incompatible roommate. The faculty will usually help her re-arrange a program. If she and her roommate, after trying hard, just can't make a go of it, an exchange can be made. Not so easy to overcome is a complete lack of interest in school activities and in other people; that type of girl has no desire for friends and happiness or else she is so absolutely wrapped up in herself that no one would find her any fun to be with. The latter problem can be coped with, but the girl herself has a great deal to do with this change of attitude.

The girl who comes late may feel at first like a lost sheep, but she will find the others anxious to be friendly and ready to like her if she is friendly to them. *Betty Bell*



WOODLAND AT NIGHT

Off Campus

"Miss Laughton will see you now, Miss Southwick," the Dean's secretary announced crisply. Janet went slowly toward the door of the inner office. She hesitated on the threshold.

"Come in, Miss Southwick. I have a telegram for you which just arrived. I am afraid that it foreshadows a rather grave situation." Janet took the outstretched telegram.

"Grandfather seriously ill. Will arrive five p. m. today to bring you home. Love, Jack."

"According to the customary procedure, you would not be allowed off the campus since you are on probation. Under these unfortunate circumstances, however, you may go, if you are back in time for Vespers tomorrow evening."

Emerging from the building at about five, Miss Laughton was the unseen witness to a meeting. A convertible driven by a college boy drew up at an abrupt stop in front of the school. Janet, suitcase in hand, ran out from the side door to meet it.

"Hello, Jack."

The boy kissed her. "It's good to see you, kid. Come on, get in; I've got a lot to tell you." The rest of the conversation was muffled as the two got into the car.

That evening at about eight Miss Laughton received a telephone call from one of the leading hotels of a nearby city. The clerk spoke hurriedly: "A young girl and a fellow just checked in here. The girl has a Westover College sticker on her bag. We thought you'd like to know." Miss Laughton heard the receiver on the other end click as she said, "Thank you."

She went to her office and drew the permission book from her desk drawer. There were usually very few permissions in the middle of the week. There was only one for this evening. It was that of Janet Southwick. She felt a wave of pity for Janet Southwick, though she supposed that she herself was partly to blame for having permitted a girl on probation to leave.

The next evening Miss Laughton was waiting in the hallway. She almost hoped that Janet would not return. She hated to expel a girl. With a heavy heart she saw the familiar convertible rounding the hill up to the school. She stepped out onto the path to the drive. The two had gotten out of the car. She noticed that the boy was walking up. She could not bring herself to tell Janet right away, to humiliate her before this boy.

"How is your grandfather?" she heard herself saying.

"He's had a turn for the better," was Janet's reply. "Something happened to the car last night and we had to stay over in a hotel. Oh, but I'm forgetting my manners. You haven't met my brother, have you, Miss Laughton?"

Jean MacNeish

The Life of Lucille

Although many people have heard of the cow jumping over the moon, few have heard of a cow jumping a barbed wire fence. Since Lucille performed such a remarkable feat, I feel she deserves a biography.

Lucille was born on a bright sunny day in the summer of 1932, in Alabama. She was a fat, chubby little calf who from the day of her birth seemed to have a very winning personality. While she was young, she loved to romp in the fields and frighten little boys as if she were a fierce bull. In her later years, she became quite dignified and walked through the fields like the Queen of Sheba. Her favorite pastime was standing on the bluff to look down at the Tennessee River.

Lucille had a temperamental nature. She liked good food, and she expected that food on time, every day. When anyone she did not like came near her, she kicked and caused such a commotion that the person had to leave. However, she especially took a liking to my grandmother's negro chauffeur, Bronie, who treated her like a child. He spent hours every day training, feeding, petting, and talking to her. He taught her to come to him when

she heard him call. I loved to watch Lucille when she heard Bronie's call, because she always stopped grazing, lifted her head, listened again, and started towards him.

One day my grandfather had to sell Lucille. When the prospective buyer arrived to look at her, she was nowhere to be found. Bronie was sent to call her. Still she did not come. After waiting for some time in vain, the buyer gave up in disgust and departed. It was not long before Bronie confessed that he had hidden Lucille because he could not bear to part from her.

But another time Lucille really was missing; not even Bronie knew of her whereabouts. A frantic search was started, but without results. He looked for her in her favorite haunts, inquired for her from the neighbors, and called to her from time to time. Yet Lucille did not come home. Finally when he was almost sick with worry, a report came that Lucille had committed suicide by jumping over a barbed-wire fence into the Tennessee River.

It seemed as if Bronie would die of grief. However, we convinced him that Lucille had always loved the river and that it was better that such a distinguished cow should die in this remarkable way. Bronie now brags about Lucille's jumping over that fence, and says if she had lived long enough, she really might have jumped over the moon.

Bettie Ellis

Love on Skis

"Hey, throw me that ash tray, Steve,—the one on that table," said Peter Hingham, and Steve Rosco got up from his seat beside his young wife, Peg, to take the round blue ash tray to his host. Peter was on the brown leather couch, lounging comfortably next to Ann Bales, the other member of the skiing party at Hingham Lodge. As Hingham pressed out his cigarette, there was a loud kick on the door, and Mike O'Malley stumbled into the living-room, his arms filled with logs.

"Good job for a gardener," he grumbled,

"buildin' fires in a freezin' cold hut in the middle of New Hampshire with snow all around and nary a tree in sight. Begorry, I'm not cold-blooded, but I'm shiverin' like me old grandmither!"

"Why, Mike," Peter said, "how could you be cold? It looks to me like you have four sweaters on! C'mon, kids, let's go for a ski."

"You're on!" Ann hollered, and reached for her mackinaw.

The scene before them when they stepped outside should have been painted on canvas. The blackness of the night was cut only by the greyish white mountains and the clear, gleaming profile of the man in the moon. They stood at the top of a mountain; the snow sloped down from them in all directions, then up again to nearby peaks. Then they were off with a "whoosh", four inky figures gliding toward the valley.

But suddenly one of them jolted—a ski must have caught on a hidden log—and slithered down to the foot of the slope. It was Peter. Ann was the first to reach him.

"Pete! Can you move? What hurts?"

Then Steve and Peg arrived on the scene. Pete's left arm was twisted the wrong way, and blood trickled from a gash on his head down onto the snow. But his legs were all right. After a little while the others helped him back up to the lodge.

Once there, he dropped onto the couch moaning, and Mike rushed in from the kitchen in alarm. "Ugh," Pete groaned. "Am I still in one piece?" "You're okay, darling," Ann said. "But let me fix your head." Ah, Pete thought, she called me 'darling'. I guess that spill was worth it. One thing Pete hoped to accomplish on this ski trip was to persuade Ann to say "yes" when he "popped the question".

An hour later the arm felt better. Pete sent Mike and the Roscos off to bed. "Ann will take care of me, won't you Ann?" She sat on the floor beside him—this might be a good time to ask her. "How does the arm feel now,

Pete?" she asked him. "It hurts like the devil, Ann. So please will you marry me?" "Why, Pete, I—"

"Cut!" hollered the director. "Sound like you meant it." Does she accept? Does Pete's arm get well? If you want to know, don't miss "Love on Skis". It's being released next month.

Patty Kieser

Fourth Floor

Me an' Mickey are sittin' on the little bench between our elevators when Miss Leslie walks up to us, clickin' her heels the way dames do, and says, "Which one is it this time, boys?" We sort of take turns ridin' her up to her floor.

"It's me, Miss Leslie," I says, so she steps into my car an' I run her up to the fourth floor. When she gets out she says, "Thanks, Shorty," polite-like the way most folks don't bother to. Just as I get down again, Mickey's startin' up with Mr. Jackson. He's a washing-machine salesman—a slick talker if there ever was one—an' has been sweet on Miss Leslie ever since she came to Marvin Hotel last year. They won't say so yet, but me an' Mickey think they're engaged. We sure hope so, too, 'cause they make a swell couple. About a half-hour later the "Down" signal flashes, and Mickey jumps into his car and speeds up to the four floor—Mr. Jackson lives there too—to bring those two down. They eat at Angelo's together 'most every night—



CONN HOUSE



AFTER ASSEMBLY

the spaghetti down there is swell. They say, "Thanks, Mickey," and go out smilin' at each other the way folks do that are in love.

They're back soon after eleven, an' on the way up they tell me about the movie they've just seen at the Capitol. "'Night, kid," they say gettin' out and I start the car down. But I stop it right by the big letter 4, so they think I've gone way down, an' I see 'em go into a clinch in front of her door. So I beat it down to tell Mickey, an' then we knock off for the night.

But the next evenin' somethin' is all wrong. Me and' Mickey dunno just what, but we can tell somethin' is screwy.

Miss Leslie comes back from work later than usual an' is lookin' kinda pale around the gills. Mickey takes her up in his car, an' he says when he comes down that she even forgot to say "Thanks," which proves she is awful upset. Mr. Jackson doesn't even come back until quarter after eleven, just before me an' Mickey quit for the night. He isn't drunk, exactly, but he's smellin' like he's halfway there. An' he doesn't even tell me a "salesman" joke on the way up like he 'most

always does. Why the heck are these two mooning around so? I asks myself. It doesn't take long to figger it out, either. They must've had a quarrel, an' a bad one at that! But why? Well, we think an' think, but we can't dope out why the romance is suddenly all washed up.

But early the next mornin', we find out from a maid that goes around with the night watchman—gossip sure travels fast in our hotel—that during their lunch-hour yesterday, Mr. Jackson let on to Miss Leslie he'd just turned down an offer of a bigger job because he wanted to be a salesman, an' she lit into him all right. She said he would've taken the higher-paid job if he really wanted her to marry him, and he blew up sayin' he was goin' to stick to sellin' washing-machines whether or not she liked it. An' now they wouldn't even speak to each other at all.

Well, me an' Mickey feel pretty bad about them splittin' up like that, an' we decide to do somethin' about it. But to save our necks, we can't think up a good scheme to bring 'em together again, an' three days after their quarrel they're still avoidin' each other like they had the measles.

Miss Leslie comes in at her regular time an' takes a car up, an' Mr. Jackson comes in just a few minutes later. They never come in together any more. Golly, what a mess! An' them so sweet on each other before.

Well, alla time I think about 'em 'till my brain's most wore out, an' just as I'm takin' Mrs. O'Brien up to the third Friday noon, the idea comes to me just like that! So I rush down quick to tell Mickey my brain-storm, an' here's how it works out.

About twenty after five Miss Leslie comes across the lobby an' steps into my elevator. Mickey's taken his up for about ten minutes like I told him to. Miss Leslie has to just stand there, on account of I'm not there to run her up. I'm standin' around the corner behind a rubber plant, waitin' for Mr. Jackson to come in. An' sure enough, about three minutes later I see him startin' across the lobby. So I jumps into my car quick, an' stand right in front of Miss Leslie, hopin' he can't see she's there. But I don't need to worry, 'cause he's lookin' down at the floor, an' doesn't see her until he nearly bumps into her. An' by that time I have the door slammed an' the car movin'. I run it up to between the second an' the third floors, an' then I stops it with a jolt. When I turn around, I see they're both glarin' at me, but I smiles an' says, "Sorry, folks, but I'm afraid this here car's stuck. Might as well make yourselves comfortable—it sometimes takes a couple hours to fix these darn crates." The little light in my car's pretty dim; so I settle down on the operator's seat an' fall asleep. At least, so they think. I even adds a few snores now an' then to convince 'em. Well, the first twenty minutes are quiet as anythin', an' I begin to wonder if this is such a good plan after all. If the manager found out, I might even lose my job. But it gets mighty lonely standin' up in the half-darkness of a stranded elevator, an' finally Mr. Jackson breaks the silence sayin' somethin' about the weather. She keeps quiet, but that doesn't bother him much an' pretty soon I hear him

sayin', "When I sell one more Scramdirt Washer, I get a big bonus, an' a five-dollar raise, too."

"That's very nice, I'm sure," says Miss Leslie coldly.

But Mr. Jackson's a slick talker, like I said, an' before very long he's askin' her to marry a certain salesman who's crazy about her. An' she says "yes" kinda softly, an' after that I guess they forget I'm there at all. Well, I sure feel glad about 'em, so I wakes up quick an' tell 'em maybe the car's fixed by now, an' ride 'em up to the fourth. The sudden stop sorta brings 'em to, an' they get out sayin', "Thanks, Shorty," the way they used to. An' as they're walkin' across the hall, I hear him sayin', "Hey, darlin', *we'll* need a washing machine!" So I run the car down quick to tell Mickey that it worked, and boy, are we glad! Those two are gettin' married next week, an' I been thinkin', don't you think an elevator weddin' would be novel?

Patty Kieser

"I'll Wait Here"

Clarissa Wells clinked the thin teacup down into its saucer. Her glance fled the length of the table, across the lace table cloth, past tall cool green candles tipped with tapering glows of flame, over the centerpiece of crisp Talisman roses, and came to rest lightly upon the empty chair that headed the table. She despised dining alone. How weary she was of commitments, of bridge, of querulous voices, of laughing voices,—of all sound! Seeing George's empty chair played upon her heart strings in a minor key of poignant nostalgia. It had been months now since his cigar smoke had choked the air above the table. Thank the Lord, letters of condolence from half-forgotten friends no longer clogged the mail!

She glanced down at the letters on the table before her. She had neglected the mail. This had been the first breathing spell all day. Mrs. George Wells slit back the flap on the first envelope. The long mirror that hung out above the dark-stained Duncan Phyfe

sideboard reflected the portrait of a handsome middle-aged woman, an attractive woman, a cultured woman who dressed in subdued expensive taste, a woman whose features were refinement, whose plump hands were graceful gentility. Her dark hair with its strands of gray was sculptured into soft wide waves, and her eyes were shaded by long dark lashes as she read. The nostrils of her straight nose dilated almost imperceptibly. Her thin lips were compressed into a rigid line that seemed to contain a hint of disdainful disapproval. She read the last paragraph of the letter over. It was so brusque, so impulsive, so like Joyce,—

"I'm frightfully sorry, but you can see what an impossibility it would be for me to come. Why not invite Terence and his wife to spend the summer at Bar Harbor with you? I would, if I were you."

Terry, her only son, whom she had not seen for six years. He had called Joyce "Auntie Jo-jo." She could see him now, a rotund little baby, disarmingly friendly and disgracefully stubborn. Through the years he had retained that charming amity and also the obstinate Celtic strain of erratic temper. Again he was standing before the fireplace in the drawing room, a man of commanding appearance, though scarcely more than a lanky boy fresh from college. His feet had been planted wide apart, his arms akimbo, his chin jerked back, and his eyes livid coals beneath dark brows. His voice taut with passion had spat out each word.

"You can't see anything beyond your stupid Mid-Victorian conventionalism. After all religion is rather trivial when weighed against happiness. I love Nancy enough to forget my religion for her. Why should you be so everlastingly wrought up? I'm the one who is going to marry her."

But it was his father's reply to him that had twanged itself against ear drums with its glacial evenness.

"Bear in mind, Terence; she may be your wife, but she will never be one of us."

Suddenly Clarissa wanted desperately to see Terence. Despite the fact that his Nancy was probably a common ordinary little thing, she would invite them to spend the summer with her.

* * * *

Her husband was rather handsome, Nancy reflected as she caught herself surreptitiously watching him correct examination papers. He put down his red pencil deliberately and turned to her.

"You know, dear, I had the most extraordinary letter today, from Mother."

"From your Mother?" Then after a minute's pause. "How is she?"

Nance's casualness never failed to rouse his admiration. "She's just fine. She's invited us to spend the summer with her in Bar Harbor." Terence wondered regretfully if he might not have said it somewhat less bluntly. It was more of a shock than a surprise after six years of his parent's arrogant self-imposed ignorance of him and his, to abruptly extend such a delightful invitation. There had not even been word of his father's death. Nance had come across it in the obituaries. He remembered the sticky Sunday evening when they had rattled out to the cemetery and had sat in unemotional silence watching dark drops of rain slither down the marble tombstone and trickle into the engraved name.

"It's sweet of her to ask us, but won't it be rather awkward, Terry?"

Nance was supersensitive, too afraid of wounding other people, because she herself possessed an almost pitiable fear of being hurt, Terence thought as he worded the answer.

"Let's do it, Nance. Mother's made the first move. We could be stiff-necked and refuse, as she probably expects us to do, but let's be mercenary and accept. It means a wonderful summer with all expenses paid, tennis and sailing and fishing, with plenty of spare time and nothing to worry about."

Suddenly a thin voice wobbled plaintively down the stairs from upper regions. "Mommy."



WINNING SENIOR ROOM, GARDNER 10, GULLETT, HITCHCOCK

"I must see what's the matter with Stevie." Reflectively, "It'd be rather a hard trip for a four year old."

"It'll be grand for him when he gets there, though."

Nancy stood up cocking her head pensively to one side. She ran a hand through the sandy blonde hair at her temples and spoke, "Write and tell your Mother we'd love to come, Terry."

* * * *

Nancy, deep in the soft cool bed, stretched sluggishly and uncurled like a sleepy kitten. Her eyes were closed, for she hated to admit it was another morning. Not that she wasn't enjoying it at Bar Harbor. On the contrary, she had loved every minute of the past two weeks with the exception of a rather disagreeable hour last evening. Nancy half-smiled to herself. The episode had been knee-deep in irony. Mrs. Wells, ever the essence

of well-groomed expensively attired poise, subtly prodding Terry on the details of their home life. Then, less tactfully, wondering gently, and aloud, why Terence and Nancy had never thought to engage a governess for little Stevie. She had watched Terry grow warmish around the collar, knowing that thoughts of the stuffy two-by-four apartment and the half paid-for second hand car were flitting through his brain. Mrs. Wells, relentlessly persistent, had pursued the subject with deft insinuations as to Nancy's intelligence in raising Stevie according to the Wells' tradition. Dear Terry, Nancy thought to herself, determined not to admit the character of his wallet and a bit afraid to stand too staunchly in his defense of her own capabilities for fear of opening up the dormant wound. What was the book she had supposedly been immersed in at the time?

She turned over in bed. And as she opened her eyes, she was momentarily startled by the emptiness of the twin bed beside her. She was quieted, however, by the sight of a slip of paper on the pillow. She leaned over, caught it up, and read it.

"Dear Nance,

Have gone fishing. Will be back for supper. Tell Mother.

Love,

Terry"

While she dressed, Nancy had a premonitory feeling that Mrs. Wells would be peeved that Terry had not told her of his plans himself. She concluded that Mrs. Wells was jealous of her, and that surprised her oddly.

The day lazed by. It was now about eight o'clock, yet strangely dark. The waves thun-

dered against the rocks, and swept up on the beaches, spouting columns of spray up from small crevices with wild gurgling. A crooked wiggle of lightning cut luminously across a cloud. The thunder that followed was swallowed up in the tumult of the waves.

Nancy strained her eyes to peer out into the black, hoping desperately for a glimpse of a tossing skiff. If Terry would only come, was the silent prayer that her every breath carried. Mrs. Wells sat across the other side of the room, the material distance between them adding to that of her manner.

"Don't you see anything of him?" Mrs. Wells' tone held an accusing fiber in it interwoven with the worry.

"No, not a sign of him."

"What time did he say he would be back?"

"In time for supper."



WINNING SENIOR ROOM, CLARK 5, HAYTON, PHILLIPS

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"You should never have let him go."

Nancy overlooked the implication, nervously biting her lower lip. "He'll be back soon." But it failed to assure even herself.

"Did you put Stevie to bed?"

"Yes, hours ago."

"I'll go take a look at him."

Nancy said nothing. She heard Mrs. Wells quietly mounting the stairs. She stared miserably out into the somber turmoil of rain and sea. Then pillowing her head on her elbow, she sobbed nervously. There were footsteps returning. With an effort she tried to control the tears.

The telephone rang stridently.

Nancy heard Mrs. Wells complain of Lizette's laxness when no one answered the call. Then the click of a receiver and a muffled conversation.

A man's voice came over the wire to Mrs. Wells. A young man had been picked up by the coast guard cutter. He had told them to call this number. No he was not badly hurt.

"He would like a Mrs. Wells to come down to the coast guard station." The voice ceased. The receiver on the other end was replaced.

Clarissa Wells turned, was silent a second. She could hear Nancy crying. Then she called, "Nancy, they have found Terence. He's all right. François will drive you to the coast guard station where he is. I'll wait here while you're gone."

Jean MacNeish

Poor Little Guinea Pig Son

My poor little boy was profoundly sad—for the first time—today. Standing in the parlor, eyes cast down, he traced the pattern of the rug with the toe of his shoe—over and over. Perhaps he traced the simple design as I tear paper into strips, and as his dad follows the rim of his glasses with a finger,—to encourage his befuddled mind to make a simple, orderly picture of his thoughts.

Six years of my little boy's life have passed in this house without his ever having wept in it from anything save illness. Today he hid himself three times, to my knowledge, in the preserve closet, whence I heard sounds more heartrending than sobs. I listened to a little man's manly attempt to swallow the sound of weeping lest it reach my sympathetic ears. I would not go to fetch him out, and hold him close. For he is six and my Perrin, and his dearest friend, Victor, have quite decided there is no place for cuddling in the lives of two prospective "G-men." Instead, I made myself appear lost beyond recall in a thick book when he stole noiselessly from the closet and walked—poor, swollen eyes turned away—into the kitchen.

I heard him open the door of the refriger-

ator. One dish rattled, and I knew (as a mother comes to know the content of dishes, by their sound) that Perrin had looked at chocolate pudding. For the first time in the years he has held it to be his favorite dish (a mimic of his dad) he was able to find no appetite. Our brown-haired, bright brown-eyed son was sick at heart.

I have not spoken of Victor, Perrin's friend, in the real past tense. I expect in time we shall be able to think of him so—Perrin, Dad and I. This morning Victor died of scarlet fever. My little boy's first encounter with death!

Ben and I exchanged worried glances over Perrin's sad head at breakfast this morning, and after lunch, Perrin's father beckoned me into his study. In concerned tones, he began:

"Has Perrin been so unusually quiet all day? Has he cried much? Sweetheart, I am at a loss to know what to do for our grief-stricken small son. Has he asked any questions—talked at all?"

We walked, arms locked (according to our custom when there's need to solve a problem) to the large study window, and stood looking out. I answered.

"Yes, Ben, he has cried some, but most of

the morning he walked about slowly and appeared to be thinking dreadfully hard. I want to help him not to think of Victor's,—or of any death,—as a gruesome, frightening, mean thing. Should we talk to him?"

For a while Ben fingered his glasses. Then he spoke slowly:

"I'd rather wait until he stumbles upon a question to ask us. There will be one—judging from those perplexed brown eyes."

"That's the way I've felt this morning," I agreed. "We are treading on unfamiliar ground,—being parents. A first son is such a helpless little guinea pig. Have you thought that perhaps it isn't grief at all, or confusion, but just restlessness and loneliness? Victor was always here to play with him, you know."

"No, I hadn't," he said. "Parents do tend, I think, to forget that a baby isn't born with a set of fully developed emotions. You may be right. Perrin may be only missing the activity of his playtimes with Vic. Shall we wait until he clears the way for us with a question?"

I hated to see Ben go back to work and leave me alone to wait nervously for Perrin's first question about death.

This afternoon Perrin tossed fallen pears in the rain barrel for an hour, and presently came into my room. After a moment's hesitation in the doorway, he found a hassock and settled himself on it at my feet—much absorbed in making crosses on a hard pear with his thumb-nail. I turned page after page of my book mechanically. Not a word took any form in my mind. Would I be able to make a reply? Would I?

He wheeled about on the hassock,—ready to talk to me. Mentally I crossed my fingers and heard him ask:

"Mother, do you know what happens to people when they die?"

I watched him lean closer, as he always does, the better to catch answers of his "Why?" questions. Someday he will be a physicist like his dad.

"No, Perrin, none of us really knows what

happens to people when they die." Before I could elaborate, he interrupted:

"Oh, yes! Miss Pickering knows. She's my Sunday School teacher—the old lady with the glasses on a string. She told us all about it when Dr. Brown and Junior Brown died in the train wreck."

So!—My little boy's maiden Sunday School teacher had found an answer to the question that the first philosopher, and all the philosophers since have tried to answer. I was amused.

"And what does good Miss Pickering have to say, Perrin?" I queried, keeping the chuckle under my tongue for as long as I could.

"She says that all people die when they have done a lot of sins. A sin is being naughty—like the time Vic and I squirted the hose on old "Bees-in-his-bonnet" Young. And the 'specially bad people go to an awful place where God makes them walk around in bare feet on burning wood, and things like that. And they stay in that place forever and ever because they told lies when they were alive."

"The ones who were not so terrible go to another place where everyone is much nicer to start with than they are, but pretty soon they get to be just as good. Then they fly around with wings. Miss Pickering says Dr. Brown went there,—because he just swore at his mother-in-law sometimes, and wasn't as bad as Junior. But, Mother . . .?"

"Yes, Perrin" . . . (I was no longer amused. I was flushed with resentment and disgust. My son thought God was a monster. At Sunday School Perrin was asked to believe such out-and-out lies as these. But Perrin wouldn't understand my vexation if I stormed and stamped as I was tempted to do. So I quietly repeated:)

"What is it Perrin?"

"Mother, Miss Pickering always said Vic and I were the worst sinners in the Sunday School. Do you suppose Vic is in the place where Junior Brown went, and will I go there soon, too?"

It was almost unfathomable that such an

adult could have said such things to a child. I stalled for time to form a rational answer to Perrin's last pitifully earnest question.

"Let's go into the kitchen and make some cocoa," I suggested, "and we'll talk about it."

I started the cocoa while Perrin ran upstairs for my apron. One thought was uppermost in my mind. In the future, our little boy would not go to Sunday School. I question the sanity of a Sunday School system that trusts the religious training of sensitive babies to overzealous religionists, self-righteous spinsters, and uninformed, misinformed or indifferent adolescents. My son, and all his brothers and sisters that follow him would not be anybody's guinea pigs but our own—Ben's and mine!

When Perrin came down again, we sat together in the breakfast nook and I talked to him.

"Perrin, you aren't going to die for a long, long time. Victor was terribly sick with scarlet fever, you know. He died because he hadn't any strength left to fight the disease—not because he was a naughty boy. Just think of all the lovely people who have died—Abraham Lincoln, and the man who wrote "Peter Pan." That's because they were very ill, or automobiles ran over them—not because they were bad people."

"But, mother, Miss Pickering said so." He evidently worshipped teachers as the possessors of limitless and unmistakable knowledge.

"I know she did, but she was a little mixed-up. She is an old lady, and she forgets things—just as your great grandmother Stephens forgets where her glasses are when they're on her nose."

Perrin laughed. That was good. He might associate the joke with Miss Pickering's story, and laugh at it as well. Of course that was taking a mean advantage, but hadn't she taken an unardonable advantage of my little boy's belief in her?—There was one more matter to clear up:—

"God loved Victor," I assured him. "He gave him a nice mother and dad, and he gave him you for a friend. Don't be afraid that Vic is suffering in that terrible place. There is no terrible place, Perrin. That is an old-fashioned idea. Your dad and I think the only bad place is here in the world. People make it terrible and unpleasant when they are mean to each other. Do you see?"

"Oh yes! Miss Pickering was mistaken. I must tell her so because she thinks Vic died because he was a bad boy. Poor Miss Pickering. She's just like Nana Stephens."

My little boy is happy again. He misses Vic, but he believes that his dear friend who died is warm and comfortable somewhere—drinking milk, and eating peanut butter sandwiches. Of course he doesn't understand (nor do any of us), but death is no longer a terrifying, strange idea in his head.

Ben and I talked it over after dinner. We added the Sunday School to our list of ill-managed institutions.

"One would suppose," Ben concluded, "that the educational system, being the foundation, and hence the most important of professions, would offer a chance for financial success to educators. We must either teach our children ourselves, or trust them to possible (even probable) incompetents. For what inducement to teach is there for the kind of person who we would happily send our offspring to for a store of knowledge, and a foundation (by excellent example) of character. The person I would choose to teach my son wants a good salary that will afford a full life; consequently, he isn't available to teach anybody's son. He's making a good living elsewhere."

It is evening now. We've decided to be careful who teaches Perrin—and our next. We are standing at the open window, arms locked, and we hear our little boy explain to a neighbor's boy that Vic is safe.

Betty Foss

Aloha

She stood on C deck and looked down at the crowded dock. People, cheering and waving, blurred before her eyes as she tried to find the little group that she wanted to wave to. There they were—right beside the Royal Hawaiian Band, waving and smiling as if it was nothing at all to see her leave. Family and friends were crowded together, laughing and waving good-bye to her for two long years. Just at the moment when she had decided to run downstairs and down the gangplank, the band started playing "Aloha Oe," the saddest, most beautiful and most haunting melody ever written. The gangplank was lowered, and the great ship eased away from the dock. Something within her snapped; tears coursed down her cheeks to fall on the flower leis that were piled so high around her neck. She leaned against the rail and watched the beautiful greens of the Islands fade, she took her last look at Waikiki, the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and the Moana as the great ship slipped through the water, racing for the open sea. Then as the ship passed Diamond Head, Helene slowly threw all her flowers and leis overboard with a whispered Aloha, and a promise to return someday to her beautiful home, set in the middle of the warm blue Pacific.

Marju Fraser

Peaceful Scene

The most peaceful, uplifting scene I have ever been privileged to witness is that of high Mass on Christmas eve. The altar banked with flowers, golden vessels and pulpit gleaming in uncertain candlelight, snowy vestments of the priest, flaming robes of the altar boys, the clouds of incense enveloping all—these things make me feel safe and protected.

As the solemn procession moves slowly down the aisle, my thoughts drift away from the immediate surroundings. I slip into a reverie of days long since gone, and think also of days to come. The solutions to difficult problems present themselves readily. A burden of responsibility seems lifted from my

shoulders. As I once more become conscious of the scene before me, the final chant of the choir, tinkle of beads, and intonation of the priest penetrate the mist that envelopes me, and I prepare to leave the church.

Cynthia Davis

A Senior's Impressions

Almost every day we hear tales of juniors' first impressions of school, Boston, the "ville," New England weather, the faculty and the girls. But did anyone ever ask or care what a poor senior's impression might be? Maybe we are old and tottering after having been here one year already, but we get as many new ideas about school and all of the other things mentioned as you do; so now, whether you want to or not you're going to hear about us for a change. . . . I hope.

Upon our arrival back at school, we greet each other joyously, and then suddenly we realize that something is definitely wrong and that much is different. All of those familiar faces have gone, and we are here to take their places though no one could ever quite do that, for they have carved a niche of their own in the walls of the school. We realize that we no longer are the juniors and that this is the last time we will be tearing back to Auburndale in September. As we see girls looking much as we probably did last year, we envy them their junior year which moves far too quickly for the wonderful times it holds. The rooms in Bragdon and Woodland are no longer ours, and our familiar and favorite haunts are now theirs. . . . Maybe, even in all our new found glory, we are just a little bit jealous and sad.

Our depression soon passes as we see that our best friends and our "crowds" are together again. Soon, after visiting around the senior houses and hunting madly for our often elusive junior sisters, we find ourselves walking towards the ville just as though we had never had a vacation. On our way back we stop to see the new houses and are very much impressed by the additions. Then as we walk

about campus and tramp up Bragdon hill, we look around and think proudly: no matter how much Lasell may change, we will always be a part of her. Our feelings, although different from those we had as juniors, are just as new and bewildering to us now as those of the newest and most forlorn and lost new girl.

Betty Bell

Brilliant Nightfall

Suddenly, as we sat resting on the edge of the fountains, the water in one section stopped flowing, the lights went out, and the strange, dim silence was broken only by murmurs of the countless other tourists, who, like ourselves, had found themselves in the International Section of the World's Fair. Just as suddenly, the water in the Lagoon of Nations became brilliantly lighted with all the colors of the proverbial rainbow. The scene was so indescribably beautiful that all one could hear was "Oh" and "Ah". At first the fountains were their normal size, but then the water began shooting higher and higher until, at one time, it seemed to disappear into the low, overhanging clouds. Soft, sweet music accompanied the beginning and grew louder and stronger as the water rose; then faded with the fountains.

After a few moments of just these lights playing on the water, skyrocket and other fireworks began to shoot out from the sides. The manufacturers seemed to have outdone themselves as great blue, gold, green, red and silver stars soared into the air and then sank into the lagoon.

The massive foreign buildings surrounded this waterfall, and the gleaming white United States building could be seen proudly standing at the end. A more impressive background could hardly be possible as we saw little ant-like people watching the display from way up high on the terraces and balconies.

The finale was so beautiful and impressive that it actually made one gasp for breath. The water rose higher than it seemed possible, the lights grew brighter and the fireworks more

colorful until it looked as though all the heavens were a blazing ball of fire. The music blared forth with all its might. Then, just as though some unseen hand had snapped a switch, everything was dark and weirdly silent for a moment. As a sudden spray of water sprinkled us and wakened us from our trance, we realized that the display was over, the fountains were acting quite normally, and it was now time for us to return to the hustle and bustle of a still brilliant, but not so beautiful, night.

Betty Bell

Sisters

You confide in her. You wear her clothes and she wears yours. You even set her hair for a Saturday night date. You scheme together, cry together and laugh together. You share the same room and you are her older sister.

For years, you walk each morning to school, lunch with one another, and grow together. Then, when you are old enough to go to college or some school of higher learning, you pack your belongings, pausing over a certain favorite sweater or dress that you have worn and liked, to look at her and smile, knowing she will say, "of course." On the train and in your room at school, you feel lonesome for that companionship and perhaps cry yourself to sleep. But at home your younger sister has turned to another member of the family. When vacation comes, she will be waiting at the station with her pretty little mouth stretched into a familiar smile. Her hair, which had before been soft and natural, has now been permanented into the latest style. Her cheeks are unnaturally pink and lipstick has been smeared over her mouth. She is so glad to see you but she must rush for "Don" is coming to take her to a tea dance. Your baby sister has grown up.

She has made new friends and feels the same independence you probably felt as a Junior in High School.

Janice Donovan

Sentimental

Dr. Charles Blackie and Mr. Edward Shipman sat in the garden of the doctor's estate, talking over old times. They'd been classmates at Harvard, but they hadn't seen each other since their graduation eight years before. Blackie had only recently been elected head of the new Benton Hospital in Kansas City, and he had bought a small estate there for his home. Once there, he had looked up his old friend, and now they were having their first reunion.

"Yes, Ed," Dr. Blackie was saying, "I've been very happy these past years. Fame, fortune, friends, and fun—my four 'f's.'"

"But you're missing one 'f', Charlie,—family."

"That's like you, Ed. You always were so sentimental. I've always been too busy! Haven't time for other people."

"The professional Dr. Blackie, too busy to bother with the ordinary task of raising a family, too interested in his career to look at a fellow man unless he has a ruptured appendix, huh?"

"Well, Ed, I'm just not the sentimental kind."

Several weeks later, the doctor stopped his car at the address Ed had given him. It was an old, faded gray house, but it looked neat and well kept. Ed let him in, and he met Mrs. Shipman and little Ed. Dr. Blackie liked Ed's family—they seemed so happy even without much money, a fact that surprised the doctor who had always been wealthy. But he had an operation on at the hospital, so couldn't stay long with the Shipmans.

Late Friday afternoon the telephone in the library rang. Dr. Blackie answered, looking nervous and tired after a trying day. It was his head nurse.

"Dr. Blackie? Can you come to Benton immediately? A boy's just been brought in—accident—hit and run driver. He's in bad shape—fractured skull."

"I'll be down directly," Dr. Blackie said. He poured a drink, but thought a minute and

left it on the cabinet untouched. Then he called his chauffeur, although he usually drove himself, and soon was in front of the hospital.

"Where's the boy?" he asked Miss Brian at the desk. "The emergency, I mean."

"The Shipman boy is in operating room 'C', Doctor."

Shipman—Shipman—that might be Ed's boy—Ed's boy dying—

Outside "C" stood Ed Shipman and his wife. Ed's face was gray—he looked half dead. His wife clung to his arm, sobbing.

"Save my boy, Charlie," Ed pleaded. "You can do it—we're old pals. Save my boy. If I ever catch that dirty driver, I'll—"

"Get ahold of yourself, Ed. I'll do my best with your son. I'll fix up your boy, Ed, I will." And Dr. Blackie hurried into "C".

Several nurses and doctors were huddled over the child. They moved to make room for Dr. Blackie. After a hasty examination, he conferred with two other surgeons; then decided to operate.

Almost two hours later, Dr. Blackie walked slowly out of "C" operating room. Ed Shipman and his wife sat on a bench in the corridor. They jumped toward him.

"The boy's all right now," the doctor told them. "The next three or four days will tell. Go home now—you can do nothing here. You'll be called, naturally, if—if he takes a turn for the worse."

"Charlie," Ed grasped the doctor's hand, "I know he'll be okay with you looking after him. C'mon, Janie, let's get home."

Dr. Blackie automatically changed his clothes, then went out to his waiting car to be driven home. For the first time in years, he tried to say a prayer. "That little fellow has to live—please; Ed's boy must live—don't make him die—I never could tell Ed—please let him live—"

Father, mother, and doctor were at Benton almost all the time the next three days. They were all white and drawn, but each felt bound to cheer the others up. Benton nurses won-

dered about Dr. Blackie. Why he'd never shown such interest in a patient! He was worrying himself almost sick over this child. Of course, the boy was the son of one of the doctor's friends—that would give him a personal interest in the case. But still, the boy's "specials" said Dr. Blackie stayed by little Ed's door constantly—outside asking questions and giving advice; inside, doing little things usually left to the nurse. The cold, business-like Dr. Blackie had fallen, fallen for a little kid!

Then finally, on the fourth day, the boy rallied, fighting desperately for life. Dr. Blackie hurried to tell the parents that their son would live, and on the next day permitted them to see him for the first time since the accident. On their way to the room, Dr. Blackie gave them instructions. "Don't get him excited. If he asks for anything, tell him he can have it when he's well. And remember; you're not to worry about expenses—they'll

all be paid by the hospital. We're glad enough to have your boy pull through, without charging you for his care. Okay, go on in. And be quiet."

Dr. Blackie stood outside the door for a minute. What a relief to know the boy would be all right! Then he hurried out to his car, and drove to a shopping district of the city. He pulled up near a large toy store, looked nervously around as if ashamed to be there, and entered. Twenty minutes later he came out, loaded down with packages—toys to keep Ed's kid happy. Ed would laugh probably, and tell him he was getting sentimental. But let him laugh. At least the kid was alive so he could buy things for him!

"Yes," thought Dr. Blackie, "thank God the kid is alive! I never could have told Ed it was *I* who struck his child and then sped away in fear."

Patty Kieser

News Flashes

Sept. 14—Juniors and new girls register.

Sept. 16—Juniors take sightseeing tour of Boston.

Sept. 16—Shrieks and joyful greetings; seniors register.

Sept. 16—Seniors take junior sisters through receiving line at Winslow Hall.

Sept. 17—At first Vespers Rev. J. Burford Parry encourages us to act as individuals.

Sept. 18—School officially opens with record enrollment of 472.

Sept. 21—Mrs. Sypher speaks on latest European war developments.

Sept. 22—Louise Tardivel and Shirley Shields speak on Lasell traditions. Lasellites become interested in Hawaiian dancing after Elizabeth Beamer's exhibition.

Sept. 24—Rev. Boynton Merrill holds his audience spellbound at Vespers by his subject, "The Wind Was in Their Wings."

Sept. 25—Junior week begins; seniors lead life of ease.

Oct. 3—Lasell takes half hour trip to Mexico; Mr. Paul R. Elliot shows color movies.

Oct. 5—Sightseeing, lobsters, clams . . . annual Plymouth trip.

Oct. 6—Dramatic Club party at the Barn; juniors entertained.

Oct. 8—Dr. Garfield Morgan convinces us at Vespers that war is not glorious.

Oct. 9—Senior officers announced at formal dinner.

Oct. 12—Senior open house; long lines of juniors parade from house to house.

Oct. 19—Girls enjoy trip to Marblehead and North Shore.

Oct. 20—Lasell takes another trip; this time to China by way of color movies.

Oct. 20—French Club organized.

Oct. 20—Dramatic Club meeting and tea; Mr. L. John Profit guest speaker on make-up.

Oct. 25—Nancy Byrd Turner again fascinates her audience by reading some of her poems.

Oct. 28—Dramatic Club gives first dance of year.

Betty Bell

Homeward Bound in War Time

When the Russian-German pact was signed, we were on an island off the west coast of France. By chance we had bought a newspaper that evening. Other people in the dining room had none and we passed the paper from table to table. Everyone read it in silence; no comments were made. From that moment on, and in England, we had no lack of news. There were no flashy sensational headlines as here, but the rigid censorship was only clamped on in both countries several days after war was declared.

Arriving in Nantes, we saw groups of people standing before the posters announcing the first stages of mobilization. They would read them quietly and then pass on without speaking. It was impressive to see how the common man in the street took on at once a new dignity with the new responsibility. I saw no heated discussions ever anywhere. Minds were made up. Men carrying little suitcases began to appear on all the streets, wending their way toward the stations. I saw hundreds of them in France, and later on the same thing happened in England. In Nantes, we saw peasants dressed in their Sunday best, leading big heavy well-kept farm horses in to the army. The train to Paris was crowded. Three extra trains were provided, but even then people had to pack into them like sardines. Of course, food on the train was out of the question.

We found Paris in full mobilization—which means empty save for the men walking to the stations with their little valises. Autos had been requisitioned, so that what cars there were, drove only on official business. At best the French driver conducts his car perilously. Now under stress, he drove like mad, cutting corners and racing down the avenues. We ate often at a sidewalk café where the tables were quite near the curb of the street. One evening, we had dined there. Later we were strolling by again when we discovered that the tables and shrubbery where we had so recently been dining, had all been wrecked by some car! We were glad that we had dined early.

Most of the houses in Paris were shuttered and deserted; many of the shops were closed. At night the streets were empty. A few policemen were about. That is all.

We saw the evacuation of the children left in Paris, by auto bus. Most of the children had simply remained away on vacation. The stations whose trains left to the east were crowded with soldiers, of course. They were calm and business-like. No cheering. No singing. The stations whose trains left toward the west, held a continuous stream of families, leaving bag and baggage for the country. Long lines of people appeared before the bureaux where gas masks were being given out. Crowds of Americans besieged the Consulate, the American Express and the steamship offices. These crowds of Americans were the only panicky groups that I saw at all. I noticed the office of the German Railway ticket agency, on the Avenue de l'Opéra, abandoned, bare of furniture.

At night it was a peculiar sensation to walk through dim streets (lighted only here and there by a feeble small lamp shaded by a sort of blue tin can, fastened to a lamp post) to see shadowy autos passing with deep blue head lights and then suddenly to come upon a corner café, crowded, teeming with foreigners passing through Paris. Of course as the last days of August drew to an end, even these cafés put out their bright lights and became unfrequented.

When we had arrived in France in June, we felt the usual individualism which is the part of every Frenchman's nature. He must have the right to disagree. Now after the Russian-German pact, unity was like iron.

On August 30, we flew from Paris to London. We saw extraordinary activity at le Bourget. War planes of all sorts would swoop down, an officer would rush out to report somewhere and would rush back; and the plane would take off again at once.

We left Paris, a deserted city, quiet by day, dark by night. We arrived in an almost normal London. We noticed at once the difference in the tension. It was not less intense,

but it was less dramatic, and easier to bear. It was more stolid. We saw children everywhere, shops open, traffic as usual, streets teeming with business.

Evacuation began in London soon after our arrival. My daughter and I went to Hampton Court the day before war was declared. In Waterloo Station we found long files of children leaving for the country, each with coat, gas mask, and valise. They smiled and waved at us as though they were off on a lark. Not knowing how else to enter the station, Hélène and I joined one of their groups, and then slipped away from them toward our own train. We had evacuated with the children of London.

The guards of Hampton Court were all impatient to be called. They asked us for news as we went through the rooms, and complained that they were anxious "to be at it." Chandeliers were being taken down and packed away in great wooden cases. I believe we were about the last people to see the castle before it was definitely closed to the public. I am glad that we could see this, for every other place of interest was closed except Madam Tussaud's where, if you please, Hitler and Stalin stood untouched opposite their majesties the King and Queen of England.

London by day was a city of sandbags. Men were everywhere filling them. It may interest you to know that sandbags are not filled with sand but with a light brown, rather moist thin dirt. Sandbags were stacked around all the important buildings and around the fire hydrants. Sometimes they piled up as high as the second floor. Shop windows were taped artistically with paper bands, the kind that shops use to secure packages. The lovely lawns of the parks were dug up for shelters. Anti-aircraft guns could be seen in the larger parks, poking their long slim muzzles out of big low circles of sandbags, covered with leafy branches. Every open space had its lorry with a few conical tents near by, and some soldiers on guard. From the lorry, a long cable would lift up into the sky. A sausage-shaped silver balloon, looking like a silver fish, was at the



ONE OF THE RESCUED LIFEBOATS FROM
THE WINKLEIGH

other end. London was covered by hundreds of these balloons, some quite high, others fairly low. They look like Baby Blimps. I learned that they are Air Mines. A plane flying into one will set it off. Or it can be exploded by a touch on a switch in the lorry down below. It will destroy anything within a certain radius.

By night came the black-outs. Unlike Paris, which was dim, London was black. Really too black for comfort. Autos had heavy newspapers over their lights; the red and green lights of traffic were deeply shaded. They were the only lights anywhere. One evening there was searchlight practice. It was beautiful to see the fingers of light moving in the sky, concentrating for a bit upon one silver balloon and then wandering on.

The morning that war was declared, we went to Westminster Abbey. As the minister began his sermon, it was eleven o'clock, the deadline hour. As he spoke telling that war had been declared, the sun disappeared, and he stood in shadow.

We left the Abbey and found a small group of people standing at the gates of Parliament. No movement, no cheering. Suddenly sirens. I told my friend, "Probably that's war." "Nonsense," said a man nearby; "that's an air raid." I will admit I was a bit nervous. As no taxis were to be had, we walked toward St. James' Park following the stream of people

walking calmly but purposefully, I assure you. Many people were seated on the benches. I remember one young couple eating plums. Someone said to them, "It's an air raid." They looked at him blankly and went on eating the plums. Nothing could have spoiled their enjoyment of those plums!

ARP'S (Air Raid Police volunteers) were at their stations quietly directing the people to the shelters. We found the shelter full, and decided the only thing was to walk home. As we passed St. James' palace, an ARP directed us to a shelter around the corner. We reached it as the "All Clear" signals blew. I was anxious to see the shelter, so waited to go in. It consisted of four rooms partitioned off in the farther end of an underground garage. Curtains divided the rooms. There were hooks on the walls. That was all. As we walked home, an ARP stopped us and cautioned us not to go out again without our masks. From then on, you saw everyone walking with a cardboard box slung over his shoulder. That was the only difference I could remark in the streets of London after war was declared. That, and a feeling of relief. Tension was gone.

That evening, of course, we went to bed, but we arranged our coats and our masks and slippers within easy reach. About quarter to three something awoke me from a deep sleep. I heard what sounded like the din of a New Year's celebration. An Air Raid? I woke Hélène. "Come on; air raid," I said. She picked up her things neatly and we went downstairs, to the back room on the ground floor where the windows had been curtained with heavy blankets. Hélène sat down on my lap, remarked, "Mother, I hope I don't die yet," curled up in my arms and fell fast asleep. We waited there, everyone marvelously calm, for an hour till the All Clear sounded. No rattles had been heard, so we did not have to put our gas masks on. These rattles are like the wooden rattles we use at parties, but they are about a foot long. The

ARP'S walk through the streets brandishing them if there is a gas attack.

As a matter of fact, both of these air raid alarms had been false; but they might well have been real for all we knew. Airplanes had been sighted on the coast, but they were not enemy planes.

On Tuesday, September 5, we took the boat train to Southampton. We passed many camps most of them hidden in the trees. Through the countryside, of course, we did not see the balloons, and there were not many sandbags in the small towns. Over Southampton harbor there were quite a few balloons.

In Southampton we were put in a hotel, and told that the British Admiralty allowed no embarkations after dark. However, we heard trains moving and airplanes flying all night.

An Irish Free State maid set up an extra cot in our room for our friend. "Going to be an air raid tonight," she announced. "How do you know?" "Saw it in the papers"—"Is there a shelter nearby?" "Oh, maybe, down in the park, ten minutes away." "Surely there is a place in this hotel. How about the cellar?" "No cellar to this hotel, m'm. May as well stay in your beds."

The hotel was a paper-thin construction, and we were on the top floor!

Next morning, we had to get up at 5:30 and were given a cup of tea and some crackers. Herded into the train we moved to the dock. We stood in line about two hours. Our passports were the last examined—five times by five different officials. Maureen O'Sullivan was there, very pretty in a sable coat, with colored maid and two secretaries. The gang plank of the tender was raised when we were all aboard, but we did not move. We saw the *Mauretania* being painted grey. The *Aquitania* docked as we waited. Scarcely at the pier, groups of workers swarmed over her, painting railings and portholes grey.

Noon came, and we were still there at the dock. We had had no real breakfast, and what food was on the tender had been sold the first

hour, so we had no lunch. At last the tender moved. We spent three hours wandering about the harbor, waiting. The captain himself did not even know whether the *Statendam* would come to fetch us at all.

We saw a couple of aviation camps, many grey ships, probably for troops, a hospital ship and one submarine. Planes circled above us continuously. We watched them dropping torpedoes for practise. A small motor boat would go out afterwards, to fish out the dummy torpedo and test the correctness of the aim.

At last the *Statendam* steamed in opposite Portsmouth, and were we glad to see her!

On board we learned that the reason she was a day late was a mutiny at Rotterdam. The crew, en masse, tried to leave the ship. The reason—hazards of war. Two hundred-fifty of them did leave, bag and baggage, when the captain lifted the gang plank and sailed at once, without full provisions, I suppose.

On reaching the coast of England they had been forced by Admiralty Law to black out. This had terrified many of the passengers, who spent the night in their deck chairs with their life belts on.

On board the *Statendam* there was very little service. College boys served at table. As we were the third service, our waiter, a very charming fellow from Canada, a student at McGill's in Montreal, would sit down with us and jump up to fetch the next course when we were ready for it. Food was bad. So bad that we lived the whole trip on mashed potatoes, bread and butter and oranges. An orange will never be an orange again to me; it will always be a Holland-American. The water was chlorinated. Have you ever tasted coffee made with that water? It tastes as though fish had been cooked in it.

That first night going through the Channel, my friend stayed up on deck. We did not zigzag, and we were brightly lighted. The smoke stacks and the Dutch flags painted on either side of the ship were a blaze of light.

To the north in the direction of Plymouth, she noticed searchlights and heard firing. We

later learned that the English had mistaken some of their own planes for the enemy. To the east she saw a peculiar light on the horizon. "Is that a ship on fire?" she asked an officer. "Well, Madam, perhaps it is," he smiled. A point of fire arose through the glow from the water. "But I call it the moon!"

The second morning we came on deck to find the sun ahead of us instead of behind us. We had turned back to rescue a torpedoed ship.

About quarter to one that day, my friend and I were standing with two officers watching the black smoke from a ship just hidden by the horizon. Suddenly my friend pointed; "What is that?" We saw a long oval grey thing low in the ocean. It disappeared entirely in a moment or two, heading in the direction of the black smoke. "Don't you know?" answered the officer under his breath. "It's a submarine." Within an hour an SOS was received from that boat which we had been watching. It was a French cargo, the *Valencia*. It had been torpedoed, and 78 of its crew were afloat in life boats. We were the only people on the *Statendam* to see that submarine, I believe. But we saw it, and were substantiated by the officers. It had probably examined us, decided that we were neutral, and then steamed off to sink that other boat. The crew were rescued by another Dutch boat, the *Zaandam*.

During those two nights, the night preceding our rescue and the night following, five SOS calls came in and twelve SOS calls the next night.

About two-thirty we came upon two lonely boats. The sea fortunately was quite calm. There were 29 aboard. How they shouted and waved to us! We were surprised to see some very black faces among the crew. We wondered what those negroes could be doing on a Canadian boat. We took them all on board by a rope ladder thrown over our bow, and left their life boats to sink. Near them was a long brown streak on the water. The *Winkleigh*, their boat (5000 tons) had been

PERSONALS



LILLIE R. POTTER, '80
Dean Emeritus

Rumors of war overseas have failed to change the happily made plans of Lasell's recent brides and grooms. To one and all Lasell Junior College extends felicitations and Godspeed:

June 21—Faith Barber '33 and Mr. John R. Brandt at West Hartford, Conn. The new address for Mr. and Mrs. Brandt is 146 Blackrock Avenue, New Britain, Conn.

August 5—Celia W. Kinsley '34 and Dr. John O. Percival at Auburndale, Mass.

August 12—Barbara Iris '35 and Mr. Stanley Nathan Johnson at Brockton, Mass. Miss Adele Carlisle and Mr. Richard S. Wright at Locust Valley, L. I. Mrs. Wright is the daughter of Edna Rogers Carlisle '05.

August 19—Marie Ann Bruns '38 and Mr. Henry Temple Dodge, Jr. at Yonkers, N. Y.

August 26—Marjorie Irma Hills '37 and Mr. Francis Stephan Buffington at Belmont, Mass. Miss Elizabeth Sophronia Butler and Mr. Jonathan Westervelt Warner at Jacksonville, Fla. The bridegroom is the son of Mildred Westervelt Warner '13.

August 28—Eunice Robinson '35-36 and Mr. Harold Donald Hastings at Silver Bay, Lake George, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Hastings are now residing at 9 Rochelle Terrace, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

August 30—Mary Parker '38 and Mr. Gerald Campbell McKinnon at Danforth, Maine.

Sept. 2—Eleanore G. Whiting '37 and Mr. Gavin A. Pitt. Agnes Algie Carruthers '38 and Mr. Coleman Forbes Bicknell at Framingham, Mass.

Sept. 3—Dorothy T. Kelley '34-35 and Mr. Earl Daniel Karker, Jr. at South Yarmouth, Mass.

Sept. 7—Miss Kay Peterson and Mr. William S. Parker at Manchester, N. H.

Sept. 8—Annabeth Williams '34 and Mr. Robert Henderson Bergen at Lockport, N. Y.

Sept. 9—Marceline Kaiser '19-20 and Mr. John Morris at Philadelphia, Penna. Peggy McKeon '34 and Mr. Karl Burton Barry at Arlington, Va. Barbara E. Thornburg '36 and Mr. Theodore Blackman Earll at Houston, Texas. Barbara's new home address is 2012 Fortieth Street, Galveston, Texas. Priscilla Colson '36 and Mr. Richard K. Lane. Emily Hubbel '36 and Mr. Gerard A. Weiss at Tarrytown, N. Y. Virginia Ramsay (Woodland Park 1934-35) and Mr. John Hanford Woodward at Cambridge, Mass.

Sept. 18—Marjorie Ann Donaca '31-33 and Mr. William Eldon Haberman at Portland, Oregon.

Sept. 23—Marjorie Allyn Oakes '26 and Dr. Robert Hall Stevenson at Montreal West, Quebec. Marjorie is the daughter of Annie Mae Pinkham Allyn '02.

Sept. 30—Margery Holden '32 and Mr. Edward Kimball Jackson at West Roxbury, Mass. Virginia Collins '34 and Mr. Gustav A. Lorentzen, Jr. Phyllis Carlson '34-35 and Mr. Ernest Whitney Haskins, Jr. at Athol, Mass.

October 7—Betty Parrish '32 and Mr. Vincent Newman at Peoria, Illinois.

October 8—Helen Taylor '29-30 and Mr. The-

odore Caldwell at New Haven, Conn. After November 15th, Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell will be "at home" at 343 Alden Avenue, New Haven.

October 22—Leona Zolte '38-39 to Mr. Robert Murray Shoor at Buffalo, N. Y.

October 28—Marjorie Middleton '31 and Mr. Edouard Felix Hebert at Providence, Rhode Island. Sarah Elizabeth Wright '38 and Mr. John H. Payne, Jr. at Tarrytown, N. Y. Elizabeth Sylvester '38 was one of Sally's bridesmaids.

Nov. 11—Dorothy Trask '25-30 and Mr. Carl William Kearsley at West Newton, Mass.

A recent Lasell bride, whose exact wedding date we do not know, is Inez A. Viles '35. She is now Mrs. Robert P. Wilson of 315 Elmwood Avenue, Providence, R. I.

Engaged: Barbara Stover '33 to Mr. Henry P. Van de Bogert, Jr.; Bettina Cook '34 to Mr. J. Fred Kalbach; Louise Hedlund '37 to Mr. Charles Stafford Mercer; Jean Frohock '36-37 to Mr. George Stuart Ferreira; Kathryn Bartlett '38 to Mr. John S. Mosher; and Myrtle Sylvester '38 to Mr. Moreton J. Ensor.

With what an optimistic outlook does Lasell Junior College face the new academic year. 476 students answer to the roll call—the largest enrollment ever. And as one of our conservative faculty members of some years standing exclaimed, "A fine new group of students already seemingly intent on accomplishing tasks squarely done." While Lasell heartily welcomes her loyal Seniors and "old girls," she extends to the new members of our college family a thrice welcome greeting. Two attractive dormitories, one for Seniors and one for Juniors, have been added to the neighborhood group hard by Winslow Hall.

One of the happiest occasions of the past summer for the Lasell family was the "on campus" wedding, August fifth, of Celia Kinsley '34 and Dr. John O. Percival. The ceremony was performed at the Auburndale Congregational Church and a reception followed at Hawthorne House. Many relatives and friends of the bride and groom attended, and among

Celia's Lasell classmates present were Emily Cleaves, Mable Crowe, Betty and Louise Cook. Our heartiest congratulations are again extended to this young couple, and we are especially pleased that they are now residing not too far away—383 Broadway, Somerville.

While in Minneapolis this summer we received word from our assistant dean, Mrs. Statira P. McDonald: "I am sorry you missed Hildur Brekke Akerman's ('19-20) visit. She is as sweet and joyous and as full of enthusiasm as ever. We all felt especially privileged in meeting her distinguished husband, Dr. Johan Akerman, an economic professor in Sweden and the author of several valuable books in the field of education. In two years they plan to revisit America on their round-the-world journey and hope their two little sons will accompany them." Yes, we too recall happily and distinctly this little Norse White Dove and hope to meet Dr. and Mrs. Akerman and the sons during that promised return visit.

Through the permission of our Mlle. LeRoy, we are sharing with you the most recent letter from Miss Mary A. Mulliken of Tientsin, China, former head of Lasell's Art Department. Just a year or two ago we were thrilled with Miss Mulliken's valuable contributions to the *National Geographic Magazine*. Her letter gives a nearby view of the intense suffering and deprivations of these war oppressed people. From Peking on September 27th she writes: "My very dear Friend,

"It helps a great deal to know that you are thinking of me, but our hard times seem not worth mentioning compared to the horrors in Europe. How could it happen again in our time? I think every day of your nephew. Must he go to war again? There is no comfort to be found anywhere. Just now thirteen heavy planes have flown right over this house, to carry suffering to some poor village in this still resisting land—in the third year of war. Perhaps the world belongs to those who can endure the most. Oh, I wish I could talk to you or write freely, but, as you know, the grip of the oppressor is tightening on us all—neutrals are

not wanted. Would that the people of my country could see that it is not permitted to be neutral when the war devils are loose.

"It was just like you to offer a refuge at your South Hanson home. It would be heavenly to be there. This summer has been terrific, especially since the flood came in on us, August 20th. Tientsin is so flat that the water cannot flow away again,—at least it is so very slow. At our corner it was about 4½ feet, which brought it 18 inches into the house and everything had to be moved upstairs. The servants' families came as refugees and all have to live in the third floor. We have had 25 Chinese, as well as ourselves, and the cooking all done on two tiny stoves meant for heating. The kitchen is too deep in water to use. My niece, Lesbia, was in Tsingtao teaching for the summer term at a British school, so when she was to return home a few days ago I had to move out and come to Peking, in order to let her have my room for there isn't a spare square inch in the house. The water subsided enough to leave the house after two weeks and then the smells and mosquitos were less. I had to start out in a boat and go two blocks before reaching a dry street. But whatever we suffered we had only to look out of the windows to realize that our troubles were not worth mentioning. In a few days 240,000 refugees flocked in—and they knew where to turn for help. Barricades were down until they got in, but now it is harder than ever to get fresh food. The foreign schools and warehouses have been opened to these poor people and they are being fed and inoculated, and foreign business men are giving their time and personal service as well as money. I couldn't begin to tell you the awful things and the great and splendid things I've seen. If the world belongs to those who can endure the most, I bet on the French and the Chinese. Mr. Vetch, who published our Yem Kang book, and who is French in spite of his Scotch name, is going soon to the war, having been in the last one. I am going with him and his family for a goodbye-day in the Hills on Sunday.

"While things were at their worst, during the flood, with no light, no stove, only a trickle of water in the pipes, and only canned food to eat, we discussed whether it would be possible to move my invalid sister. I don't think she could survive it;—she needs such constant attention. She has two nurse-amahs who attend to her physical needs day and night, but the rest of us are needed to keep up her morale, read to her, talk with her, write letters for her, as well as manage the house. No one has been able to come to see her from outside and she does enjoy her friends, many of whom give a morning a week regularly. I don't know how it will all work out,—we can only wait, and act when we see the way. It is a hard passage of our lives—but one doesn't expect to be a darling of the gods these days.

"How is Alice Hotchkis and Miriam Loomis? I am glad for you that you have your refuge at South Hanson. What about the farm—and Lasell? It is twenty years since I did my last work there. I marvel at your being able to continue your teaching—and *put spirit into it*.

"Peking is still beautiful in spite of all,—and there are many old friends here. I am just rounding off my Sacred Mountains book. A Glasgow publisher has asked to see it—but now the war. I've done the work under great difficulties.

"Bless your warm heart for writing to me—and in spite of everything, I may meet you in your garden some day. M.A.M."

Lela Goodall Thornburg's ('08) stopover at Lasell in September was too brief! Wheresoever her oft repeated and extensive journeys lead her, this Alumna seems to draw all loyal Lasellites unto her friendly self. She has repeatedly made a detour in order to contact some former college mate or teacher. Although classified as an "Old Girl", the older Lela grows the younger she looks. It was not Mrs. Grundy or any acknowledged fashion dictator but Ralph Waldo Emerson who declared: "There is no beautifier of complexion or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not

pain around us." Revisit your Alma Mater as often as possible, dear Lela; even the *Personals* Editor needs your reviving touch.

"Aloha." This beautiful salutation came to us for the first time overseas. The dear sender is none other than Helen Wight '38-39. We do not wonder the fascinating Hawaiian Islands and her Honolulu home have prevented Helen from returning to Lasell for her senior year. We indeed miss this good Bragdon neighbor of last year. Helen writes: "Recently I had Barbara King Haskins '35 and her husband as dinner guests. They are both such charming people and so full of fun. Cindy asked for all the Lasell friends. Such a happy summer as I am having—parties and proms; it seems like old times. I hope this message will find all well at Lasell." We have just learned that Helen is now enrolled in a San Francisco school, and wish for her a happy and successful year.

While our thoughts are turning to the beautiful islands of Hawaii, we must revert to a recent short visit from Elizabeth Beamer '37 and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Beamer. Since her graduation from Lasell, Elizabeth has finished her training at the University of Washington. This dear Alumna and her charming mother entertained our student body by interpreting Hawaii at its best through songs and native dances. As usual, they scored a host of friends among Lasell's new students and faculty.

Anna Blackstock '06, principal of the well-known and successful school at Moradabad, U. P., India, still keeps a friendly place in her heart for Lasell Junior College. On August 21st she writes: "It is really very kind of the Lasell Missionary Society to continue their gift of money for our work. It is a long mile between 1906 and 1939, and I am grateful for their continued evidence of interest.

"Esther's ('04-06) department—the boarding school—opens a little earlier than mine. I tell her it gives her time to get the little ones scrubbed up and used to living in groups before I begin my school training. We have in

our hostel 150 pupils. Each year I promise Esther I will accept fewer in the training school, and then their plea is so urgent, I yield to it. We have twenty-four lovely young women training as teachers. Of that number twenty are Christian, two Mohammedan and two Hindu. These girls all live and eat with us. They are alert, keen and good looking. We have about forty little boys in our day school studying along with the girls. Talk about co-education: we have it. The present governor of our province is very keen over the plan—and this is rather a big step in the right direction.

"Our teachers are well trained and the school runs along with little effort on my part so I am able to give my time to the training classes and teach most of the subjects on child psychology. We have our children put through a physical examination every year. Our medical officer is the doctor in charge of the Salvation Army Hospital; he is a very famous surgeon and a good Christian. God has surely given him this marvelous gift of skill and a beautiful spirit. He treats our little girls with all the consideration that he does the patients who pay him high fees. Our girls are extremely well, for which we are very thankful. Esther gives them good food. Besides the 150 in the hostel, I have 100 day pupils, some from very poor families and some from the wealthy homes in the city—Christians, Hindus and Moslems—it is interesting working with a group like that. As far as Communistic strikes go, we are pretty free. If war breaks out, there is little fear of a revolution in India. The Communists are so against each other that we of Christian heritage would not be harmed unless we threw ourselves in with either party, which is very doubtful.

"Constance '09 is in Lahore, the capital of one of the most prosperous provinces in India and her social contacts have been very interesting.

"My love to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow. I have not forgotten their hospitality when I was on furlough. Love also to Mrs. McDonald, Dean Rand, and Mlle. LeRoyer (how good she was

to me). Please remember me to Mrs. Sypher, whom I greatly admire. And to you, Miss Potter, much love from one of your 'Doves'—gray to the last hair."

It was a glad surprise to the *Personals* Editor to receive the following word from Kathleen Knight '11. We omit in part her opening excuse for failing to report in person or by the written word at Commencement time for we fear she was too severe on herself. The closing sentence of her opening paragraph offers sufficient excuse: "After sitting at the typewriter five or six hours a day, I find it practically impossible to write letters. Was sorry not to get to Auburndale for Commencement, but I retired to my lonely moor at Chilmark, Mass., on May first and have not been on the mainland since. I think I shall need a Seeing Eye dog to guide me through traffic when I return to the city.

"My 'chosen career', as you call it, is hardly the one I would have chosen. You may remember that I once aspired to write literature—and Miss Witherbee used to think I might have the makings of a poet. And here I sit and grind out 'escape fiction'! However, it's fun. My new book entitled 'Rendezvous with the Past' went to the publisher a few days ago, and I am now at work on a novel destined for magazine publication. A short novel, 'Death Came Dancing' will appear some time this winter in the *American* magazine. I shall look forward to a visit to Lasell soon. It will be good to see the Lasell family again."

The annual meeting in October of the Lasell Board of Trustees and Corporation always brings together a representative delegation. The following members were present: Lydia A. Adams '18, Elizabeth Robinson Breed '06-07, Marion Ordway Corley '11, Mabel T. Eager '80-89, Edna Thurston Follett '03-07, Helen Linnehan Loud '21, Florence Bell Merrill '17, Mildred Strain Nutter '17, Helen B. Perry '24, Lillie R. Potter '80, Josephine Woodward Rand '10, Irene Sauter Sanford '06, Hester M. Shaw '28 and Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22. A fitting addition to the Corporation member-

ship was the name of Mrs. Bertha Hooker Willey, for many years President Winslow's private secretary. Mrs. Willey's unfailing service to the entire school body greatly endeared her to a wide circle who will be pleased at this expression of appreciation on the part of the college and Alumnae officials.

A Rhode Island daily paper has devoted a two-column article to the appointment of Miss Clementina Butler (Jan-June '80) as a delegate to the Missionary Conference to be held in Pasadena this fall. This is the 70th anniversary of the founding of the W.F.M.S. Miss Butler's mother was one of the seven elect women who formed the first group in this society. During the seventy years since its incipency, the society has raised \$61,000,000 for work in the foreign field. Miss Butler goes as the honor guest of this 70th anniversary. Lasell joins with a host of friends extending congratulations and God-speed to this our distinguished delegate.

Katherine Wheeler '09 is not forgetting Lasell. From her charming St. Paul, Minnesota, home she reports: "I spent many quiet weeks this summer in my own home. Had a short outing with a friend in Rochester, Minnesota, and later a week in a cabin in the pine woods of the North. These days of adjustment are trying; at times I feel like a ship without a rudder. However, time and work are great healers. I am again deeply interested in my music teaching in the local schools. Louise Paisley '09 visited me two weeks ago on her way from California, where she had been directing a contest of modern housing. She spent two days with Susan Stryker Brown '10 in Duluth. Susan and her husband have moved back to Duluth where they have remodeled Susan's old home in Woodlawn." (How well the *Personals* Editor remembers her delightful reception at this attractive Duluth home some years ago.)

Katherine continues: "Annie Crowe Collum '09 was in Europe most of the summer with her English friends. They visited in Sweden, but a recent letter from Annie says she is still in England. Her sailing on a boat shortly after

the sinking of the *Athenia* was cancelled. In the meantime she has helped her friend to line window draperies with black—a war measure. Annie's hostess had seven refugees come to her from London.

"Marion Joslin Oppenheimer '12 and her husband with their two sons had an extensive trip abroad this summer, but returned fortunately before war was declared."

We are indeed grateful to Katherine for this newsy letter.

To our Mrs. Statira Preble McDonald, Jean Ayr Baker '29 sends the sad tidings of the recent passing away of her beloved mother, the serious illness of her father and also her husband, but Jean has met all these experiences with characteristic courage. In her letter she writes: "My husband's company has moved to Bridgeport and I am in the midst of gathering my things prior to our moving. I expect we will be in our new home by September 15th, but mail sent to our old address will be forwarded. The brightest spot in our lives these days is our darling little daughter. She was a year old the 27th of July and is just brimming over with life. She has been walking alone for a month and of course getting into everything as all babies do. She has blonde curly hair and lovely blue eyes like my mother's. I did so enjoy reading about your visit to Gwendolyn's (McDonald Black '18-28). I always stop my work to read the LEAVES. I had made plans to be at Lasell for Commencement but just couldn't leave Mother. It doesn't seem possible that I have been graduated ten years but what a happy time I had while at Lasell. Have you heard that Mary Korper Steele '29 lost her father early in the spring? Marjorie Billings '29 stopped at my home early in June. The same day that Midge came, Marjorie Churchill Cantor '29 arrived and we had a small Lasell reunion all our own. Please remember me to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. Amesbury and Miss Potter. Some day wee Jean and I will call at Lasell to visit with my friends.

J. A. B. '29"

Gertrude Hooper's ('32) letters are always

refreshing. She reports just now our radiant Lorraine Lombard '31 is wisely taking a winter's rest from her successful and most strenuous days as a pedagogue. Gert also announces that Ruth Peterson '30-31 is to be married this fall to an Englishman and they will live in Colombia, South America. Dorothy Trask '25-30 will be married in Dr. Boynton Merrill's Church, West Newton, on November eleventh. The groom is Mr. Carl William Kearsley of Waltham. Katharine Hartman '32 and her sister had a wonderful European trip this past summer. In spite of war preparations, they visited England, Norway, Switzerland, Germany and France. Gertrude is continuing to serve successfully the Portland Tel. and Tel. Company and enjoys her intensive training. She rejoices over Lasell's unusually prosperous outlook for the new year and promises to visit the college soon. She confesses, however, that most of her "days off" are spent in climbing the White Mountains in summer and skiing down their snowy slopes in winter. A witty friend of Gert's declared: "I should think the White Mountains would be worn out with your visits." Gertrude closes with "greetings to those at Lasell who made my four years happy ones."

To our joy five Lasell Alumnae have been added to our staff. Miss Ruth Emery '19-20 (Ph.D. Cornell '39) is now a member of the faculty, her subject being Medieval History. Esther Sosman '36 is instructor in History of Art and also serves with Helen Perry '24 to carry on the difficult task of keeping in touch with the Alumnae. Marjorie Lind '39 and Allison Starr '39 are office secretaries, and Jean Michael '39 is taking the student dietitian course at the college under the supervision of Miss Sarah Root, Lasell's able dietitian.

I am led to believe that our L.A.A. President, Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22, did not miss many of the highlights or opportunity for meeting Lasell girls during her California trip. Read her travelogue and see if you don't agree with me:

"A trip to the west coast means to me, pri-

marily, a visit with my parents at their attractive ranch-home, ninety miles south of San Francisco, in the progressive town of Watsonville, known for its apples and 'green gold', or lettuce. But a trip 'most anywhere means also visiting one or more Lasell friends or meeting new ones—and so it was on this last trip of mine.

"On June 16th I left by automobile—making the 1,002 mile trip to Chicago, by dint of all night driving and with two relief drivers, in about 29 hours. Quite an experience.

"The train looked rather restful to me when I headed towards Nebraska. Omaha was my first Lasell stop-over. Jean Field Faires '22 and her bright young son met me. Frankie took his responsibility as host seriously and tried to give me all the highlights of their city and discussed his educational ambitions (which were for Dartmouth where his grandfather had enrolled him at birth). Later went to Jean's beautiful family home where her young married sister had kindly planned a small luncheon in my honor, inviting Martha Stone Adams '91-93 and Dot Shove Kelloway '21. Dot 'talked Lasell' eagerly and was especially interested in hearing about the visit Helen Perry '24 and I had with her classmate, Ruth Rawlings Mott '21, in Bermuda last year. Dot looked even younger than when I'd last seen her—must be that Nebraska air. Martha S. Adams was genuinely pleased when I was able to give news of some of her friends. That 'bond unbroken' serves to bind our interests together though we be separated by years or miles.

"Later that afternoon we drove the fifty miles over a straight, new road to Jean's delightful home in Lincoln, Nebraska's air-conditioned capitol (this applies to the indoors—where this engineering convenience has had fertile ground for its rapid growth). Jean's husband was smiling a welcome as we drove up. Just then a rare and welcome event took place—a regular downpour which is cause for celebration out on those parched plains. We dined that night at the Hotel Cornhusker—a name right out of the 'great open spaces'.

"Next day did some sightseeing which included the Nebraska State University and Capitol Building, of which they are rightly proud—not only because of its beauty of architecture, but because 'it's paid for' Mr. Faires showed his moving pictures that night, including those of their trip east in '37 when they took several of our 15th Reunion. For the benefit of the girls who were in the pictures but who may not see the film, let me say that they were splendid. Jean and I rounded out our Lasell reminiscing by going through her bulging, blue Memory Book.

"After Nebraska came a tour of Yellowstone Park, a dip down the map to Salt Lake City to see its chief points of interest and a plunge in their Great Salt Lake—to be, *frankly*, disillusioned!

"My first visit in California was in Nevada City with my eldest brother and his family. That mountainous, thickly wooded mining and forestry town was put on my Lasell map because of Ruth Schierenbeck Tamblyn '36. She and her very pleasant husband came to call one evening and—as is always the way with those far-off Lasell girls—she was eager for college news and is already planning a trip east. Their planning, just then, included the building of their new home.

"It was a long jump between that Lasell meeting and the next—a jump of several weeks and several hundred miles and spanning a long visit at home, two days at San Francisco's beautiful Golden Gate Exposition, a drive across the border to Mexico and a never-to-be-forgotten two days at Grand Canyon. There I met my first homeward-bound New Englanders, one of whom, I learned, was a teacher at Waltham High School and knew our Evelina Perkins '15.

"At seven o'clock on a *hot* Sunday morning in August (a test of true friendship) I was met at Houston, Texas, by one of my classmates, Sis Loomis Stuebing '22, her husband and darling seven-year-old daughter, Jane. Although it was insufferably hot our tongues flew incessantly (mostly Lasell talk, of course), and we managed a trip to Galveston for a swim.

"From there on I kept to the cool of the air-conditioned trains as much as possible for the trip through Louisiana and to Washington was 'sizzling'. After a few days in and around D. C. I headed for the next, but very brief Lasell stop-over—a luncheon date with Jo Holbrook Metzger '22, and her quite grown-up daughter, Eleanor, who I am hoping will be a Lasellite herself before long.

"New York City was the next—and this time I was met by Ruth Hopkins Spooner '23 and her husband. They took time off from the home 'building' and we 'did' the World's Fair (which, at the risk of seeming disloyal to the east) I must say I did not like as well as San Francisco's—not because it was lacking in beauty but because it was too overwhelming. Had a brief but restful stay in the Connecticut hills at a lovely camp belonging to Ruth's family. Mercedes Rendell Freeman '23 and family were away, but I did see her father, whom Ruth had invited for dinner one evening.

"Just a few hours from that stop-over was home. And, though I'd roamed east and west for many weeks, I agree with the motto that used to hang over the door: 'Home's Best.'"

At the close of our vacation we found on our desk the following names of former Lasell students, who had visited the college during the summer. This loyal gesture we greatly appreciated and regret we were not privileged to greet these "homecomers."

Among the July and August visitors were Mabel Taylor Gannett '95 of 5115 Davenport Street, Omaha, Nebraska; Ethelyn Barber Brown '01, Marion Williams Crowell '17-20 and daughter Marilyn; Barbara Hinckley Hubbard '34, her husband and baby who were en route to a Vermont vacation; and Mrs. Russell Means, two daughters and son. Mrs. Means is the daughter of Louise Fribley Dann '84-85, whose present address is 810 North Jefferson Street, Albany, Georgia.

Dorothy Taggart Krumsieg '32 called on August 16th. She was accompanied by her husband, mother-in-law and sister-in-law. Dorothy was anxious to "tour" Winslow Hall

and was especially interested in seeing the memorial sundial, which the Class of 1932 have given in memory of Elizabeth Follett Kistler '32. This Illinois party had driven east to view the World's Fair and were on their way to visit friends at the North Shore. Dorothy left greetings for Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter and Marjorie MacClymon '32.

Marjorie Gove '37 and Dorothy Schwarz '38 also "signed in" during the month of August.

From Tampa, Florida, came a very Lasell-interested visitor in the person of Edith Abbott Chapman '19. Edith, her husband and daughter Jean enjoyed a walk about the campus with Mrs. McDonald. They expressed their delight over the new building, and additional dormitories.

Carolyn Kneeland Cratsley '00-02 had not seen Lasell since Commencement 1903. She was accompanied by her daughter-in-law and both were interested in touring the campus and revisiting Clark Cottage, where Mrs. Cratsley roomed while at Lasell. Her only son, Dr. Edward K. Cratsley, is an instructor at Harvard Business College.

Grace Emerson Cole '08 called and was escorted by a friend and her two handsome sons. Mrs. McDonald took them through the new as well as the old college buildings.

Effie Ellen Symms '91-93 of Atchison, Kansas, enjoyed a short visit at Lasell. She and a friend were on an eastern motor trip.

Marjorie Blair Perkins '28, in addition to her card, left this written word to her Lasell Mother: "Edith Hussey Adams '28 and I are indeed sorry to miss you, but we will return soon for a real visit." Marjorie also left two charming snapshots of her sons.

A more recent caller was Mary Wheatley Street '12-13, who we chanced to learn is residing in the same Boston apartment house as is one of our students, June Paul. Mrs. Street was accompanied by her daughter and son.

After a recent Alumnae Board meeting held at Bragdon Hall, Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender '04-06 forwarded to the *Personals* Editor these

two news items concerning 1905 graduates. Miriam Nelson Flanders and her daughter, Florence, will spend the winter in Boston. Florence was graduated from Vassar College in June. This coming winter season will find Frances Bragdon West and her husband in Princeton, New Jersey, where Mr. West will do research work at the University Library.

Alumnae: Please Notice

The annual mid-winter reunion and luncheon of Lasell Alumnae Inc. will be held, again this year, at the Hotel Vendome, Boston. The date is *February tenth*, and we are looking forward to breaking our attendance record. All who were present last year have pleasant memories of a delightful afternoon and it is our hope that the 1940 meeting will bring back many Lasell girls who have not been with us in recent years. This luncheon offers a splendid opportunity to renew old friendships, learn the latest happenings at the college, and we assure you "the food is the very best."

Meredith Prue, president of the Class of 1939, writes: "I am going to give you a few news items concerning my classmates. Among the girls who are making practical use of their retail training are Shirley Wood and Cora Pratt, both selling in Best's New York Store. Shirley Shields is in Hovey's and Ruth Bull at Peck and Peck in Boston. Jane Forsyth, Norma Jacobus, and Betty Jensen were recent guests of Louisa Clark and myself. They had a happy visit at Lasell and enjoyed seeing all the girls again. After her return home, Jane accepted a position at Franklin Simon's in New York. Jeannette Tift Jeffcock '36 is now living at the University of Alabama, where her husband is studying for his master's degree. Jeannette is doing secretarial work for an employment agency there. Harriet Tift and I are commuting from our homes in Hopedale to Boston every day. Now it is nearing *nine* o'clock and I must retire."

How amusing and encouraging to learn that these dear little "night hawks" of not so long ago are retiring at such a sensible hour. One

night a week for late social pers is all they reserve.

Selma Amdur '36: Lasell was just as happy to welcome you home as you seemed to be over your recent return to your Alma Mater. In the words of our registrar, Miss Grace Irwin: "Selma was a fine student, and a fine girl." A recent mail has brought this happy news to us from "Tommy": "After my return home from Boston, I resumed my classes at the Juilliard School of Music in New York, and last week announced my engagement to Mr. Martin Derfuer, a student at the Harvard School of Business Administration." Lasell extends sincere congratulations to this Alumna and Mr. Derfuer.

Dorothy Carneal '39 and Jean Ettershank '39 are both enjoying their first term at the College of William and Mary. They are again roommates and both pledged Alpha Phi Omega. Dorothy writes: "I am gradually getting adjusted. The college is beautiful and I love the 18th century environment of Williamsburg. My English instructor has visited Lasell several times and has told me some entirely new and interesting facts concerning Auburndale. I always feel sort of queer inside when someone praises our college. I suppose it is a sign of pride in our first Alma Mater. Unfortunately for me, the requirements for a degree here do not allow me time for Journalism. I am majoring in French, and Senora will be pleased to learn that Jean is specializing in Spanish and doing excellent work. It won't be long before we shall be visiting Lasell."

Good news for us, dear Dorothy, and Lasell wishes you and Jean continued success.

Just a postcard from Eleanor Ramsdell Stauffer '35, bearing a fascinating picture of Bermuda's Aquarium and Museum, and on the reverse side these few jubilant words: "My husband and I are spending a delightful honeymoon on this lovely island—a whole month. We had an outdoor wedding in the garden of my parents' home. Ann Cobb '33-34, Gertrude Morris '35 and Barbara Young '35 were in the wedding party." We trust it is not too late to

add Lasell's congratulations and our appreciation of this friendly message.

As we expected, Helen Linnehan '21 kept her word given at the recent trustee's meeting and sent a fascinating folder describing her work at the Helen M. Linnehan School of Dancing, Cochato Club, Braintree, Mass. This is the twelfth season of Mrs. Loud's successful school of dancing. When we recall Helen's helpful hand during our Endowment Fund drive and her friendly devotion to Lasell, we feel sure her profession has had much to do with her unflinching courage and good cheer.

To Miss Irwin, Ruth Buchanan '37 confesses she has not wholly recovered from the thrill of receiving her bachelor's degree from Colby College last June. During the summer she specialized in shorthand and typewriting in order to better prepare herself for future work. Ruth is undecided between journalism and law for her career. Whatever her decision, we extend Lasell's Godspeed in her chosen field.

The keynote for Lasell this year in all departments is Forward. Even the wee newcomers in their way are trying to keep step with their dignified vanguard, in proof whereof we submit the recent arrival of Lasell's very little children:

June 17—A daughter, Barbara Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. T. Dawson Blamire (Anne Litchfield '32).

July 12—A son, Richard Edward, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Coyle (Elizabeth Swift '33).

July 18—A daughter, Anne Wharton, to Dr. and Mrs. Joseph McLean (Carolyn Hopkins '28).

August 19—A son, James Duncan, to Mr. and Mrs. Francis D. Ryan (Anne O'Brien '35).

Sept. 3—A son, David Nils, to Mr. and Mrs. Lars Sandberg (Janice Whittaker '30).

Sept. 16—A daughter, Dorothy Cole, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Forbes MacRae (Dorothy Cole '29).

Sept. 19—A daughter, Pamela, to Mr. and

Mrs. James E. Connon (Agnes Metcalf '32).

Sept. 21—A son, James Metcalf, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph J. Silverwood (Kathryn Moore '26).

Oct. 5—A daughter, Amlus Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. William Riederer (Helen Morgan '30).

This valuable note from Florence Boehmcke Simes '23 needs no additions or subtractions by the *Personals* Editor. We are pleased to share it without heeding Florence's suggestion to "rewrite":

"This summer Jo Curry Warren '23 has been busy having a new home built, and her future address is to be 224 North Woods Road, Flower Hill, Manhasset, L. I. Jo came out on the Island about eighteen months ago and joined our group of the League of Women Voters. She had formerly been with the League in Brooklyn and so thoroughly understood its work that the Nassau County organization asked her to be its chairman. Since then she has started a unit in Freeport where she has been living, and I am sure she will do the same thing in Manhasset. You see, Josephine is a very able clubwoman and leads a busy life. She keeps in touch with Jocelyn Tong '24 and had a visit with Elizabeth Anderson Hanna '24, who was in town for the Fair.

"Another New Yorker who is building is Ruth Hopkins Spooner '23. They expect to be in their new Yonkers home at Christmas time.

"I saw Mrs. Willey (our Mrs. Hooker), this past summer. I had written her about placing my older son on a farm for the vacation period and she told me her brother would take him. Bob was there in Orleans for a month and the grand Vermont climate did him a world of good.

"Last weekend I escorted four high school boys to Petersburg, Virginia, to see their team play the Virginia boys in football. We stopped in Washington and were able to attend the special session of Congress and enjoyed a bit of sightseeing during the afternoon. It does

sound as if I trotted about a bit, but this was just a holiday. Usually I am hard at work every day. Do wish I had a bit more leisure time so I might visit Lasell more often. My best wishes to you and Dr. Winslow."

How greatly we are indebted to Charlotte Lesh Coats '12 for her recent letter so filled with valuable news concerning our Indianapolis Lasell girls:

"My sister, Helen Lesh Zervas '17, has been in Cambridge, England, for the past two and a half years. She, her husband and son returned the first of July, and to our great relief are still in this country. It has been thrilling to hear first-hand about gas masks, air-raid precautions and all other war preparations.

"My sister-in-law, Mary Hoke Lesh '21, is certainly doing her share in the community improvement. She is one of the prime movers in the election of a juvenile court judge who is qualified and interested in dealing intelligently with juvenile delinquency. Right now Mary is chairman of a committee in the League of Women Voters on juvenile delinquency which includes a study of juvenile court programs, working toward a national standard, and the recodification of child welfare laws in Indiana. Mary has a very busy but constructive program ahead of her.

"Even I have become League of Women Voters minded too, but in the foreign policy group which is intensely interesting at present.

"Joan Johnson '28 and sister, Ruth Johnson Guedelhofer '24, with their mother run a very successful travel agency here, in Indianapolis, and Joan is always flying off with a party here and there over the globe. It is a little more 'here' now however.

"I recently telephoned Edith Fulton Ferriday '30. She said her two young children kept her so busy she had lost track of many Lasell friends. Mary Fulton Garstang '27 has a little daughter, now six years old.

"Marjorie Lewis Vonnegat '22 lost her husband a year ago, and she is now starting a gift shop in Indianapolis.

"Last month I visited my roommate, Esther Morey Hain '12, in Clinton, Iowa. She and

her husband have a successful furniture store there and Esther is a very able business woman—very efficient, as you know she would be. They have two fine daughters.

"Perhaps you have heard that Elizabeth Edson '12 had charge of part of the management of the two well-known inns at Williamsburg, Virginia. She enjoys the work immensely and would appreciate meeting any Lasell girls who may be in that vicinity, or visiting this historic town.

"Frances Kearby '31 is to be married soon. Jeannette White '29 is now Mrs. Charles W. Hutchinson, 2317 Chase Avenue, Chicago.

"When are you coming to visit us in Indianapolis? We would have a grand reunion if you were here. Until you come, here's a lot of love to you from your Indiana 'Doves'."

A busy little mother is Anne Litchfield Blamire '32. Her daughter, Barbara Ann, was born June 17th, Bunker Hill Day, and we have Anne's word for it that she is "a real firecracker with lovely auburn hair." Mr. Blamire is superintendent of buildings at Radcliffe College and their home address is 11 Lowden Avenue, West Somerville, Mass.

We are indebted to the news bureau of the Rhode Island School of Design for the following item concerning a renewed honor which has come to our Deborah Sweet '37: "Miss Sweet was re-elected secretary of the Junior Class at the Rhode Island School of Design. She is now studying jewelry design in the department of Jewelry, Silversmithing and Fabricated Design." Lasell Junior College and Deborah's college mates extend congratulations to this successful Alumna.

No wonder Harriette Case Bidwell '22 is riding, so to speak, "on the crest of the wave." Today's mail brought to us a lively letter from "Aunt" Julia ('32) enclosing a charming snapshot of Harriette's two lovely little daughters. We thank Harriette and Julia for the message and the pictures. This past summer was a season of gladness but little rest for our "Casey" '32. This young president of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club was busy as instructor in a girls' camp near Mayfield,

Michigan. Julia writes: "On the trip out I stopped in Saranac, N. Y., to see my former roommate, Dorothy Herring '29-31, and on the return trip home I spent a few days with Nancy Cowgill '29-30. Both girls wanted all the news I could give them about Lasell." Julia's report was brief but she promises to visit her Alma Mater soon and then we hope to get the whole story.

From "Highfield," her home in Canton, Ohio, Marguerite Vicary '08-10 sends this word: "It was a joy to be at Lasell for Commencement last June. The only disappointment was that the time was too short. I had hoped for some real visits with Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and you. The Commencement address by President McAfee of Wellesley College was splendid, and I am indeed happy that this year my niece, Louise Pottorf '38-39 is under the influence of this fine speaker. Louise, in her own words, is 'crazy about Wellesley, but the work is plenty difficult'.

"Our Cleveland Lasell Club seems to have, as it were, 'folded up.' I have asked several times to have a meeting but have never received a reply. One of our Canton Lasell girls, Christine Oby Jones '27, is president of the local Junior League. This organization is doing a splendid piece of work here. Mary Harris '27 and my sister Carolyn Vicary Krider '24 are also active in the League.

"Last fall I enjoyed a delightful visit with Lucy Aldrich Berston '10. It has been many years since I last saw her. Lucy's daughter is now married and her two young sons are interesting and so likeable—just the kind of children one would expect Lucy and Neil to have. In the spring I had the pleasure of seeing Martha Laurens Patterson '07 in her Charleston, S. C., home. She is organist in St. Philip's, the oldest church in that city. Martha's sister, Eleanor Laurens McCrady '10, now lives in Montreal most of the year. Her Charleston home is very beautiful—one of the show places of the city. Martha told me Eleanor wishes her lovely daughter to be brought up among the old Charleston tradi-

tions so arranges to spend a part of each year in the south."

After the gracious fashion of all loyal Lasell Alumnae, Marguerite wishes a successful year to the college and the Lasell family.

Don't imagine that our active Virginia Amesbury '38 has settled down to a social life program. On the contrary, she is now in training at the Newton Hospital. A reliable reporter declares she is thoroughly enjoying this post-graduate work. We wish continued success to our "Gigi."

One cannot always judge by looks, but in Edith Downey's ('34) case our guess was correct. At the time of her recent call she was so bent on business that she could not even accept our invitation to be seated. After graduation from Lasell and Beaver College, Edith took a course at Yale and is now in insurance work "on her own." She is just what she looks to be—a successful business representative of a Hartford insurance company.

These "touch and go" calls from Lasell girls do not wholly satisfy the *Personals* Editor, but we are grateful for even a brief interview. For example, Miriam Goff '37 could tarry but a moment. Yet in that short time she spoke of her successful program. Miriam is still serving as a doctor's aide and occasionally as soloist in some church choir. And as usual, she is scattering sunshine constantly by the way.

Mary DeWolfe '24 is enjoying congenial work in the attractive Stella Wells Gift Shop and Bookstore, Warren, Rhode Island. Mary has entire charge of the book department and assures us she is tremendously happy doing it. She adds: "Like so many others, we lost our summer home on Cape Cod at the time of the hurricane. Everything went; we found only a few splinters in a field a quarter of a mile from the house. This spring our family joyously built a new cottage on the eastern shore of the Warren River and we have spent a most happy summer there.

"Recently I had a letter from Natalie Albury McCarthy '22-23, who tells me that every letter

sent from Nassau is censored. They are worried too over the possibility of German submarines cutting off the island's food supply.

"How fine it would be to have a Rhode Island Lasell Club so that all your White Doves could keep in touch with each other. I have thought of this especially during the past year as I toiled through my correspondence as agent of my class at Brown University or as secretary of our Bristol Brown Club. There must be many Lasell girls drifting about—if only we knew each other."

Dear Mary: we wish you Godspeed in carrying out this suggestion. We appreciate especially her closing words: "I feel my Lasell news is sadly deficient but the love that goes with it is not."

This was literally an "off year" to the *Personals* Editor as far as getting in touch with the Minneapolis Lasell girls. Marion Joslin Openheimer '12 and family were travelling in Europe for the summer. Susan Stryker Brown '10 had moved to her old home in Duluth. Leda Burnett Arneson '14 and her family were at their Lake Minnetonka home. The day before leaving for Boston, we talked with Leda over the telephone and she reported her family well and had enjoyed their summer. Eleanor Warner Salisbury '11 failed to respond to our repeated efforts by telephone to reach her. The two Lasell girls whom we really met face to face were Elizabeth House McMillan '05-06 and Pauline Orcutt Hemenway '07-09. We had a chance meeting with Elizabeth in the cafe of one of Minneapolis' fine stores and later had the privilege of greeting her two charming daughters. Elizabeth was as interested in the college as though she had just been graduated. We had a real visit with Pauline, her mother and charming little daughter. We tried to interest the daughter in Lasell and hope she will later become a pupil at her mother's Alma Mater.

While in Minneapolis the *Personals* Editor was the guest of her niece, Mary Potter McConn '05. We were especially happy in getting better acquainted with Mary's youngest daughter

Jane, who has recently been appointed to a responsible position in the Nicollet County Welfare office. We quote from a daily paper: "Miss Jane McConn was appointed this week to take charge of child welfare services and other social security aids for the Nicollet County Welfare department. Miss McConn has had wide educational and practical training in the social welfare field. She received her degree from Cornell College in Iowa in 1937, and just completed her work toward a master's degree at the University of Minnesota this Fall. She was one of the two students of the University to receive federal scholarships for field training in child welfare work."

Julia Potter Schmidt '06 and her family have moved from Evanston to Elgin, Illinois, where Mr. Schmidt has been appointed to the faculty of Elgin Academy, the oldest boys' school in Illinois. He is especially interested in making certain architectural changes in this old school, which is celebrating its one hundredth anniversary. Julia's daughter, Betty, after a year's advance training in the Chicago Art Institute and later taking the teachers' course at Northwestern University, has been called to the position of assistant art director at Cornell College, her Alma Mater. Our congratulations to these successful young candidates.

We have not met this fall a happier "old girl" than Helen Hamilton '37-39. She is enjoying what Margaret Slattery terms the "charm of the impossible." Helen is still on the staff of the Massachusetts Memorial Hospital and also attends night school on her leisure evenings in order to be better prepared for the untried duties which are often assigned her.

Accompanying a press notice of her engagement to Mr. George Edward Bixner, Jr. of Newark, N. J., Mary Bradley '36 sent a valuable personal note, which we venture to share in part with her Lasell friends. Mary writes: "You must all be busy getting a new year on its way. How many more students Lasell has now than in 1934! The two years I spent at the college were truly wonderful; I shall never forget them. A year from next June I shall be

coming back for our Fifth Reunion. I look forward to each issue of the *LEAVES*, and especially the *Personals*. It is so much fun to see what all the Old Girls are doing. I hear from quite a number of my college mates but there is still a great deal of news I am missing. Please remember me to all who remember—Mary Bradley '36."

On July 15th, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ellsworth announced the engagement of their daughter, Ruth '36, to Mr. Everett W. Pitkin of Lindenhurst, Long Island. Just here we will allow Ruth to add some valuable data: "My fiance is the son of a former Lasell student, Dorothy Chapman Pitkin '91-92, and I too not only am a Lasell graduate but my mother, Gertrude Sherman Ellsworth, is a member of the Class of 1894. I believe our mothers roomed side by side in Bragdon and had many good times together. The two years I spent at the college were very happy and I shall never forget them nor the congenial friends I made. Mr. Pitkin is connected with the Socony Vacuum Oil Company of New York. Did you know I am secretary to Mr. Adrian Borden, father of Margorie Borden '40. The world is seemingly small after all. Hope to see you at Lasell very soon."

This last letter from Charlotte Ryder Hall '08 contained such good news of the Lasell family that we are tempted to share it with Lasell's unseen audience. Charlotte confesses it was Marian Harvey Higgins '15-16 who prompted her to send the message, and we are grateful to both Charlotte and Marian:

"Three weeks ago my husband and I started our vacation—first to Philadelphia to visit my sister. From there we went to New Jersey where we were the guests of Julia DeWitt Read '10. Part of our five days there were spent at the New York World's Fair, and one day we had lunch with Louise Paisley '09, just returned from her Pacific coast trip. At Julia's I visited with Sophie Mayer March '08—looking as young as ever—no grey hair at all. What a good time we did have together.

"Today Nell Albright Newhard '05-06 and

her husband called. They come to Maine each fall and always stay with us for a few days, but this year they were anxious to see the Fair.

"Had a surprise call one summer afternoon from Agnes Bullard Hobart '08. She and her husband were returning from Greenville, Vermont, where they attended the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Crafts. Their daughter, Julia Crafts Sheridan '10, had a very grand anniversary party for them at the Inn.

"We enjoyed Marion Roberts '29 very much at our fall luncheon. She is an able speaker and told us many interesting facts of the Lasell of today. We were all so glad to learn that the enrollment continues to be satisfactory. As yet I haven't seen Winslow Hall, but hope to before very long. Our reunion plans for last June didn't materialize but we are looking forward to having a real get together next Commencement.

"Please remember me to everyone at Lasell whom I know and I hope that very soon I may see you again."

Charlotte enclosed a clipping from a recent issue of the Bangor paper. It contained a fine picture of our Lorena Fellows Sawyer '99 and this announcement: "Mrs. Haven Sawyer of Bangor, president of the Maine Parent-Teachers' Association, will be the chief speaker at a two-day conference to be held at the University of Maine. The purpose of this conference will be to give information and techniques for leadership positions, to stimulate the attitude of learning how to do a job better and of expecting others to do likewise, and to give a deeper understanding and meaning to leadership. This conference is sponsored by the Women's Student Government Association and the Y.W.C.A. to meet the college woman's need for training and filling executive positions which she now holds or will hold outside of college."

Mrs. Sawyer is a fine example of the practical gospel which she preaches. Lasell Junior College sends congratulations to this distinguished member of the Class of 1899.

Shortly following Lela Goodall Thornburg's ('08) visit, we received this much appreciated travelogue and are happy to share it in part with a host of her Lasell friends:

"During my visit with you my husband was making arrangements for enrolling his niece among the students of Lasell for 1940. Through the courtesy of Mrs. McDonald we procured the address of President and Mrs. Winslow, who were at their summer home at the time of our call. When we reached Bethel (Maine), Dr. and Mrs. Winslow very graciously drove down from their forest fastness and we had a delightful visit together. En route to California, it was our pleasure to stop with Grace Emerson Cole '08 in Peoria and we were greatly impressed with that city's extensive park areas. Grace has one son in Cornell and another has just entered Lake Forest Academy.

"We found Betty Love Macey '08 in her lovely Indianapolis home. She is just the same petite Betty of Lasell days and it is hard to believe her Harvard-graduate son is now married and doing responsible research work in the Goodyear Company of Akron. Her daughter, Betty, enters Wellesley next fall.

"In June Charlotte Ryder Hall '08 and her husband spent five days with us in our summer home in Sanford, Maine, and then and there we celebrated Charlotte's sixth wedding anniversary and also her birthday—I am not mentioning what birthday it was. On our way to the New York World's Fair in June, we met Myra Steward '08 in New London. Myra lives on her father's estate, where we saw evidences of the hurricane—great trees felled and shrubbery damaged. While in New York I talked with Florence Swartwout Thomasen '08, whose son is a senior at Cornell and whose daughter is taking a post graduate course in the Maplewood (N. J.) High School.

"It was a happy surprise to have Louise Paisley '09 drop in for two days. She was on her way down from San Francisco where she had charge of an architectural exhibit displayed by the 'Forum,' for which organization she edits articles for New York papers. Lilian

Douglass '07 entertained us in her charming orange-ranch home for luncheon. She then returned to Laguna Beach to join us in a trip to San Diego. The other day I met Elizabeth Lum '99-01 and found she has built a home in Emerald Bay, an exclusive section just north of Laguna Beach."

Lela closes with best wishes to everyone at Lasell and a response to that wish is reciprocated by the entire Lasell family.

Betty Reagan '34-36 is one of Leominster's busiest of busy citizens, doing volunteer service as secretary and treasurer of the Red Cross Nursing committee. With enthusiasm Betty confessed during her call: "It is most interesting work and I enjoy it immensely." She is also a member of the Leominster Hospital Committee.

On a crowded Boston trolley in early summer we caught sight of a smiling face. A moment later "Tiny" Adams Quimby '29 was standing by our side. During our brief greeting we learned that she is happily married, and having some leisure time, is devoting herself to a semi-invalid. And Tiny is greatly enjoying her elective "cheering up" duties.

Six names of Lasell's loyal members and friends have recently been added to the Roll of Honor. Ella Stedman Frank '82 passed away September 12th. She was for two years our Dean Emeritus' beloved roommate at Lasell. Mabel Bliss Tibbetts '86-87 died August 2nd, just eight weeks after her husband passed away. Mr. Francis Douglass, husband of our Louise Barnes Douglass '96 and uncle of Evelyn Douglass Hooper '28, passed away August 26th. Mr. Douglass was a member of a family who for a number of years were very near neighbors and loyal friends of Lasell. We were grieved to learn of the recent death of Laura Conger Buchan '87 and of Dr. H. G. Randall, father of our Jean Randall '38. Lasell Junior College extends tenderest sympathy to these bereaved families and friends.

To Barbara DeWitt '39, Lasell may be out of sight and sound, but happily for us we are not out of her thoughts. Listen to her friendly letter which sounds quite neighborly although

written from 2720 Eastwood, Evanston, Illinois: "How strange it seems not to be preparing for Lasell this fall. I never thought I would miss any place as I do our college where I spent two happy and successful years. I would like nothing better than to work in Boston so that I could be able to run out to Auburndale when the spirit urged. In the early summer I was in the hospital for a brief stay and after recuperating, enjoyed the wonderful sights at the New York World's Fair. Later came to Chicago, where I took a course in international business machines. Today I was called to a position in a large and very fine business firm. My work begins tomorrow and I expect to enjoy it immensely. The bank where I am employed seems to have a very cultured group of employees. Later I hope to join a dramatic club at the bank, and perhaps shall contact the Chicago Lasell Club. I have heard from Barbara Kingman '39 frequently. She is now at Boston University and fortunate in living so near Lasell. I think of you all very often. I wish Lasell and the Class of 1940 success and happiness, which you so justly deserve. Remember me to all my college friends."

From "way down south" in Florida comes this unusual letter written by Margaret Trice Gibbons '14-15. We might well entitle her message "How a Lasell Old Girl Mastered Adversity." From Coral Gables she writes in reply to a letter from the *Personals* Editor: "You cannot imagine how glad I was to hear from you. I wanted to write you and talk over some things as we did when I was a student at Lasell. So many ups and downs have come into my life that I often wonder Why, Why, Why? Then I recall the nights at school and the quiet times we had as White Doves there. I often tell my sons about life at Lasell, where our teachers were respected and loved, but we were not afraid of them.

"In 1921 I met in Norfolk a gentleman from Kansas, Mr. J. S. Gibbons. We were married the next year and lived in Newton, Kansas, where our first son was born. My father went to Florida during the boom and sent for us to

join him in the real estate business. Then the bubble broke and left us here. Our two other sons arrived and both my husband and I were in poor health. Mr. Gibbons is today in the Veterans Hospital, Bay Pines, St. Petersburg. He is fine at times but at others his heart is bad. I cannot see to read at all; but I can find my way along the streets and travel some.

"Our oldest son, John, is very much interested in chemistry and has been ever since he was a little boy. Harry, now fourteen years old, was paralyzed when a baby—not his body but his hearing nerves and is now almost totally deaf. We sent him to a private school for a while where he learned lip reading. At present he is in the state school at St. Augustine; he is extremely happy there and doing splendid work. Roy, our youngest, is not very strong but is wonderful comfort to me.

"I have been very active in school work—president of the Parent-Teachers Association and for two years Welfare Chairman and President of the American Legion Auxiliary. When I first discovered that our son Harry was deaf, I was frantic. I then realized there was very little being done for the deaf in Florida and so I called upon Dean West and Dr. Meyer of Miami University. They are both interested in psychology and children. We organized a society for the hard of hearing, not the mute or sign language people, but those who could lip read and had a voice. A mass meeting was called with over two hundred present. At that meeting the National Society of Washington was born. I wanted to interest parents in these unfortunate children, and was appointed to the state board of the Parent-Teachers Congress. I was on this board for three years. We are working to have a mandatory legislature so must have these classes. There are sixty-six counties in Florida, about forty-five now well organized, and only ten with full education for all types of children.

"Four years ago when my eyes were better, I was employed by the Dade County board to make ear tests. We were the first county to do this sort of work, but due to lack of funds we

could not follow the tests with classes. I am very much interested in audiometer work and am quite thrilled to be called an audiometrist. These children are so happy to be helped by someone who really believes in them.

"I cannot do much myself with books, but my memory is splendid. Mother and some good friends read what I want and from that I work out my programs for school and radio, or the articles which I write for the press. If I had not had Lasell's training, perhaps I would not be trying to bridge the gap of handicapped children in Dade County with so many more in the state to fight for."

Among the unofficial dinner guests the night of our Trustees' meeting were Clarissa Gibbs Smith '04-05 (this ever-cheerful "Gibby" brought with her two charming pictures of her little granddaughter); Mary Ruth Sanford '35-36, who reports a propitious outlook for her private school for little tots; and Rhona Ford '37 of Huntington, Mass.

Just a note recently received from Madeleine Robinhold Leinbach '27, who writes from her new home address: Second and Iron Streets, Lehigh, Penna.: "This is to give you my new address for the LEAVES, and to tell you that we have moved to a larger church and a lovely new home. It is quite a step forward for my husband, and we are very happy. My one sorrow is that my mother is no longer with us; she passed away last March. My best to you and all of Lasell's family."

Our sympathy and love goes out to you, dear Madeleine. We thank you for the good news concerning your husband's increased opportunity for larger service.

En route to California, Miss Clementina Butler (Jan.-June '80) writes: "I met a stranger whom later I found to be a former Lasell girl—Pauline Cook Bruderlin '11-12. She is still 'all for Lasell' and sent affectionate greetings to her faculty members still in service at her former school home."

This welcomed letter from Elizabeth Brundow Trumbull '11 has just been received. Beth writes from her Cleveland home—3270 Ormond Road:

"It is good to learn such splendid news of Lasell! The large attendance for this year and the two new dormitories! I surely would love to see all the fine changes and hope that it won't be so awfully long before we are driving east again. In the meantime, upon receiving my LEAVES, I always turn at once to the *Personals* and never fail to find a great deal to interest me!

"All our driving this year has been in other directions. Early in the spring my husband and I drove with friends to Florida, where we visited our elder son and his bride in their home at Pompano—halfway between Miami and Palm Beach. Besides our pleasure in visiting our children, Florida and the drive there gave us plenty of thrills for we had never been South before.

"In June we started for the Coast, visiting San Francisco and the beautiful World's Fair. On our way west, passed through Oklahoma and New Mexico—all of which was to us new and wonderful country. In Pasadena we were guests of my husband's sister, whom he had not seen for twenty-seven years. It was at a luncheon, which she gave for me, that I met Irene Vedder Reighard '10-11, Bess Mattison Behr '08-09 and Myrilla Annis Rathwell '08-11. All three had changed so little, being if possible, even lovelier than in the old days in Auburndale. There was never a lull in the conversation as we exchanged news concerning our mutual friends. Irene and Bess each have a son in college. Myrilla's son and daughter are somewhat younger. She was just then a very busy lady, preparing to launch a new radio hour. Two years ago I visited with Vera Bradley Findlay '11 and Kathleen Knight '11.

"Not long ago Miss Frances Dolley invited us to her charming apartment to meet Miss Rand. It was a great privilege to see her again and to congratulate her upon being Lasell's new Dean. Both the college and the Dean are most fortunate. It is always a pleasure to see Miss Dolley; but of course she is very busy at the college, and I too have little free time. For the past two years I have had a number of piano pupils and I do so enjoy the work.

"Please remember me to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Rand, Mrs. McDonald, Mlle. LeRoy and Miss Irwin. It is wonderful to know that so many of the lovely people who were there in my time are still at Lasell.

"E. B. T. '11."

The Lasell LEAVES office received from the Y. W. C. A., of Fargo, N. D., this much appreciated item: "I want to thank you for the copies of the LEAVES that have come to me, and to assure you of my appreciation of your courtesy. I share them with Ruth Waldron of Fargo, who attended Lasell in 1937-38. My address has been changed to 115 Roberts Street, Fargo, where I am Y.W.C.A. office secretary. Florence Reed Owens '17-18."

The Siff sisters are still studying. Jean '36 writes from her Akron, Ohio, home to Miss Beede: "As you perhaps know, Leona '32-36 was graduated from the University of Wisconsin this year as an English major. I have been seeing America first, but am considering a course at Akron University this fall. Will you please send a copy of my academic credits to the registrar there. Our kindest personal regards to the Lasell family."

From our registrar's office comes this interesting clipping: Juliette Rideout Smithers '15-18 is planning to enter the University of California. Her son is enrolled there this fall and she is planning to further her educational training. Mrs. Smithers' new address is 1609 Walnut Street, Berkeley, California.

Miss Grace Irwin has recently received this word from Hazel Hardin '37-38: "This year I am transferring to Randolph-Macon College, where I expect to obtain my degree. I want you to know how much the year at Lasell meant to me. It was a year I shall never forget and I will always have a warm feeling for my first college."

Don't think that the absence of their dear President Cecile Loomis Stuebing '22 of the Chicago Lasell Club has interrupted the activity of that fine organization. This welcomed report from Lisinka Kuehl Dawson '21-22 suggests that the Chicago group of representative

Alumnae and Old Girls are still carrying on in their usually delightfully loyal way:

"At the last meeting of the Chicago Lasell Club word was sent me that you would appreciate very much news of our activities. Our organization has been a bit disrupted after President Cecile Loomis Stuebing '22 moved to Houston, Texas, and Secretary Julia Clausen Bowman '29 moved to Portland, Oregon.

"Just before Julia was married, Helene Grashorn Dickson '22 had a small meeting of the girls from the North Shore in honor of Julia. Since that time we have had two small neighborhood group meetings. One on June 2nd at the home of Catherine Morley King '29 found these girls present: Helene Grashorn Dickson '22, Margherita Dike Hallberg '10, Dorothy Taggart Krumsieg '32, Elizabeth Buettner Lang '23, Doris Perkins Meyer '19-20, Gertrude Wagner '28 and Lisinka Kuehl Dawson '21-22.

"On August 4th we met at the home of Jessie Matteson Ray '25 in Highland Park. After a delicious luncheon served under the trees of her spacious lawn, we had a meeting to discuss plans for the fall. The following attended: Maurine Moore Allen '19-20, Alice Wry Anthony '24, Alma Bunch '13, Mildred Chapman Clements '28, Dorothy Pearson Cutler '24, Helene Grashorn Dickson '22, Eugenia Loomis Flagler '32, Margherita Dike Hallberg '10, Catherine Morley King '29, Dorothy Taggart Krumsieg '32, Elizabeth Buettner Lang '23, Doris Perkins Heyer '19-20, Gertrude Wagner '28 and Lisinka Kuehl Dawson '21-22.

"Our annual meeting was held, October 13th, at the Women's Athletic Club. Miss Herma Clark, newspaper columnist and author of 'When Chicago Was Young,' was our guest speaker and gave a very interesting talk on the 'Adventures of a Columnist.' We had invited the members to bring their mothers, and as everyone seemed to enjoy the program it was decided to make this an annual event and continue the group meetings in private homes during the rest of the year. The following members were present: Alice Wry Anthony '24,

Barbara Jones Bates '14, Alma Bunch '13, Dorothy Pearson Cutler '24 and Mrs. Pearson, Lisinka Kuehl Dawson '21-22 and Mrs. Kuehl, Helene Grashorn Dickson '22, Lucille Guertin Egan '11-12, Vera Wallace Fenn '11-12, Margherita Dike Hallberg '10, Doris Perkins Meyer '19-20, Marion Bliven MacDonald '21, Marion Westphal Newhall '19-21, Mary Thielens Peeples '04-05, Gladys Purdy O'Connor '28, Jessie Matteson Ray '25 and Mrs. Matteson, Kathleen Atkin Torcom '34 and Mrs. Atkin, Gertrude Wagner '28 and Mrs. Wagner, Emily Ingwersen Gallati '34 and Mrs. Ingwersen. Vera Clauer Hans '22, Evelyn Shidler Robertson '23 and Genevieve Shidler '20 motored up from South Bend for the occasion.

"The following Personals were also gleaned: Born to Catherine Morley King '29 a son—Howard Morley King on September 4th.

"Gladys Purdy O'Connor '28 has moved from Detroit and will join the Chicago Lasell Club—her new address is 558 Michigan Avenue, Evanston, Ill. We are so happy to welcome her to our group.

"Persis-Jane Peeples (Jan-June '35) has a position in one of Oak Park's large department stores.

"While in the west this summer I had a most enjoyable visit with Julia Clausen Bowman '29 in her new home—4261 N. E. Weidler Avenue, Portland, Oregon. I can assure you she is a credit to Lasell's home economics training!

"Incidentally, I had a grand trip with my husband to Banff and Victoria, where we played golf and then down the coast to Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles and home via the Grand Canyon. Some time soon I hope to bring my husband to Auburndale for since I have taken over the records of the Chicago Lasell Club, he hears more than ever of the college and we both hope our visit will be soon.

"With kindest personal regards:

"Lisinka Kuehl Dawson '21-22.

Mary Morgan Yarnell '31: Your last newsy letter just read again suggests to us that in

addition to the duties of homemaker, a devoted wife and mother, you should use your *spare* moments reporting for the press. The Lasell *Personals* Editor appreciates and is under obligation to you. Mary writes:

"The Southern California Lasell girls confess they are awfully busy but their affairs are too personal to prove worthwhile news. I feel otherwise and I am sure you will agree with us. This is a wonderful place in which to live. We have many more benefits than any other location in the United States: distances seem so insignificant out here and the climate is wonderful for our children. Don't you think I should be on the local Chamber of Commerce?

"Elsie Crowell Bennett '19-20 undoubtedly told you of her 8,000 mile trip with her three children this summer. They journeyed from Canada to Washington, D. C., and returned to California in six weeks.

"Mildred Melgaard Rees '22 recently had a lovely get together for some of the younger Lasell Alumnae and their husbands. Those present were: Eunice Perkins Hill '19-20, Georgia Parrish Campbell '26, Anna Hendee Sheehan '24, Eva Mae Mortimer Riffe '25, Elsie Crowell Bennett '19-20, Florence Gifford Flemming '23, Marceline Kaiser Morris '19-20, Mildred Melgaard Rees '22 and Mary Morgan Yarnell '31. Mildred entertained us in her Swedish guest house, which is unusual and very attractive. Her husband is a decorator and remodelled this guest house from an old garage. The house has a peaked beam ceiling, and the material on the walls and ceiling resembles homespun. There is a quaint fireplace with many copper utensils, and another of the unique features is a canopy bed. Mildred served typical Swedish refreshment made from old Scandinavian recipes. It was most effective at a long table in the attractive red and blue painted room. All the painting and art work has been done by Mr. Rees.

"Georgia Parrish Campbell '26 has just returned from Peoria, Illinois, where she has been since August. She had wonderfully busy

times—visiting and assisting at her sister's (Betty '32) wedding. I am enclosing a newspaper clipping with a picture of Betty and an account of the ceremony.

"Marceline Kaiser '19-20 was married in Philadelphia on September 9th to Mr. John Morris and they are now living in Wilmington, Delaware.

"Ellen Chase Wood '02 is enjoying her three-year-old granddaughter. Mrs. Wood, her daughter and granddaughter have many good times together.

"Ruth Bee Doble '31 has moved to 1730 North Edgemont Street, Hollywood. We have corresponded and made plans via telephone to meet soon.

"Renee Smith Feinstein '29-31 is still living in San Bernardino, where her husband is manager of the California Theatre. Renee recently invited us for a chicken dinner—and it was truly excellent. We showed them movies of our eastern trip—Renee was ever so pleased with the fine pictures of you and Lillian Bethel '28.

"I have had a terribly busy summer—hardly a chance to breathe since returning from the east. We have had a cottage at Balboa Island and had several 'vacation' guests there during the summer.

"Mildred Fischer Langworthy '31 and her husband, Lt. Com. Elmer D. Langworthy, are to make their permanent home in California. We expect them and their little son early in November.

"All good wishes to you and please remember me to the many friends at Lasell. M.M.Y."

Barbara Ordway Brewer '35, secretary of the Worcester Lasell Club, sends this scintillating report. It sounds just like her:

"We've started off with a grand Lasell Club in Worcester this year, with twenty-six members at the first meeting at the home of Elsie Bigwood Cooney '17-19. Plans for our fall dance, the Poinsetta Ball, are now being made under the chairmanship of Dorothy Inett Taylor '30. I wish you could see Dot's little boy Harry. He is adorable, and Dot and I have

great fun watching Harry and my wee Bonnie play together. Marion Kingdon Farnum '29, our club president, brought pictures of her darling three-year-old Deborah to our last meeting, and Dorothy Kierstead Knellar '28 had many stories to tell of her Richard, who is fast approaching the one-year-old stage.

"Eleanor Ramsdell Stauffer '35, and her husband are 'living on top of the world' in their homey apartment atop Worcester's highest hill. They have recently returned from a Bermuda honeymoon.

"Frances Wright '14-15, after a summer of 'roughing it' in Westboro, is reopening her arts and crafts studio, where she designs beautiful jewelry and teaches metal work.

"Eleanor Smith '26-27 had an exciting vacation when she was stranded in the West Indies at the outbreak of the war. For some time she was unable to return home.

"Barbara Iris Johnson '35 and her husband stopped to see me en route to their new home in Kansas City, Missouri. They were married August 12th.

"I hope this news reaches you in time for the fall issue of the LEAVES, Miss Potter, and wasn't I restrained about my Bonnie? Please note—I only mentioned her once. B. B."

In a letter to the *Personals* Editor, Irene Gahan '38 writes: "The Class of 1938 enjoyed the entire weekend at Commencement and I hated to see them depart for their respective homes. The reason for my inviting the Class to my home on June 11th was to announce my engagement to Mr. Daniel Burbank. The girls could not well miss my home in Belmont for I had the '38 Lasell banner hanging from the verandah. The living room was decorated with palms and our class flowers—maroon and white carnations. I was very much pleased to learn that three-fourths of our class are working. This is certainly a fine record. All the girls had the opportunity of seeing my hope chest and its beautiful contents. This was one of the happiest days of my life to entertain such a grand group of girls. My family and I felt honored to be able to have so many of the Class

of 1938 at our home. We sincerely missed our two advisors, Miss Karin Eliasson '31 and Mrs. Ethelyn Whitney Lenzi '32, but will expect them to be with us for our next reunion. Greetings to all my friends and may Lasell have a most successful year."

THE ST. JOHNSBURY LASELL CLUB

The thirteenth annual meeting of the St. Johnsbury Lasell Club was held September 7, 1939 at Maple Grove Inn, St. Johnsbury, Vermont. There were nineteen present at the luncheon and short business meeting which followed.

Greetings from Lasell and news of the college were brought by Helen Perry '24 and Marion Ordway Corley '11, both officers of our national Alumnae Association.

In the absence of our President Carolyn Stuart '38, the meeting was presided over by Ethel Ramage Fisk '19. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were read and the resignation of the president accepted. Ethel Ramage Fisk was elected to fill the office and Priscilla Barber Fitch '30 was chosen vice-president. The following were appointed as nominating committee to present officers for next year: Beulah Fletcher Duncan '29-31, Carolyn Scott Amidon '34 and Katherine Fitch Chesley '30.

Members and guests present included: Miss Inez Winslow, Mrs. C. V. Willey, Helen Perry '22, Marion Ordway Corley '11, Genevieve Moore Tripp '13-14 and daughter, Maude Wetherbee Wakefield '15 and daughter, Beulah Fletcher Duncan '29-31, Ruth Lenehan '30, Priscilla Barber Fitch '30, Katherine Fitch Chesley '30, Evelyn Ladd Rublee '28, Marjorie Blair Perkins '38, Carolyn Hafner, Lucille Hooker and Elsinor Prouty, now students at Lasell, and Margaret Pearl Ide '36.

Sincerely,

Margaret Pearl Ide '36.

In addition to the above report, Margaret adds: "I hope Lasell will have an excellent school year. Sometimes I yearn to be back at college but I am sure I would not exchange my happy home experience for a dozen schools. Best wishes for you and greetings to all the friends at Lasell."

Homeward Bound in War Time

Continued from Page 26

carrying wheat and timber from Vancouver to England. We saw the timber, which was the brown streak, floating on the exact spot where the *Winkleigh* had gone down.

At six that morning, they said, one of them had sighted the submarine. The captain had sent out an immediate SOS, but had had no time for the answer, for the submarine drew up alongside.

The German commander gave the crew 20 minutes to get into the lifeboats, and ordered the English captain to come aboard the submarine to hand over the ship's papers. The German commander was a good looking young man, about 29, very polite. He spoke excellent English. He told the captain that a Dutch boat would pick them up in about five hours; and when the English captain had entered one of the life boats, the Germans gave them four loaves of bread, and cigarettes. Then the submarine sank the *Winkleigh*, and disappeared!

The sailors said that they were expecting a Dutch boat to rescue them, but not such a big one with so many charming ladies aboard. As we steamed westward again, Hélène noticed a beautiful rainbow coming up from the horizon. She pointed to it and said, "Mother, that must be God's 'Thank You' to us for rescuing those shipwrecked sailors."

The rest of our trip was uncomfortable of course. There were many mix-ups in the cabins, and tickets had not always been honored as they should have been. Many of the passengers had exciting tales to tell of their trip from Paris to Rotterdam to get the boat.

We took the northerly route home, and it was cold and rough.

We arrived in New York harbor two days late. Those first beautiful skyscrapers, misty in the dawn, looked like one great grey château.

America looked very welcome to us all.

Helen C. Bailly

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LASELL LEAVES



FEBRUARY, 1940

Vol. 65, No. 2

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LASELL LEAVES

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AT HOME AND ABROAD

European Snapshots

Merrie England—"Fish and Chips"—This sign is seen everywhere. It is the British idea of what we Americans get at a Howard Johnson's. No water is served with breakfast; and as for cold water, crazy Americans! You order biscuits, receive crackers—pies are tarts. You hanker for good hot meat pie, you find they are served cold. Meats and potatoes are always boiled.

Trams—"Old tight," you are told. Grasp grab rail and keep hold until you reach your seat. Penalty five pounds for smoking while riding. Men with marcel's leisurely admiring themselves in pocket mirrors.

Hotel—"Do not smoke or gargle in the corridor." Every time you enter a hotel, an attendant rushes to elevator and calls, "Lift?" Black paint on windows owing to the war—pale blue lights. In case of air raid, hand rattlers will be sounded in halls. "Mr. Jones—Puleese," called by high pitched voices of eight to ten year old bell boys.

No criers or organ grinders allowed in streets. Daily downpour, with slight fog. Bank clerks wearing silk hats, morning coats, striped trousers, and spats, and carrying small dispatch cases, giving the impression they are just going to a formal party. The unexpected sight of soldiers and anti-aircraft guns on top of buildings in Trafalgar Square. The poor teeth and ever-present head cold of most of the people. How I looked in vain for the lovely "English complexion of peaches and cream." The knitted things and sport clothes shown and worn everywhere. The absence of newness in buildings. The public squares which are called Circuses. Girls as well as men leaping on and off moving trams. The small enclosed parks to which only householders of adjacent houses have keys. The ten-year-old boys from Eton with their stiff hats, wide white collars, and long trousers. The inevitable teatime. The peculiar way English women smoke—with the cigarette straight out

from their mouths. Everyone using lighters—very few matches. Sponges instead of wash cloths. Umbrellas, gloves, and dispatch cases mark the people who go to business. Excessive politeness everywhere. Cold meats with breakfast. Their money! "half crown, a guinea, two and six, penny ha' penny, thruppence."

Sunny France—rain for a week. Sand bags piled high beside buildings. Gas masks like Thermos bottles. Absence of children's laughter and play—children have been sent to the country for safety. Windows painted with attractive bright blue instead of the black of London. To look up at the morning star and see dozens of balloons which had been on duty through the night. Store windows taped to prevent breakage in case of bombings—some tapes making attractive pictures. My amazement at the calmness of the French people, but their expressed determination that *this* time they were going to fight to a finish. Each man wanted to get into Germany and ruin some of their treasures so that the Germans would know how France felt in the last war.

Sidewalk Cafés—hot coffee served in glasses. Pen and ink supplied free of charge at these tables. Flower and trinket vendors. Standard "snack"—coffee and croissants. Streets and sidewalks washed every morning. All stores and public buildings closed Mondays till noon to get cleaning done.

Hotel rooms very elaborate with much gold furniture, huge mirrors, and heavy velvet draperies. Soap not supplied on French boats or in French hotels. Matches must be purchased—are never given away. Cigarettes may be bought by one or two. Thousands of taxis, and fares very cheap. Except when you want to window-shop, it is much better to use taxis.

The large eating places on the left bank—the Dome, Rotond, Cupolo—seating thousands,—gay music, wine, and laughter. The usual attractive men and women who live by their wits and frequent these places hoping for a free meal or a glass of wine, or perhaps to sell a

picture or a poem. These people however must have at least two francs with them or they are not permitted to enter.

Cartier's window showing only a red fan and a bottle of perfume instead of the expected jewels. Exclusive dressmakers' windows are small, and show creams and perfumes.

Children sailing boats on the ponds in the Tuilleries Gardens. Plain clothes, cheap shoes and stocking on working girls, but good gloves, smart hats, and clever make-up. Pacardi's Restaurant, where eighteen varieties of hors d'oeuvres are served as a first course. Many struggling artists come here on Sundays and eat every bit of these appetizers with much bread (butter is extra) and a bottle of wine—all for about twenty-five cents. This makes their one big meal of the week.

Majestic Switzerland—Train stopped at border for thorough cleaning. Clear cool air and crystalline water. Mountains rising up on either side of train. Striking colors of gardens in valleys. Clouds crowning highest peaks. Pleasant friendly attitude of people. German is spoken most frequently. There is no Swiss language. Glorious clear glass windows and huge bright light. Many children singing and marching to and from school. No gas masks, air-raid warnings, or evacuations. Quiet drafting of soldiers—few terrified eyes.

Lucerne—Beautiful roads—many lined with chestnut trees which have been trimmed off at the top to give a high hedge effect. Wooden figures by the thousand shown in every shop. Women in costume of their cantons, sitting outside of linen shops, and embroidering. Glasses are seldom worn. The smaller shops are dimly lighted until a customer enters. Delicious hot chocolate and wide variety of fancy cakes. Music boxes put into everything—chairs, dishes, ashtrays, writing desks, pictures, etc. Shopkeepers most courteous whether your purchase be large or small. The Kursaal, for which each tourist is taxed a small sum, and for which tax he is entitled to enjoy, free, the concerts or lectures or entertainments given at the Kursaal.

The Glacier Garden—left when a huge glacier gouged it out—peculiar shapes and colors of rocks. The covered bridge with its two angles (to break up the ice) and its paintings inside the roof showing ancient battles. The silent (electric) trains. Largest stores are for the sale of watches of every description. The long working hours—7:30 A.M. to 9:00 P.M., with two hours off at noon.

Jeanne Walsh

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Why Are They Stars?

Stars in the Flag! Why stars? Have they some special significance, some symbolism?

The reason why our forefathers placed stars in our national emblem is given in the Congressional Act of June 14, 1777, which adopted the Flag and which prescribed, "that the Union be thirteen stars in a blue field representing a new constellation . . . symbolizing stars in the heavens . . . signaling to mankind the birth of the first nation on earth dedicated to personal and religious liberty, a nation formed for Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

It was a star moving ever westward that led the shepherds and the wise men to Bethlehem, to the birthplace of Him who was to teach the world a new philosophy and give to men a new moral code, a code of love and kindness in place of cruelty and greed.

It was a star by which mariners set their course across troubled seas to discover this new land. . . .

It is a star that heralds dawn and twilight.

To their task of making a Constitution that would stand the test of time, the founders gave wisdom and ideals and hopes; ideals as high as the Stars, yet not beyond the reach of the humblest man.

If dark days come, if ahead lies a period of doubt, look up at the flag and remember an old astronomer's words to his pupil Galileo:

"Why should we who have so loved the stars be frightened of the dark?"

Pat Kieser

Diane de Castro Compares the Life of French and American Girls

America is a wonderful country. That's one thing I am sure of. One thing of which I am not so sure is whether I prefer living in France or not. American and French life are so different that it would be hard to state a preference.

The life of a young French girl in her teens is apt to be more sedentary than that of an American girl of the same age. A girl of fifteen or sixteen never has dates. That would not be thought of. The fact that French schools are not co-educational may explain this. But I can hear you exclaim, "But what *does* a girl for for pleasure?"

Well, girls will get together on Thursdays (because we go to school on Saturdays), and have a party by themselves, play games or go to the movies. Paris gets all the American movies very quickly. All the good ones go to the most expensive theaters on the Avenue des Champs Elysées, and the seats are no less than twenty-one francs, which makes about seventy cents according to the current exchange; just what you pay to see "Gone With the Wind."

Girls go to dances, but not as American girls go. The dance will be sponsored by some organization. Everybody goes, escort or no escort, and a girl is taken home by her father and mother, unless she is eighteen or over. The style of dancing is different too! I'll never forget the first American high-school dance I ever went to. All I did for half an hour was to sit in wonder and amazement: dim lights in the gym, shagging, jitterbugs, trucking, etc. . . . When I left France, French youth was just starting to be crazy about Swing, but the day when I see a French jitterbug in the true sense of the word, I'll let you know.

Now, about schools—

Last year, I took eleven subjects: French, English, Spanish, Latin, geometry, algebra, chemistry, physics history geography, and literature. All those subjects were compulsory. All the girls in the upper classes take eleven subjects. You can't choose what you want; and

I think that as far as that goes the American system is much better, because when you get through the school day in France, and get home and start your home work, you already are in a daze.

You get to school at 7:45 A. M., and start at eight. From eight until twelve, classes continue without stopping. Then you go home for lunch, come back at two and stay until 4:30 or 5, sometimes 6. That probably sounds horrible to you. But when you've done it all your life, it really is not so bad.

Schools are strictly for work. There are no extra-curricular activities. Of course we had a sort of glee club, but I had rather not talk about it . . . considering.

As for sports, the American girl is far ahead of the French girl. Hockey and soccer are games never played in French schools. Ice-skating and swimming are the favorites in France. Golf has been made popular because of the influence of the many Americans living in France.

One of the many things that struck me when I first came to the United States was the large number of cars in the streets. Why! practically everybody has a car; and as soon as a boy or girl reaches the age of sixteen, you see him driving around too. In France, one has to be twenty-one in order to get his license.

The regular current of life is different too. Here people have their dinner at six, making the evening a long one, which is very wise. French people have their dinner at eight; and when you get through, it is practically time to retire.

Now, about good things: I never heard the words *butterscotch*, *marshmallow*, *sundae*, etc. . . . The French do not have them, which may be better for that girlish figure (hum). But they make it up by their delicious "pâtisserie" (here goes the girlish figure!)

As for the girls themselves,

Well, girls will always be girls, whether they be French, American, Spanish or German; but the American girl is lovely in her friendliness and her desire to help.

I am glad that I lived those sixteen years in Paris, and I shall never forget them. But, nevertheless, all I can say is that I am proud to be in America, because America is a wonderful place.

Diane de Castro

Impressions of the East

Out of one of the dorm windows facing the west I saw for the first time a beautiful eastern sunset. All the oranges, golds, and purples were blended together in a glorious harmony. But still, I thought it was not breath-taking like those middle-western sunsets I love to gaze at. Then right away I knew why this was. Hills and trees were in the way; they kept sunset lovers from getting the full benefit of nature's panorama. A great longing came to me to sweep away all these obstacles and gaze full upon this beauty.

For as long as I can remember, I have always had a desire to reach out of a top story window and touch another building across the street. When I came to Boston, it was quite thrilling to find that this desire wasn't so unattainable after all. These narrow Boston streets are somewhat different from the wide ones of some of the middle-western cities; for they were made only wide enough originally so that a team of four oxen could be driven down them.

Spas in the East are much more popular than in the West. It is quite disgraceful how western spas are snubbed. Everyone walks briskly by them with their noses in the air. Perhaps this is due to the aroma of hydrogen sulphide issuing forth from their doors. Yes, western spas are mineral baths. Also, I notice that on a hot summer day in the East, we order tonic instead of pop. This would put any Westerner in mind of some kind of hair tonic. In the West, "pop" is always on ice.

There are many wonderful things about the East. Its many colleges, its numerous large cities, and millions of people make it all thrilling. But to a westerner there is no place like the West.

Beatrice Beebe

Ravelling Remnants

(Anecdotes from the busy lives of the Retail Training girls who sold in the department stores during the Christmas rush.)

Who said that the salesgirl leads a monotonous or routine life? None of our girls seemed to have had time to catch a breath during their weeks of hard labor, let alone even think about getting bored. However their thanks go mostly to the customers for avoiding the latter. Just to prove my statements, here are a few shining examples of what comes to the counter, and what happens after it gets there!

One customer, anyway, believes in hoarding her old newspapers. Imagine the poor salesgirl's surprise when after combing the store for a certain dress to satisfy the woman's whims, she discovered that the dress was advertised September twenty-first, 1937!

Men aren't such easy shoppers. Two of the girls (in different stores and departments) were told to buy an armful of gifts with no price limit, and no idea as to age, sex, likes or dislikes. No wonder men don't have any trouble picking out gifts.

Then there was the girl who came back after lunch and upon being asked about a new cologne, offered to give her customer a sample. She didn't know that the atomizer was broken and that the perfume was going all over the woman's face, coat and dress!

And there was the one who found herself in a sea of unmarked stockings and three hurried customers, all in the first five minutes.

Another surprise was the customer who gave the nightgown size when trying to find the right sweater for a Christmas gift. At the same counter a vase was scattered into a thousand pieces as the shopper wanted her armful of packages wrapped in with one little sweater.

We were almost minus one girl, but she recovered from the shock of receiving a hundred dollar bill and a hundred dollar check all in the same morning.

A little more on the serious and interesting side is the deaf and dumb woman who shopped

every day; she carried a pencil and paper, and became one of the girl's regular customers. And then there was the day three bearded ladies were customers.

Another girl was a heroine as she found a shoplifter, who was one of the regular employees at that. Good times were had at a stock room party just before vacation.

In the nature of thrills was the day Nancy Carroll came into the store and headed for a poor little Lasellite; both came through nicely! Also honored was our classmate who was asked to model at an employees' fashion show.

Did you see the girl crawling around the window after hours? She was having her first experience as a window dresser, and liked it even though she did miss the six o'clock.

We could go on and on (at our friends' expense) but, on second thought, maybe we'd better curl up in some distant corner! Anyway, see what the poor customer goes through after hours. Just think, you may be providing dinner table conversation tonight. Gone but not forgotten!

Betty Bell

News Flashes

Oct. 31—Witches and pumpkins; Hallowe'en parties in the houses.

Oct. 31—A visit to Italian gardens and villas with Mrs. Harriet Stickney.

Nov. 2—Lexington-Concord trip.

Nov. 3—Junior College student council meeting at Green Mountain Junior College.

Nov. 5—At Vespers Dr. Vivian Pomeroy tells us that "Wisdom is Calling." Wild storm rages outside.

Nov. 7—Art classes spend afternoon visiting Boston art galleries.

Nov. 9—Woodland open house; judges have difficult time choosing winning room.

Nov. 11—Armistice Day; Lasell group takes wreath to Auburndale monument.

Nov. 12—Fighting for combs and mirrors; Senior pictures.

Nov. 19—Dr. Grenfell holds audience spell-bound by talk on keeping our faith in God.

Nov. 20—Art club initiation; odd costumes, silly questions, good posters and fun.

Nov. 25—Footlights and fanfare; Dramatic Club presents "Pride and Prejudice."

Nov. 25—The Winslows have first Senior tea; entertain four houses.

Nov. 26—Mr. Harold Schwab gives concert at Vespers.

Nov. 27—Home Management classes take trip to Rhode Island to see the Gorham plant.

Nov. 27—Dramatic Club meeting; Juniors entertain.

Nov. 28—Seniors take Cap and Gown at 5:00 A.M.; sing at junior houses. Breakfast in the Barn.

Nov. 29—Thanksgiving vacation begins; long week-end.

Dec. 6—Music resounds from Winslow; first student recital.

Dec. 7—Dr. Eells, Executive Secretary of the American Association of Junior Colleges, speaks on education.

Dec. 7—Bragdon open house; Seniors look wistfully at their old rooms.

Dec. 9—Soft lights and sweet music; Student Council gives first formal of year.

Dec. 10—Last Vespers before Christmas; Dr. Phillips Osgood gives Christmas message. Choir leads singing.

Dec. 12—Lasell takes musical trip around the world; Henderson entertainers visit assembly.

Dec. 13—Gothic costumes and customs prevail at Christmas dinner and modern dance recital. Madonna presides and receives gifts for needy.

Dec. 14—Battle; Finland vs. Russia; Mrs. Sypher in assembly.

Dec. 15—Trunks and trains; beginning of Christmas vacation.

Jan. 3—Shouts of welcome; Lasellites return.

Jan. 7—Rev. George Shepherd fascinates audience by talk on Madame Chiang Kai-Shek.

Jan. 11—Second senior tea given by the Winslows.

Jan. 12—We see into the life of the Indians for a half hour as Chief Fast Cloud tells us of his people.

- Jan. 14*—At Vespers Dr. Leavitt asks puzzling, but interesting question, "Can anyone tell me who I am?"
- Jan. 17*—Camera Club is formed.
- Jan. 18*—Lasell visits Egypt by way of Mr. Leonard Craske's color pictures.
- Jan. 19*—Student Council holds mass meeting at assembly.
- Jan. 21*—Glee Club has concert at Franklin Square House.
- Jan. 24*—Groans and worried looks; exams begin.
- Jan. 29*—Dramatic Club announces cast for "Stage Door" to be presented in Winslow on the first of March.
- Feb. 2*—Skis and skates; White Mountain trip begins.
- Feb. 4*—Rev. Charles N. Arbuckle speaks at assembly.
- Feb. 10*—Alumnae reunion in Boston.
- Feb. 24*—Seniors have supper dance at Longwood Towers.
- Feb. 26*—Dramatic Club meeting; interesting talks on summer theatres.

Betty Bell

Perchance To Dream

Lasell Junior College,
Auburndale, Mass.
February 3, 1940.

DEAR SISTER MARION,

Remember how I've always longed to have glistening blond hair? Well, now I have. Don't be shocked; it happened while I was sleeping (even that sounds untrue).

The whole affair is a direct result of feeding my roommate a chocolate stuffed with soap. At the time it seemed so funny to see Pushface (her nickname) frothing at the mouth. She looked exactly like a mad dog, but no animal could have uttered such vindictive words.

A month later I was lying on my bed watching Pushface brush her hair. Through a half-smothered yawn I muttered, "Gee, I wish I had

blond hair." Sleep drugged my senses, and soon I was in a hazy, ethereal world.

I had the most incredible dream. I was a glamour girl, the toast of all the bleary-eyed, cynical, New York columnists. Shining tresses displaced this mediocre hair of mine, sparkling brown eyes erased my watery blue ones, clothes cut with breath-taking simplicity hid my Cinderella rags; in short, I was the Petty girl in person.

Since I was a person of great importance (to the stag line at least), my coiffure had to be attended to meticulously. For that purpose I entered the softly draped salon and relaxed against the cool white leather of the lounge. Subservient hands carefully stroked my hair with a certain extravagant lotion (it was really peroxide and ammonia)—slowly and tenderly as one would a pet cat. Hushed voices, rapid, receding footsteps, the vacant stillness of a room just abandoned pressed upon my eardrums. The glamour girl struggled with reality; reality won.

Instinctively I walked to the mirror (the native habitat of all plain girls). I stared. I gasped. Was I, I? Or was I merely crazy? I must be a victim of amnesia. Ah, that was it! Police always help lost little girls, even if they get lost in an institution. Relief flooded away my anxieties.

I strolled to the desk and fingered familiar objects. Aha! there was a letter addressed to me. Again I walked quickly to the mirror, hoping not to see what I should. Realization dawned upon me. I was the victim of a dastardly trick. I was a bleached blond!

As Shakespeare said, . . .

" . . . To die; to sleep; . . .

"To sleep! perchance to dream 'ay, there's the rub."

Your loving sister,

BINNSEY.

Elaine Sullivan

VERSE

Tribute Payable to Regret

Austerely black the narrow road that winds
In bleak and lonely secrecy, a swathe
In hazy fog of bitter cold that galls
With penetrating numbing musty dank.
The trees that arch above are streaks of soot.
A film of cloudless somber gray beyond.
And near a thread of brook is trickling thin
Through choking maze of sodden matted scum
Of twigs and leaves and spotted dingy rocks,
So lightly flecked with emeralds of moss.
It could be early dawn or early dusk.

This scene alone in poignancy is set
Against a panorama notes of Pan's
Own fluting pipes might hauntingly caress.
My mind retaining yet against my will
With painful clarity details I swore
To wrench . . . obliterate from annals past,
But I am destined never to forget
Those eyes inviting, words from anguish rent,
A lover's tryst I wish that I had kept.

Jean MacNeish

Our Nell's Lament

Just because I'm from the country,
And cause you is from the town,
You treat me like a nobody
And run my clothing down.

You laugh at my clod-hoppers
Because they are so long;
Just wait until my bub gets here,
And then you'll see you're wrong.

His feet is twice as big as mine;
Gee whiz, I only wear a nine.
So don't you be so proud of yours—
You ain't never done no chores.

Us folk who's from the country
Is glad we got big feet.
I'd like to see you pitchin' hay
On yourn so small an neat.

When you start to laugh at me,
You better think a while;
For after all you're just the same,
'Neath all your paint and style.

Jane Bishop

Hands

Most folks have trouble with their hands—
My wife just raves and rants
At our young boy—he hides his in
The pockets of his pants.
The schoolgirl, when she says her piece,
Folds her hands with a frown
An' puts 'em where her lap 'd be
If she were sittin' down.
An' then some people when they talk
Wave their hands in the air
Until you'd think they *couldn't* talk
Without their hands right there!
There's lots of controversy 'bout
This subject in our gang.
You ask what *I* do with *my* hands?
Why, I jest let 'em hang.

Pat Kieser

Self Pity

One whippoorwill, one cadence thrilling sweet
At dusk through gauzy chilling gray.
You sing to ward off empty loneliness,
Perhaps, and I, on hearing you am cheered.
Though solitary here, I am alone
No longer. You are sharing scenes
Enacted long ago that I relive
Incessantly. Your music brightening
My dreams of faceless folk while we can hear
The mockery of distant laughter's note.
If God refuses sleep to me, at least,
One whippoorwill has brought consoling peace.

Jean MacNeish

In chains he lifts his arms in
silent prayer,
No light is there to kindle dying
hope,
No air to cool his burning, fevered
soul,
On each bleak wall are lines
of smutty black;
Crude marks that count each
dragging tiresome day.
Entreating God to set him free
once more
Not able to face death by unseen
hands,
The prisoner knots the chains
around his throat.

Jayne Jewett

Overture

How close your lips
As we draw near!
I falter for
I taste the fear
Of meeting eyes
That are sincere.

A warmth of breath
Upon this cheek.
You tilt your head.
Still I am meek.
To future joy
Must come no pique.

The shadow dark
Of your own face
Is cast on mine.
Your frank embrace,
The thought of you,
No time, no space.

Jean MacNeish

Grand Central

Grand Central Station! It's a handsome cup,
Brim overflowing, dripping down, filling up—
Five thousand tea leaves and a story in all;
No gypsy answers, for she hears no call.
Infinitesimal—milling about—
No silver spoon drops to lift them out.
No giant lips scoop to sip the brew,
But New York's hand holds it—and the trains are due.

Joyce Christie

Sentimentality

A sweetness that obese and scented grapes
Of dusky violet so cloyingly exude,
A puissance of the lichen clinging fast
And feeding from a naked boulder's side,
A beauty like the pinkish brilliance when
The clustered buds foretell a summer's crop,
A delicacy fine as maiden-hair,—
Those sprays of fern as soft as egret's plume—
The smile between a shabby aged couple
Who slowly stroll across the city park.

Jean MacNeish

Leap Year, or It's a Woman's World

Here it is—another leap year. It bounded hilariously into the world at midnight not long ago—but need we reminisce?

Leap Year leaped into view back in 46 B. C. when Caesar's learned astronomers settled the solar year at 365 days and 6 hours, making one whole day extra every four years. Thus the calendar takes a leap on that year.

No one seems to know exactly when the "wooing" part began. The first records come from bonnie Scotland, where a law was passed that allowed any woman to collect from any single man who would not accept her ardent proposal of marriage. (Ah, ha! Blackmail!)

In the Southern universities, the co-eds have a sort of *annual* Leap Day called Sadie Hawkins Day, when each girl dresses as Sadie Hawkins or as Daisy Mae (pursuer of Li'l Abner) and attempts to catch a boy to take her to the Sadie Hawkins Ball.

We might adopt the idea at Lasell, but how much better it would be to pursue our bashful beaux every fourth year. Here are 366 days in which to run the world and get our man.

The best of luck to all of you, and may you all emerge victorious!

Dorothy Macomber

"Green Pastures"

Are you one of those the-grass-is-always-greener-on-the-other-side-of-the-fence people? If you are, then your new squirrel coat seems just a waste of money in comparison with Hilda's new mink. The dinner you ordered with such relish is so much pig fodder after you've cast your eye at the spread on the table next to you. Your Scotty, even after vigorous brushing, is convincingly mangy beside the Smiths' silky-eared Cocker. And so on through a long list of greener fields beyond your reach. Why should this be so, lady? Come now! Dust yourself off, and let's see what you can do about appreciating those really extraordinary articles you have at your very fingertips. It is natural that we should cast an occasionally frankly envious eye in another's direction. But it is *folly* to let your eyes get out of hand in that respect.

Mary-Carolyn Porter

THEATER

Backstage Babble

"Hey, Marju, give that wall a push." . . . "Watch out, Rammy, Grandpa's pictures looks sort of unsteady." "Help, somebody, the French doors won't fit, and my arms are getting weak!" "Where's the center table? . . . it's gone and we need it for the tea." "Maybe Miss Spoor's got it." "Quick, go tell the kids six people just walked in . . . we've got an audience! Quiet, up there . . . we can hear you all over Winslow."

Thus, while you and you strolled into Winslow (we hope) one Saturday night last November, the stage crew as well as actors went slightly, and very excitedly, insane behind those nice red curtains. Between the stage crew worrying and the young Thespians all having good cases of stage fright, it was a merry jumble! However we all pulled through with no major casualties, and had a swell time doing it.

Just for a change, why don't you all come back stage with me, and see what the other half does?

Two or three nights before the performance, up goes the scenery, on go the make-up and costumes, and then, along about ten o'clock the dress rehearsal begins . . . and it's AWFUL. People are always in the dressing room when they should be on stage or somewhere else . . . you'd be invaluable if you could tell where . . . when it's time to be making a change. If you get more than one cue right in a scene, someone either faints from the shock, or else the cast pats you on the back as you come off stage . . . a conquering hero! For days and weeks you've known your lines and gone through the part; while for the same weeks the crew has been painting, hammering and nailing; and then at the crucial moment, a window won't fit, you can't remember where to make your first-act exit, and to top it all there's a door you've never seen before . . . question; should I use it or not? No, guess I'll stick to this one. Along about now, you decide you never should have

been an actress, the play's terrible, nobody loves you and the world's wrong. But just let anybody try to get you away from those footlights! You love it, even when you tumble weakly, but happily into bed that night!

Finally, the big night arrives, and everyone is very comforting as they tell you that it has to be good according to tradition (and you know stage traditions are never wrong) because the dress rehearsal was so bad! Oh, what tales the dressing room walls could tell . . . that play night chatter!

"Where's my shoe? . . . SOMEBODY listen. . . I'm on first, and I have no shoe" . . . "What's that cue again?" . . . "I hope my husband lets me get a drink of that punch." . . . "Has anyone an extra slip, please? I NEED it" . . . "I've got to have Mary; she's the only person who can fix my hair . . . my blue ribbon's gone." . . . "What! the audience is here . . . it's eight twenty-five!" . . . "First act . . . everyone on stage . . . quiet, everybody . . . you all look grand . . . a little more rouge on you two . . . all ready . . . lights . . . curtain . . . good luck."

And so the play goes on.

Betty Bell

Maurice Evans and His Productions, *Hamlet* and *Henry IV*

Maurice Evans is one of the youngest outstanding English actors. He was formerly with a music publishing company. His professional stage career began in 1926 on the English stage, and in 1935 he came to America and toured with Katherine Cornell as Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet." The Drama League's medal for the most distinguished performance of the season was awarded Evans in 1937.

Evans' presentation of the first unabridged "Hamlet" on October 17, 1938 on Broadway, New York, won him the immediate acclaim of critics and theater goers. The first nighters were in a state of wild reverence. A moment of silence followed the final curtain, and then

came pandemonium—cheers and thunders of hand-clapping. Maurice Evans had been stabbed; but he rose from the dead to say, "Thanks", and to praise "as fine a gang of ridiculous enthusiasts as it has ever been my pleasure to work with."

The following March, Mr. Evans appeared as Sir John Falstaff in "Henry IV" (part I). This comic role was a great contrast to the dramatic, princely part Evans played as Hamlet, and doing both characterizations well proved his ability as a fine actor.

Falstaff is the most humorous and witty character that was ever portrayed. His body is fitted for his mind—bountiful and exuberant; and his mind is well suited for his body—rich, ample, and imaginative. The very fatness of his person is the most appropriate correspondent to the unlimited wealth of his imagination. Falstaff possesses numerous vices which he apparently indulges in for a love of humor and waggery. He understands the dispositions of men and is loved by all even though they know his faults: Falstaff is truly an unimitated and inimitable personality.

To prepare himself for this rôle, Mr. Evans was in his dressing room for well over an hour before he stepped out as Falstaff. His costume weighed over twenty pounds. However, any additional effort put forth by Evans due to the bulkiness of his costume was rewarded by an excellent performance.

Gertrude Fischer

Hamlet

One of the most magnificent performances I have ever seen at any place or any time was given by Maurice Evans as Hamlet. The thought of sitting for over four hours might frighten some people, but from the time the curtain goes up until it comes down there is no sense of time. Although the first act lasts about two hours, the audience was clearly amazed when the houselights came on announcing the first intermission.

The play could not help being a success with Mr. Evans acting, but a very large share of the

credit must go to his entire supporting cast. Ophelia is lovely as the beautiful young maiden and sympathetic in the mad scene.

Laertes and Horatio are both convincing in their parts, as are the King and Queen.

Mr. Evans does not portray the young prince as melancholy and heartless, but rather as a normal young man with a very good sense of humor. He naturally appears downcast, revengeful and hateful at times; but these moments are always followed by such brilliant changes in mood that the audience is never left feeling depressed. Undoubtedly he gave to many people an entirely different conception of Hamlet.

The scenery is almost perfect, with few or no pauses between scenes. The stage is arranged so that at times Hamlet is almost in the audience. In his "To be or not to be" he is on the steps in the orchestra pit.

I am sure when Mr. Evans (after the audience had refused to leave until hearing from the star) said in his curtain speech that "he liked to think that if Mr. Shakespeare were in the audience he would have liked it as much as you did" he need have no doubt that the author would be his staunchest supporter. Mr. Shakespeare would have then realized how great his work really is and how it is appreciated by all now just as much as it was many years ago when London audiences trekked across the Thames to the little Globe Theatre to cheer their great playwright.

Betty Bell

Impressions of the Concert Stage

There! That chord certainly does have a final sound. Is it my turn now? If only my teeth would stop their tap-dance, maybe I could ask if it was time for my entrance. I can't seem to say anything; guess I'd better just watch. There is the signal! Oh dear!

Well, I'm on my way. Gosh, what a sea of faces; reminds me of that basket of ping pong balls I saw yesterday. Thank goodness, I have a piano to lean against, although I shouldn't. I guess they'd want me to lean against it rather

than fall down. Goodness, my legs are like rubber bands!

There is the music. Will I begin on time? Huh, I sounded like a mouse calling his friend; where *has* my voice gone? I certainly hope my next note comes out.

Am I through so soon? What is that noise? Clapping? Oh! Sounds fascinating! Look at my roommate out there laughing at me; if she only knew how I felt. And those girls over there—they look as though they *enjoyed* my misery. Oh well, I am smiling and bowing, but I don't know how I am ever able to do this. Thank goodness, my rubber bands have become legs again.

Here I am back stage, at last. If I am ever in a recital again and have to try and sing as I did tonight, I'll leave school—I swear I will!

You enjoyed it very much? You thought I was cute? *Well*, this is not so bad!

Frances Tavenner

I Like the Theatre

Generally today the movies are considered to be far ahead of the legitimate stage. However, in my humble opinion the theatre, *real* theatre, still comes out on top. I heartily dislike the unreality of elaborate film fantasies. Consider for example the fabulous production of the simple little "Oz" fairy tale. It was ruined for me by the exact perfection of the sets. I actually could not enjoy the story because I was so distracted by the precision of the flower gar-

dens, the amazing rightness of the costumes and the obviousness of the musical score. That is just one of the many things about our system of canned entertainment that goes against the grain. Another thorn is the money basis upon which the art of film land thrives. I don't ask for the melodramatic agony of the ambitious actor and his garret. But I do wish that one half his sincerity and honest effort might be transplanted to this "Mecca," Hollywood, to supplant the overdose of celluloid glamour we have been handed. Glamour and overwhelming salaries are the very breath of the film colony. I ask something real of my dramatic entertainment—I still prefer the stage.

Just why I as an individual should be partial to the legitimate stage is of little consequence, however. The momentous thing is this,—the very good actors and actresses who have performed for us on screens all over the country are, nine times out of ten, immigrants from Broadway. And, like a magnet, Broadway draws them back once more. The actor who takes his work at all seriously will choose the stage every time as a true test of his ability. And I believe, as does that particular type of artist, that the stage is the real proving ground for talent.

"The Little Theatre off Times Square" is a living, breathing thing to me. It is alive with real people, sincere ambition, and entertainment at its best. I'm for the theater.

Mary-Carolyn Porter



A CLASS IN MODERN DANCE AT LASELL



MARY GILLESPIE
MADONNA IN THE GOTHIC FETE



Granddaughters of Former Lasell Girls

Frances Ramsdell—Roberta Steell Hyde '78-'80;
Elisabeth Leewitz—Grace Conklin Bevin '84-'85.



Top Row: Betty Lindemuth, head of Cushing; Helen Bogert, head of Gardner.
Lower Row: Mary Mathews, head of Clark; Dorothy Farnum, head of Carpenter; Barbara Clawson, head of Conn.

OFFICERS OF THE JUNIOR CLASS



Left to Right: Jane Abbott, *Secretary*; Virginia Black, *President*; Barbara Read, *Vice President*; Ruth Mattson, *Treasurer*.



Sisters of Former Lasell Girls

Left to right—Sitting: Jeannetta Annis—Sarajenny Ann's '39; Emily Morley—Betty Morley '38; Jane Hein—Lois Hein '38; Marion Parmer—Eleanor Parmer '39; Louise Johnson—Alcyone Johnson '34; Dorothy Schneider—Margaret Schneider '39; Catherine Nichols—Margaret Nichols '38.

Standing: Constance Fulton—Ruth Fulton '38; Barbara Hale—Nancy Hale '38; Mary Louise Allyn—Marjorie Allyn Oakes '26; Eleanor Rawson—Florence Rawson '38; Elizabeth Carlson—Phyllis Carlson '34-'35; Norma Forsberg—Helen Forsberg '39.

Absent when picture was taken: Nancy Bailey—Priscilla Bailey '35-'36; Barbara Fales—Jane Fales '39; Barbara Furbush—Marjorie Furbush '38; Ruth Moxon—Dorothy Moxon '25; Priscilla Sleeper—Marion Sleeper '37.



Daughters of Former Lasell Girls

Left to right—Sitting: Frances Ramsdell—Lucile Hyde Ramsdell '02-'03; Mildred Grant—Mildred Snyder Grant '10; Marian Butler—Ethel McKeig Butler '11-'12; Amoret Van Deusen—Grace Alexander Van Deusen '12; Clare Pollard—Marion Owen Pollard '19.

Standing: Ann Hathaway—Elizabeth Boneystule Hathaway '03-'04; Elizabeth Gorton—Laura Hale Gorton '16; Mary Louise Allyn—Annie Mae Pinkham Allyn '02; Elisabeth Leewitz—Alice Bevin Leewitz '14.

Absent when picture was taken: Nancy Gorton—Laura Hale Gorton '16; Jean Hale—Louise Hayes Hale '03-'04

FICTION

Never To Part

They were best friends—Peggy, redhead; Bea, brunette; and Elly, blonde. When they were in grammar school, they climbed fences, hung from the trapeze in a neighbor's yard, went to the kiddie shows on Saturday morning, formed a secret club and shared each others' candy and ice cream. They were more than playmates. They laughed and cried together and each was a big part of the others' lives. The inseparables, people called them. Peggy was the oldest, and Bea, three years younger, was the baby. But age never made any difference to them. As they grew older, the two younger girls were just as excited over Peggy's first lipstick, date, dance, and high heels as she was, for she still shared every experience with them. When Elly began to grow up, Bea was afraid that she would be left. But no, she lived their parties and dances with them.

Then came that wonderful day when she entered high school. She felt years older now. Then, the first parting. . . . Peggy was sent away to school. Friends and family said "Now is the end. Too bad." But nothing could break that friendship. Now each awaited vacations eagerly, and the joyful reunions. By the time Bea was graduated from high school Peggy had finished junior college and Elly was a busy young secretary. Now they went to dances, parties, movies together, still sharing . . . even their dates. Only once did they feel strangely apart; when Peggy eloped without telling either of them. That brought to light as suddenly as a bolt of lightning the fact that things couldn't be the same. But still letters flew between them making plans for seeing each other for a few brief moments at Christmas. Only a short time, for Peggy and her husband are now actors and must fly back to New York. On Christmas Eve Peggy and Bea were modern cupids as they celebrated Elly's engagement which they had helped arrange! On Christmas day unaware spectators may have seen a blonde, bru-

nette and redhead speeding down the street in a roadster . . . the picture of a true and perfect friendship. I know, for you see, I'm the brunette.

Betty Bell

Girl Mannequin

One by one from the portières, they come; mincing their steps, gliding or pirouetting around the room. Teacups repose temporarily in saucers, as ears strain to catch prices revealed by the director's smart, crisp voice above the piano's gentle accompaniment. There is no monotony among these mannequins. . .

Look, they whisper, there's the best yet! A regal carriage, a glossy coiffure, and shimmering lamé designed to illuminate any ballroom. A pale girl, with Oriental eyes, she manages her train with practiced ease. She must be aware that every eye is fixed on her alone; but her every movement is slow, graceful, studied. Breathless attention that would draw a smile from the average model does not affect the scarlet mobility of her mouth. Exotic, the audience murmurs almost fearfully. Girls like this one started the word "glamour" on its travels, someone remarks.

No voluptuous siren follows her to anticlimax the effect; nor does a drab inexperienced creature break the spell. Instead, withdrawal of the velvet curtains discloses the personification of "junior miss" advertisements. Tiny and blonde, a frank and radiant school-girl, she breathes the peaches-and-cream type of beauty into the room. Graying, thickening women sigh for their youth. She smiles, brightening her clear eyes and all her small, piquant features, and blushes faintly when someone in the front row mutters that she is a breath of fresh air in this atmosphere. Healthy limbs have been fitted into casual, correct sport clothes. Pertly she sparkles through the routine expected of her, and disappears, glorying in applause even greater than that for the model who preceded her.

Joyce Christie

Disguise

"There!" Zeb put down the hammer and stood back to squint at the poster. "\$1000 reward for the capture of Crook Brooks. Gee, me an' Marthy cud take that trip to Bermudy if I cud lay my mitts on that there feller. Marthy shore needs a trip—I cud do with a vacation m'self. Oh, howdy, stranger. I'm Zeb Rickle—been Sheriff of Hickville thirty years." Zeb patted his gold star proudly. "What's yore name?"

"I'm Charlie Bliss. Glad to know you."

"Play checkers, Bliss? C'mon down fer a game tomorry night. About seven. Ya leavin'? G'bye." Nice feller, but strange lookin'—like somebody's put his hair on crooked er somethin'.

The next night the doorbell rang.

"Evenin', Bliss, c'mon in. Have a chair. My wife's gone to the movies—jest drop yore ashes on the floor."

"Sheriff, there's something I want to tell you before we begin the checkers. I needed a vacation from Hollywood—I'm an actor—and decided to spend it here in the country. Oh, excuse me; but Hickville *is* smaller than Los Angeles. I don't like women hanging around all the time, so I'm wearing this disguise. By the way, don't spread this story around."

"Oh, you can trust me. I'm close-mouthed as a clam." So this feller was an actor, huh? Funny about his hair—"Let's get on with these checkers. I'll clean ya up."

Over his pancakes the next morning, Zeb said, "Marthy, dig our swimmin' suits out of the moth balls. We may be takin' that Bermudy trip we been hankerin' for! Please pass the syrup. Y'see, I had a dream."

"Oh, Zeb, I thought—I thought maybe somethin' had really happened. Any time a dream of yourn takes us on a vacation to Bermudy, I'll let ya sleep the whole vacation. A dream, ha!"

"Okay, laugh! Go ahead an' laugh!" Zeb strode out of the house and down the street to the Hickville Hotel.

"Frank," he said to the clerk, "how many guests you got here now? The usual number?"

"Yep, jest one. Feller named Bliss is at the top of the stairs. Watcha want?"

"Jest wait an' see." Zeb stood by Bliss' door.

"Fire!" he bellowed, and pulled out his handcuffs. The door flew open. "Why, Mr. Bliss, where are you goin' so early in the mornin' an' in such a hurry? An' in your pajamas! You look so different without your make-up. Jest like I thought ya would. C'mon, Mr. Crook Brooks, ya kin have free board at the Hickville County Jail. But I won't be feedin' ya—me an' my wife are goin' to Bermudy! Movin' picture actor, hooley!"

"Marthy," said Zeb, brushing sand out of his hair, "Bermudy is even better 'n I dreamed it was. I believe in dreams comin' true. Y'know, once I dreamed about a movie actor that walked around on a checker board pointin' to his head an' sayin', 'There's somethin' fishy about me. I'm an actor, so I say,—you'd think I cud put my wig on straight, wouldn't ya?' Crazy, huh?"

"No, Zeb, you're not crazy. Now go to sleep—I'll wake ya if ya start to sunburn."

Pat Kieser

How It Happened

They grew up together and apart; in close contact with each other, during those summers at the shore, but oblivious to each other's presence. As tots they may have gawked, unseeing, into each other's faces as their sand castles rose side by side. During their awkward age, when she was a straw-haired tomboy and his voice quavered, their handshakes over tennis nets were nonchalantly friendly. Somehow they both entered the same co-educational college; she smiled at him over his fraternity brothers' shoulders, on the dance floor, and he frequently telephoned her roommate. When summer blossomed at the end of their freshman year, they met again at the shore, each trembling with an air of radiant discovery.

Joyce Christie

BIOGRAPHICAL

Boyhood Days of Edison

On February 11, 1847, Thomas Alva Edison was born in Milan, Ohio. Because of his large head, the doctor warned Mr. and Mrs. Edison that he might have brain trouble. He did have—but it was the kind that makes human progress. As a young boy he had an enormous bump of inquisitiveness. His endless questions caused the villagers to shake their heads and believe him mentally unbalanced.

Many times young Al would wander down to the canal where the lumberjacks were loading timber on vessels. They fascinated him, and he learned all their songs by heart. When he was with them, he would shout, but would not attempt to do so at home. This was an early indication, not only of memory, but of fine discretion.

The sawmills also interested him. Once he fell into the canal, and the world nearly lost one of its future great men. To satisfy his curiosity, he fell into a grain elevator, but was saved from being smothered to death.

The urge for investigation led him frequently to attempt the impossible. He decided to investigate a bumblebee's nest. As he was looking at it, a ram, that spied an excellent target in the seat of the boy's trousers, made a charge toward Al, and the boy went over the fence—the bumblebees following him. It is said that that night he was "much in need of arnica."

Once, curiosity led him to investigate the secrets of fire. He built a fire in the barn in order that he might observe the progress. The flames spread rapidly, and the barn was totally destroyed. Father Edison then took him to the village square and spanked him publicly, as a warning to other youths.

One day young Al decided that man should be able to fly. He decided that if sufficient gasses could be generated in his friend, Michael Oates, to blow him up and make him lighter than air, he could rise like a balloon. Therefore, he mixed a large dose of Seidlitz powder

and persuaded Michael to swallow it. The results were disastrous: Michael suffered pains in the stomach which made him writhe until his groans attracted the people upstairs.

Through all of these adventures the boy Thomas Edison was acquiring knowledge that was to make him a great figure in human progress.

Laura Pechilis

George Washington

Washington always sought to please others. He took lessons in fencing and in music, and he read from the best authors. His manners were clumsy, however, and his education neglected. He had a heavy face, a heavy body, and a heavy mind,—that is, steady rather than sparkling.

His school was life. He was filled with the joy and the excitement of youth. He was not influenced by dreams or by vain desires; the immediate and concrete present absorbed him.

He was cautious and persistent. He did not neglect anything. Everything that he undertook he thoroughly accomplished and he superintended everything to the end. He never allowed himself to get confused. He was good and generous to his neighbors, but was careful of lending them large sums of money.

His two great loves were agriculture and politics.

Washington gave an impression of greatness. No one could treat him lightly. He made his presence felt by being silent, and this in turn made him much talked about.

George Washington was a great soldier, a great President, a great sage. Because of his love of land, he directed the United States to the West. He used his strength to act, not to discuss theories. He worked to get a strong central government, and he taught the people to love, above all else, their country.

Pat Kieser

Abraham Lincoln

From the *Life of Lincoln*

By his law partner, Herndon

Mr. Lincoln said once that his early life could be condensed into a single sentence, a sentence found in Gray's *Elegy*, "The short and simple annals of the poor."

Lincoln's early literary efforts might grate harshly on refined ears. A stanza follows from a campaign song which Abe used to render:

"Let auld acquaintance be forgot

And never brought to mind,

May Jackson be our president,

And Adams left behind."

Listening in boyish wonder to the legends of some toothless old dame had led him to believe in the significance of dreams and visions. The people with whom he grew up were full of superstition. It was bad luck if a horse breathed over a child's head, if a bird flew in the window, if a dog crossed a hunter's path. The moon greatly influenced the actions of the people—fence rails could be cut only in the light of the moon, and potatoes planted in the dark of the moon. Soap was made only in the light of the moon, and was stirred in one way by one person in order to avoid evil luck. Friday was an unlucky day, and nothing could be started then without inviting disaster. Lincoln's Baptist training made him a fatalist up to the day of his death. His only philosophy was—what is to be will be, and no prayer of ours can reverse the decree. He always contended that he was doomed to a sad fate, and he repeatedly said to his law partner when they were alone, "I am sure I shall meet with some terrible end." He often quoted, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will."

In the role of story-teller Lincoln was without an equal. At times he used to be surrounded by crowds numbering two and three hundred persons, all deeply interested in the outcome of the story, which, when he had finished it, speedily found repetition in every grocery and lounging place within reach. His

power of mimicry and his manner of recital were unique. His countenance and all his features seemed to take part in the performance. As he neared the pith or point of a story, every vestige of seriousness disappeared from his face. His little gray eyes sparkled; a smile seemed to gather up, certain like, the corners of his mouth; his frame quivered with suppressed excitement; and when the point—or "nub" of the story, as he called it—came, no one's laugh was heartier than his.

Speaking of his trip to Niagara Falls, Lincoln said, "The thing that struck me most forcibly when I saw the Falls was, where in the world did all that water come from? He had no eye for the magnificence and grandeur of the scene, for the rapids, the mist, the angry waters, and the roar of the whirlpool; but his mind, working in its accustomed channel, heedless of beauty or awe, followed irresistibly back to the first cause. It was in this light he viewed every question. However great the verbal foliage that concealed a good idea, Lincoln stripped it down till he could see clear the way between cause and effect. If there was any secret in his power, this surely was it.

* * * *

Lincoln's hat,—a silk plug—was an extraordinary receptacle. It was his desk and his memorandum-book. In it he carried his bank-book and the bulk of his letters. Whenever in his reading or researches he wished to preserve an idea, he jotted it down on an envelope or stray piece of paper and placed it inside the lining. Afterwards when the memorandum was needed, there was only one place to look for it.

Lincoln always read aloud. This was his explanation: "When I read aloud, two senses catch the idea: first, I see what I read; second, I hear it, and therefore I can remember it better."

On many topics he was not a good conversationalist, because he felt that he was not learned enough. Neither was he a good listener. Putting it a little strongly, he was often not even polite.

Lincoln's restlessness found its gratification

only in the field of politics. He used the law merely as a stepping-stone to the political world.

He slept in a coarse, long, yellow flannel shirt, which reached half-way between his knees and ankles. It probably was not made to fit his bony figure as completely as Beau Brummel's shirt. A young lawyer who saw him thus arrayed for the first time observed afterwards, "He was the ugliest figure I ever saw."

Mr. Lincoln never had a confidant, and therefore never unbosomed himself to others. He never spoke of his trials to any of his friends. It was a great burden to carry, but he bore it sadly enough and without a murmur. Lincoln's political ascendancy and final elevation to the Presidency, perhaps, were due more to the influence of his wife, than to any other person or cause. Mary Todd, by her turbulent nature and unfortunate manner, prevented her husband from becoming a domestic man, and he was thereby kept out in the world of business and politics. Instead of spending his evenings at home, reading the papers and warming his toes by his own fireside, he was constantly out with the common people, was mingling with politicians, discussing public questions with the farmers who thronged the offices in the courthouse and state house, and exchanging views with the loungers who surrounded the stove of the village store. As a result of this continuous contact with the world, Lincoln was more thoroughly known than any other man in his community.

The world does not know what Mrs. Lincoln bore in her domestic life. Her fearless, witty, and austere nature shrank instinctively from association with the calm, imperturbable, and simple ways of her thoughtful and absent-minded husband.

* * * *

Lincoln's religious code was like that of an old man he had heard speak at a church meeting, and who had said: "When I do good, I feel good; when I do bad, I feel bad, and that's my religion." According to the orthodox, Lincoln was an infidel, and his views concerning

the Bible and Christianity were skeptical. He bordered on atheism. He always denied that Jesus was the Christ and the son of God. He was a kind of immortalist. He believed in a Creator of all things, who had neither beginning nor end, and possessing all power and wisdom. His religious views were practical: the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. Mrs. Lincoln once said, "Mr. Lincoln had no faith and no hope in the usual acceptance of those words. He never joined a church; but still, as I believe, he was a religious man by nature. But it was a kind of poetry in his nature, and he was never a technical Christian."

One phase of Lincoln's character, almost lost sight of in the commonly accepted belief in his humility and kindly feeling under all circumstances, was his righteous indignation when aroused. When a man of large heart and head is wrought up and mad, as the old adage runs, "he's mad all over."

The beauty of his character was its entire simplicity. He had no affectation in anything. His whole aim in life was to be true to himself; and being true to himself, he could be false to no one. He had no vices, even as a young man. Intense thought with him was the rule. His reputation for telling anecdotes was necessary to his very existence. Most men who have been great students have taken to the bottle in their hours of idleness, or to cards or dice. He sought relaxation in anecdotes.

The trust and worship of Lincoln by the people were the result of his simple character. He was simple of manner, truthful, and always sincere. He did not hold himself aloof from the masses. He became one of them. They feared together, they struggled together, they hoped together; thus melted and moulded into one, they became one in thought, one in will, one in action. And had it not been for his conservative statesmanship, his supreme confidence in the wisdom of the people, his extreme care in groping his way among facts and before ideas, this nation might have been two governments today.

Pat Kieser

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

"It Was a Circus!"

"Grace, I just signed the contract with Ringlings'. I'll be a little late for dinner."

With these simple words the life of a six-year-old girl changed quicker than she could say Jack Robinson. For we had joined the circus! Soon we left for the North on the boat. About two weeks after we arrived in New York, the circus trains pulled into town. Time for dress rehearsal with its strict invitation list, top hats and ermine.

It wasn't long till we had many good friends among the performers and officials. This was, perhaps, due to two things. First, Daddy was publicity man; and second, nowhere will you find more friendly people. My best friends were Con and Winnie Colleano. Con is the greatest wire-walker in the world; and Winnie, his wife, is the niece of the Earl of Derby. In the fall many of the people went to Europe, and every year they brought back lovely presents. Two of my most treasured gifts are a French doll and a sterling silver brush and comb set with my name engraved.

We had fun between the afternoon and evening shows. Sometimes there was a baseball game between our team and the local town team. Then there was always someone with a story of "Remember when?"

Although my schooling was a bit sketchy, I always managed to keep up with my class; for as Daddy says, I learned through experience. Until I entered the sixth grade, I never went to school more than five months a year, and I had attended five schools. Perhaps this accounts for my inferiority complex with younger people. During our travels we were in all of the states, also Canada, Mexico, and Cuba. Part of each summer Mother and I went to my grandmother's in Missouri. Here I was the typical pampered only child for several years. I had a grandmother, grandfather, three aunts, an uncle and a few distant relatives, who, in addition to my parents, thought that little Betty did almost no wrong! However, I did manage

to come through without too many scars!

During this time I met and knew numerous celebrities; an experience which meant more to me as I grew older. One of the best birthday parties I ever had was in Allentown, Pennsylvania, when General Trexler asked us to his buffalo farm. He could have been nearly self-sufficient, as he had almost every animal, also large farming lands, huge apple orchards . . . oh what delicious cider . . . his own fish and a dairy. A city within a city! That was the place where I came face to face with a bull, and I was wearing red. You can imagine how terrified I was, but (and this disappointed me a little) not a thing happened.

Another bit of excitement was the Mexican revolution. We were staying in El Paso; and though the uprising was a minor affair, it provided a thrill for a while.

Although I loved the traveling, I think the winters at home in Sarasota were the best. We lived in a big small town. You met your friends and all their cousins at the band concerts across from the bay. And what a beautiful bay that is! It has often been referred to as second only to the Bay of Naples. Everyone leads a happy, rather carefree life in Sarasota. We thought nothing of leaving the house completely open. As for locking the car, it just wasn't done! One day Mother drove someone else's car for several miles before she realized her mistake. We were always late; it wasn't correct to arrive at a party on time. If you did, you found your hostess in the tub! I always trusted people, and seldom thought of being unhappy or discontented. One of my fondest memories is Kiskey, our cook. She was a round, scholarly-looking, ageless, sweet mammy and I worshipped her. She always refused to give me any of her hot-cakes until "you eat evy bit o' dat ceral, Honey"; and she was afraid to hold my little sister until she was six months old. Oh yes, I had a baby sister, and I very much resented her presence until I was convinced that there was room for two of us at home.

Because of these busy years I grew up ahead of myself. I was older at fourteen than I have been since. For this reason I have always been at perfect ease with older people.

A lot happened to me in those six years; years I wouldn't trade for anything. Once in a while I find myself wanting to get on a train and just go somewhere. But more than everything else put together, on days like these I miss the warm, sunny climate of Florida.

Betty Bell

"Winkie, I Think You Should Know . . ." *Note:* If I were to have a daughter I should write one letter each year, telling her something of my life—the life she could never know without an intimate dissertation upon the subject by her mother. This would undoubtedly be one of the letters I should include:

Winkie sweet:

Another letter, another year. You're growing up, and I am growing old. But not so old that I fail to recognize the very difficult problems you are up against at this trying age. You are eight years old now; still a very little girl but no longer a baby girl. No longer Baby Winkie.

You can't remember it of course, but we had a great laugh over your nickname. To call you William would have been an outrage. But I was determined you should have some part of his name—and then he laughingly suggested, "Why not Winkie?—you know, 'Wee Willie Winkie'." And there you were, branded for life.

Yes, Winkie, this is a difficult year for you, I know. Teachers in school are beginning really to expect something of you, whereas they used just to coax you along. I know, dear, I faced the same thing. But school is wonderful, Winkie. I hope your memories will be the happy ones mine are.

I can see Miss Scales now, my second grade teacher. She was young and reasonably pretty. And oh, so patient. When I would amble lackadaisically into her room at nine o'clock, she

always had a warm smile for me. And then the inevitable suggestion, "Mary-Carolyn ('Cam' hadn't come into popular use at that time), don't you think you might put on your gym shoes now?" Winkie, they were high, white sneakers, and lacing them was one of the most gruelling tasks I had ever run up against. I was slow—painfully slow-moving about every thing as a wee sprout; that is, about everything but chatter. And I really think wagging my little old tongue was one of the best things I did at that age. I told you Miss Scales was patient—that was an understatement. Her disposition was miraculous! That gym-shoe episode went on every morning of the world; a good half-hour wasted while I dawdled over the lacing problem. But do you know that by the time I left Miss Scales' class I was almost the speediest little shoe-changer in the bunch?

It's strange, little memories are the most persistent. I can remember so clearly my spelling bugbear when I was a third grader. I spent two whole weeks learning to put an "e" on the word before. We had small blue books in which we scribbled our daily spelling lessons. And for two weeks I grappled maddeningly with the question, "Does before have an 'e' at the end?" Invariably I would add the "e" and then erase it, remembering some other word similar to it which omitted the "e". On the day that I finally made the grade, b-e-f-o-r-e, I was patted smartly on the head, kissed on the cheek, and had my paper marked 100% and pinned on the bulletin board. I think that day after school I bought a chocolate ice-cream cone—with jimmies on it!

Also in the third grade I had my first love affair. It was so exciting, Winkie. His name was Donald Bruce, and for a third grader he was magnificently tall—all of four and a half feet I think. He had blond curly hair, lovely blue eyes, and a quiet composed sort of mouth. I used to catch him looking at me over the top of his geography book. Then we progressed to the point where we'd actually stop and talk sketchily to each other before dashing home after school. The high point of this bril-

liant courtship was reached when I starred in the third grade's dramatization of Longfellow's narrative poem, "Hiawatha."

I had the poem committed perfectly to memory; and as the "big shot" of the production I stood at one side of the stage and recited while other members pantomimed the action. It was really a most ingenious production for third graders. I remember loving my costume; (we made our own of course). In the final analysis it resembled a dark brown sack fringed at top, bottom and arm holes. The idea of sleeves was abandoned early in the game—I never quite managed to persuade them to stay in place. So, rather than have them take leave of the main stem during my recitation, the teacher was content to let my costume stand as a cross between a William Tell vest and a potato sack. However, the creative instinct in me adored the handiwork on that costume. Beads and all manner of bric-a-brac were painstakingly sewn on it. In fact, as I recall, the garment was dreadfully heavy when I had finished decorating it. And I wonder now if my teacher wasn't secretly worried that the hand-done seams wouldn't bear the strain of all that added weight. No doubt she had some bad moments anticipating a stripped and forlorn little orator addressing the dignified assemblage.

However, I've lost Donald Bruce, haven't I? I meant to tell you only that on the day we gave our magnificent rendition of Hiawatha, my admirer caught me behind the curtain a few minutes before we were to begin. He caught me literally by the arms, kissed me fiercely on the mouth, pressed a natty wrapped package into my hand, and ran pell-mell from the stage. I was tremendously excited, and almost overcome when I opened the package and discovered three small, daintily tinted leather change purses; a green one, a blue one, and a lavender one. The green one had a small photograph of Donald in it. (One that he had obviously pared down from an imposing family group.) And the lavender one contained a gold "lucky piece" (frankly brass) with the

inscription, "Ain't it Hell to be poor?" I have it still—much tarnished to be sure, but none the less dear to me. In later years I began to wonder about that inscription. I have decided finally, though, that at the time he must have thought it superbly smart and up-to-the-minute.

I think I had only two really bad, heart-breaking upsets while in grammar school. Like your little problems now, they seemed terrifying to me.

On one occasion, I was party to somewhat of a crime. Another little girl and I disposed of a whole family of goldfish. We reached the class room early one morning, and found our bowl of gold fish singularly inactive. (The baby of the family we had affectionately dubbed Woolworth after his old Homestead.) We decided that our fish were quite dead. And having heard that dead fish soon gave off a bad odor, we concluded that immediate steps must be taken. Whereupon we carried the bowl of inert pisces downstairs to the bathroom and flushed away the five unsuspecting victims. When I learned that those fish might only have been cold and stunned, I felt miserable. I was humiliated beyond words when my teacher singled me out and talked to me. She was kind but firm. And oh, Winkie, that was an awful day. I imagined that all my friends would hate me for so brutally murdering their fish. I even decided that suicide was the only means of squaring things with those unfortunate little animals.

Fortunately a child's misery is short-lived. By dinner time, after a long talk with my mother I was feeling much, much better. And if I remember correctly, the condemned even managed to eat a very hearty meal.

The other thing not even my Mommy could help—my long-division nightmare. Winkie, I could not do long division. I spent long dreary hours pouring over pages of freakish numbers. And when, at the end of the week, we were supposed to have mastered the technique of "goes into . . .", I was still back on the first day's lesson puzzling over some nondescript divider. By that time I was convinced that God

just hadn't given me grey matter enough to cope with such overwhelming problems. It discouraged me immeasurably. And then it embarrassed me. At last I decided I couldn't stand it another day. I planned to run away. Fortunately, I consulted my Daddy on this score, and to this day I can hear him say, "Cam, only quitters run away. Don't give up. Your Dad will be proud of you just for trying."

In later years I finally learned "goes into" well enough to use it for practical every-day math. But I owe that accomplishment to my Dad. It was his admonishing that made me hang on.

I wish, Winkie, that I could tell you some one thing that would mean a great deal to you. Perhaps some day when you need me badly, I'll find wisdom enough to advise you. In any case, I want you to have these letters. They may help you to better understand your

Ever loving

Mother.

Mary-Carolyn Porter

Majors and Minors

It might be fun, some time, to hear it all played on a piano. As a person who appreciates music but never made any particular effort to make it, I could interpret each chord in any rare mode I chose. Remembering, I can see it all as a series of varied rhythms that might make interesting chords meaningful only to me. There would be a strong central theme and small improvisations. The theme would probably bring memories of atmosphere, for it is the atmospheres I think of now—remembering.

I don't think anyone who has known Scarborough will ever forget it. Whether its charm lies in its campus, its system of education, or its air of individuality is for someone else to decide. As I look back, I can recall only parts of this chief influence of the greater part of my high-school years. Into my mind flashes a group of pictures—the hills mantled with early

violets in the spring, the art studio filled with laughter and the scent of oils in the late afternoon. One memory still poignant to me is of a white sign swinging on its post in the wind and rain. It was my first sight of the school, as the battered taxi in, which we commuted daily, and facetiously named "The Hearse," rumbled into the driveway. The lettering on that sign is exquisitely made, and it means more to me now—strangely—than the plaques over the assembly doors, that were supposed to inspire designs for living. Those plaques bore the mottoes, "Manners Maketh Man," and "Life Is for Service." Scarborough students, at the time when I was one of them, did not consciously live by these rules. We had been given the unlimited privileges of one of the most modern schools in the country, and we made full use of them. Written excuses for absence were unknown. We therefore took vacations for weeks at a time. Arthur Murray's assistants gave us dancing lessons on Mondays, and we practiced the rhumba in the gym after lunch every day. Twice a week we sang, en masse, college songs from motion picture slides, before classes. Study halls in warm weather were held outdoors, often without a teacher supervising them; at such times the most brilliant student among us would take care of our Latin assignments, while the rest of us gleefully waded in the brook. Drama (graduates still chuckle at the thought of our pompous Danish instructor forever reminding us to say "*drah-ma*") was one of the most popular classes. Rehearsing a comedy, "Lady of Pain," we used a portable victrola for a party scene, the result being much ado about nothing whenever a new swing record was discovered. Playing in "Macbeth" was the extent of my dramatic ability, and a source of much amusement not only because of the humor in the lines but because when I heard my cue I was above the stage on the catwalk, with one foot caught between two grills.

Joyce Christie

Singing At the Ritz

Being on the other side of the mike at a night-spot is an interesting position as well as an informative one, for you not only enjoy yourself by doing the thing your heart desires, but you also have a front seat for the unique pageant of life. Singing is and always has been my first love. I was given a chance to try my talent at the Ritz Carleton Hotel late in September, 1939. It meant lots of hard work with long rehearsals after a long day at school, but I was willing to try it out just for a week, and grasp at something that had long been a suppressed desire. After weeks of memorizing new tunes and arrangements of music, we opened with much success. Stage fright, fortunately, is not a part of my make-up. So I was quite calm, and sang my complete repertoire with steady nerves. I'm glad I was at ease, because I had a chance to see people on and off guard. If you are familiar with Boston entertainment spots, you know that the Ritz Carleton Roof offers the best and most expensive which the Hub city has to offer. Because of this fact, the Ritz attracts Boston's gayest high society, and not the usual type of person who frequents night clubs. I call them café society because that's what they have become within the last eight years. At the Ritz they see each other at their best, and are given a chance to gossip unnoticed behind a cocktail the alcoholic content of which is no more than in the cheapest restaurant on Tremont street, but the price of which would buy three of the same at that cheap restaurant. But the advantages of seeing society at play are perhaps worth that extra eighty cents. It is something like paying \$22.50 for a felt hat designed by one of New York's foremost milliners, when the same hat could be bought at Filene's air-conditioned bargain basement for \$1.98. You see 1942's sub-debs and 1936's post-debs each equally outdoing the other with expensive evening frocks and Tiffany jewelry. Most likely you'll see the deb escorted by some Harvard lad—or if he does not look old enough—Middlesex or Exeter prep; in any event he

will be uncomfortable in an impeccable set of tails and anxious to impress the long bobbed blasé young miss with his broad Harvard accent while in between tales of last year's coming-out parties and next year's Florida winter, he busily glances around to see how his unknown society equals are being impressed. If he is not doing too well, he suggests a dance to his companion debbie, who immediately seizes the opportunity to swish by her Vincent Club friends with head held high. Most of the young bachelors have what is commonly known as a "whiffle" or crew cut; so it is easy to pick them out of the milling mob. Do not think that the debutantes and the Harvard boys are the only customers. Although they make up a large part of the clientele, they are not the majority. You'll find dowagers in mink coats talking of morning musicales, and trying to keep an orchid corsage from drooping into the gravy of a \$3.50 steak. There are the aristocratic graduates of Harvard '83 discussing banking problems, and most generally they're celebrating the reunion of the crew team of that same year. Certainly not the physical specimens they were sixty-seven years ago, but a great deal more level-headed than in those carefree days. They are fortunate to be able to reminisce at those prices. I should like to refer to them as expensive memories. Then we have the middle aged strata whose women are on the brink of complete non-chalance and whose men are trying to forget the cares of business by having a dance or two and a seven course dinner. I must not neglect mentioning the bourgeois and those slightly beneath that level. To be sure, there are not too many of this type; but you do occasionally see a smattering of this element, who have saved for weeks to hear a "name" band and must break the family budget because of the prices imposed. When it comes to the menu, they read from the prices to the left.

Everybody tries to dance on a floor the size of a postage stamp; but they all seem to enjoy it, from the young couples doing the latest steps to the old gent swinging a waltz.

The waiters are a callous lot numbered by

years of long service. All have excellent memories and a good deal of patience; they have to have, because of some of the "trying" customers who spend their evenings on the roof. Standing always in the background, they move efficiently through Saturday night crowds taking into their pockets the sumptuous tips. On quiet evenings they stand with arms folded in pairs discussing different subjects. Some of them proved to be quite intelligent when they helped me with my home work between sets of music. For the most part they are of nationalities other than American, and often come to the aid of the customer in pronouncing some of the difficult foreign dishes on the menu. I worried somewhat over their jobs when the season came to an end, but found out that many of them have different vocations which they follow during the winter. One happened to be a bird fancier; another a chiropodist.

I feel a great deal wiser for having seen a different phase of life. Singing at the Ritz is a pleasant memory chalked up to experience.

Jean Bond

Don't Pass Me By

Now why was I born a tomboy? Was it because Nancy and Barbara were not, and I, being the last, just had to be different? Can it be that independence, fearlessness, and frankness all become a tomboy more naturally than they do the average girl? If I couldn't be lady-like, why couldn't I at least have been satisfied with climbing the highest trees, on one of which I managed to carve my initials above everyone else's, instead of killing rattlesnakes? Is there any excuse for me when I sneaked out on the front porch and deliberately yelled names at an old and dilapidated rug beater then passing by, when I was supposed to be recovering quietly in a chair by the window from a long siege of pneumonia? Was there no limit to my skiing and hiking and building huts all the years from five to thirteen, with Pat, the boy across the street? By rights shouldn't my tomboyish activities have ceased when I spent my

summers in Maine attending fashionable weddings and teas, certainly looking the part of a grown-up little lady? I am sure that my mother and father asked, "Are there no books printed other than *Tom Swift and His Motorcycle* and *Ted Scott and His Airplane* that would interest Grace?" Later, did sailing across Long Island Sound to the Connecticut yacht clubs to race every Saturday for three hours in all kinds of weather, show traces of the former tomboy? Or more recently, did taking a flying lesson in a thousand-dollar crate offer even better evidence?

I think my father is glad that I am a tomboy, or at least that I show traces now and then of once having been one, because he uses this as a peg on which to hang his traits that have at some time seeped into me and brought me closer to him than any of the rest of the children are. Perhaps he had in mind my fearlessness, when he called me into his room four years ago on Memorial Day to talk with me when he was so close to death. Fearlessness? No, there was just fear that day, which has made me dread and hate every Memorial Day since. Dad has never been well; he never will be well, but he loves life with all of its laughter and youth simply because Nancy, Barbara, Nelson, and I have given it to him. It takes so much to please most parents, but nothing gives my father greater pleasure than to have me get up early enough to have breakfast with him, and then go walking for five miles through the fields and woods that are no farther away than our back doorstep and a bed of poison ivy. How could I help but gain a little of his philosophy? I realize that there is a great deal more to attain of his unselfishness, and much more of his frankness. Every once in a while I will say, "Tell me a mosquito story, Dada", and we laugh together over the fantastic stories that were always on the tip of his tongue, concerning those little insects. Or I will say to him, "Buck, what was college like when you were there?" He will drift on from one tale to another—of how he received in Middlebury that nickname, when his God-given name was

unfortunate enough to be Percy Lewellyn; of testing mine claims in Canada; and of being in the middle of a Cuban revolution. My father, contrary to spoiling me, expects a great deal from me. He knows that of the four of us children, I am the most interested in the tea room, and he has tried to prepare me to take its responsibilities accordingly. Being a waitress is hard work, being a hostess is always interesting, being a buyer is important, being secretary to my father is as exasperating as it is good training; but being a cook is the success of the entire business. Knowing how to cook is similar to solving the unknown "X" in a problem that has been tried and worked out over and over again. It is the only thing I do not know how to do, but I shall learn that too. I have talked myself out of two tickets from state troopers; I have been stranded all alone at one-thirty in the morning in a blizzard, and there is no reprimand from Dad, but heaven help me if I fall down on whatever job I am doing in the tea room. For that would be an unforgivable offense.

Now at twenty I find myself still pursuing a desire to travel, an idea formulated ten years ago, with that same impetus that as a tomboy led me to the tops of trees and on skis down the steepest hills.

Grace B. Roberts

Tea Room Hostess

For four years in a middle sized town in New Hampshire I was employed by my father as hostess in the town's largest tea room. It was fascinating, appealing, and interesting work which not only kept me out of mischief but taught me something I'll forever value—an understanding of people, their manners of conversation, courtesies in asking for special service, remarks about the weather, and questions concerning the nearest way to Hanover, the home of the Dartmouth Indians. These were common questions put to me in a gracious style by roaming tourists, traveling salesmen, or excited college girls away on a week-end. I believe I have thoroughly become a weatherman, geographer, and almost well enough ac-

quainted with Dartmouth College to be a guide on a sight-seeing tour.

Being near a lake resort, two large colleges, and a summer refuge for artists and writers, our tea room was often a place of refreshment for many noted people. Whenever I recognized some famous person, I was either thrilled or scared to death as I ushered him to his table. Among those I have met in this manner are: the Don Cossack Singers; Cornelia Otis Skinner; Maxfield Parrish, the painter; Ronald Coleman; Lawrence Tibbitt; and none other than Larry Clinton on his way to Green Key week-end at Dartmouth.

I remember one sunny afternoon when Professor Mecklin, head of the Sociology Department at Dartmouth, came into the tea room for lunch. He is a jolly old man, continually searching for an opportunity to play a practical joke on someone. As his waitress was taking his order, he casually asked her who she was and where she was born. Very simply she told him her name and quoted her birthplace as "Jericho, Vermont." The professor's retort was: "Is that the town where the walls burned down?"

"Why, I don't know," she replied, "wait a moment while I ask the cook." Chuckling, the professor sat sipping his tea while the girl departed in all seriousness for the kitchen.

Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner came into our tea room on the occasion of a local entertainment, sponsored by a club in our town and by the towns surrounding. The moment she entered, a very gracious charm seemed to fill the air, for she was very beautiful and very interesting to talk with. As her father, Otis Skinner, had a summer home nearby, she was acquainted with the country and expressed to me a great love for it. I attended her performance that evening and went backstage to speak with her. She was very charming and friendly, revealing a very outstanding and individual character. Through this experience and others, I have realized that famous and outstanding people are human and congenial with those who have not achieved their immense recognition.

Barbara Mauroyenis

PERSONALS



LILLIE R. POTTER, '80
Dean Emeritus

It is always encouraging to the editors of our college paper when frequently this voluntary word of appreciation comes over the line: "As soon as the LASELL LEAVES appears, we sit right down and read every word from cover to cover". We are pleased to believe that the *Personals* Column merits always favorable attention. According to a long-established custom we again introduce this feature of our magazine with the wedding and engagement announcements.

- ✓ June 24—Mary Jane Holton and Mr. Nicholas J. Bohling, Jr. Their new home address is 2320 East 69th Street, Chicago, Ill.
- ✓ July 27—Elizabeth Pfeiffer '39 and Mr. George Rivenburgh, Jr.
- ✓ Aug. 23—Elizabeth Briard '38-39 and Mr. Albert Ashton. Betty is now living at 335 Pacific Street, Santa Monica, Calif.
- ✓ Oct. 21—Doris Carey '37 and Mr. Robert C. Patterson at West Newton, Mass.
- Oct. 22—Ruth Kingsley '39 and Mr. Merrill J. Lape at Hatfield, Mass.
- ✓ Nov. 9—Alice Jeanne Price '32 and Mr. Fred

Lee Crye at Richmond, Ind. The present address for Mr. and Mrs. Crye is Jefferson Apts., Richmond, Ind.

- ✓ Nov. 11—Margaret DuBois '33 and Mr. Donald James Loukes at Montpelier, Vt.

✓ Nov. 11—Dorothy Trask '25-30 and Mr. Carl William Kearsley at West Newton, Mass. 29 Kenilworth Road, Wellesley is Dorothy's new address.

- ✓ Nov. 12—Ruth Wilson '39 and Mr. George William Blackwood at South Dartmouth, Mass. Ruth is now "at home" at 353 Harvard Street, Cambridge, Mass.

✓ Nov. 17—Charlotte Candy Graf '23-24 and Mr. Sidney A. Montague at Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. Montague is now residing at 10 Dana Street, Cambridge.

- ✓ Nov. 22—Florence Stetson '37 and Mr. Mason Henry Grower, Jr. at Waban, Mass. Peggy Williams '38 was one of Florence's bridesmaids.

✓ Dec. 2—Louise Hedlund '37 and Mr. Charles S. Mercer at Belmont, Mass. Elizabeth Wisdom '37 was a member of the bridal party.

- ✓ Dec. 2—Genevieve Hackett '37 and Mr. James Vincent Bonner at Brookline, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Bonner are now "at home" at Perkins Manor, Jamaica Plain.

✓ Dec. 2—Helen Louise Raymond '37 and Mr. Charles Sidney Severance at Greenfield, Mass.

- ✓ Dec. 16—Barbara Stover '33 and Mr. Henry P. Van DeBogert, Jr. at Bangor, Maine. After February first, Barbara's new address will be 413 Hammond Street, Bangor.

✓ Dec. 16—Helen L. Henderson '39 and Mr. Selden K. Chillingworth at Hilo, Hawaii.

- ✓ Dec. 23—Marjorie Naquin '38 and Mr. William Hoogs, III.

✓ Dec. 23—Rosalie Winchell '37-38 and Mr. John Roswell Cutler at Worcester, Mass.

- ✓ Dec. 28—Bettina Cook '34 and Mr. J. Fred Kalbach at Reading, Mass.

✓ Dec. 29—Jeanne Drake '36-37 and Mr. Dale Morgan at New Rochelle, N. Y.

✓*Dec. 29*—Lillian Garland Jameson and Mr. Richard Alvin Jenks at Fulton, Missouri. The bridegroom is the son of Ruth Thresher Jenks '14.

✓*Dec. 30*—Natalie Caldwell '30-36 and Mr. Philip Sheridan at Newton Centre, Mass. Natalie's new home address is 282 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge.

✓*Dec. 30*—Irene Gahan '38 and Mr. Daniel Erskine Burbank, Jr. at Springfield, Mass. Among Irene's bridesmaids were Betty Lloyd '38, Carole Myers '38, Frances Stephan '38, Meredith Prue '39, Ruth Shepard '39 and Shirley Shields '39.

✓*Jan. 6*—Miss Martha Jane Thomas and Mr. Timothy Fuller at New York, New York. Mr. Fuller is the son of Mildred Peirce Fuller '06.

✓*Jan. 10*—Hildreth Weigold '35 and Mr. Raymond Charles Grady at Torrington, Conn. Their new residence is 731 Riverside Avenue, Torrington.

✓*Jan. 17*—Drucille Bevin '30-32 and Mr. Donald Warren Vose at East Hampton, Conn.

✓*Jan. 20*—Martha Parsons '35 and Mr. Harold A. Lindsay at Winchester, Mass.

✓*Feb. 3*—Marjorie Reed '36 and Mr. George Almon Colley, Jr. at Reading, Mass.

✓*Feb. 3*—Mary Brett '39 and Mr. Thomas H. Wiss 3d at Newark, N. J.

Engaged: E. ✓Louisa Mueller '27 to Mr. Hans Fritz Schweickert; Mary ✓Elizabeth Rogers '30 to Mr. George Mallory Bishop; Elizabeth Page '32 to Mr. Neil Udell Flemming; Barbara Hunt '32 to Mr. Eugene Francis Coracci; Helen Schellenberg '34 to Mr. Albert H. Hologerson; Virginia White '35 to Mr. Harry I. Wardwell; Roberta ✓Morrill '35 to Mr. Joseph John Celi; Edna Yuill '36 to Mr. Paul Persson; Carolyn Young '36 to Mr. Henry F. Cate, Jr.; Mary Rose '37 to Mr. Lowell C. Bankes; Jeanne Daniels '39 to Mr. W. Redmond Wheeler.

Lasell Junior College extends heartiest congratulations to this elect group.

Two of our seniors, Margaret Jean Fraser

and Mabel Hitchcock, have brought to our desk a recent issue of the Honolulu *Advertiser*, which contains a lovely bridal picture of Helen Henderson Chillingworth '39 and an account of her wedding on December 16th. The ceremony was performed at her father's home in Piipihonua, Hilo, Hawaii, amid a bower of tropical flowers. Elizabeth Beamer '38 was a member of the bridal party, and following the ceremony Mrs. P. C. Beamer, well known to many of our Lasell family, complimented the bride and bridegroom by singing a song of her own composition written especially for them. Lasell sends heartiest congratulations to this dear graduate and her husband, Mr. Selden Chillingworth.

Those of us who have seen the beautiful summer and winter homes of our Alumna-Trustee, Ruth Thresher Jenks '14, were especially thrilled over her unique holiday card—an inviting doorway, holly bedecked and seen through a lovely snow storm. The original suggestive feature—a tiny adjustable shovel—was conveniently tucked in a hardby snowbank. We longed to seize the shovel and start right in, as our small nephew would say, "shubbling" that bank away. And now from Ruth's fascinating snowbank, we turn to Lilian Douglass ('07) genial California clime. Lilian writes:

"For a week I have been with Lela Goodall Thornburg '08 in her beautiful Laguna Beach home, where all is hospitality and graciousness. Lela, the ideal hostess, and her husband, the ideal host, make everyone coming under their roof so welcome.

"It gives me pleasure to contribute my little bit to the LEAVES for after all that is what the old girls want. When I was at Lasell thirty-three years seemed—well, I just couldn't imagine it, but looking back over the time, it does not seem so long ago. My memory can so easily pick out the smallest details of my life there—all too short and so very happy. Since leaving Lasell, my life has been spent in Covina and at Laguna. Always I have been busy with church, clubs and various organization work which I greatly enjoy.

"This summer I had no real trip, but with various jaunts of one, two or three days here and there, I had a pleasant vacation. When Lela returned to California in September I spent a week with her and now I am back again. These visits are always highlights. While here in the early fall, we had a delightful trip to Catalina Island. And during that time Louise Paisley '09 was Lela's guest, and what a grand reunion we had. I planned a short stay with Edith Simonds Bennett '04-05 and was sorry not to have seen her. Elizabeth Lum '01 has recently moved to her new home at Laguna Beach and I understand she is making it her permanent residence. Everyone who comes here wants to remain. There is an atmosphere about the place that cannot be put into words—it must be felt.

"My greetings to all who may remember me and special ones to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow."

The Alumnae office has recently received this word from Ruth Sykes Bloch '08: "Until early spring my address will be 717 26th Street, San Pedro, Calif. Not long ago had a delightful visit with Lela Goodall Thornburg '08 and Lilian Douglass '07. I am here with my son, who is in the U. S. Navy. Best wishes to all at Lasell."

Etta Macmillan Rowe '11-13, in a letter to Mrs. Winslow, writes of a recent visit from Mary Starr Utter Maxson '12, and also enclosed an obituary notice of the passing of Frances Allen Scales '11-13. Mrs. Scales, a student at Hiram College as well as Lasell, was prominent in church and civic circles. To the bereaved family, Lasell Junior College extends tender sympathy.

Constance E. Blackstock's ('09) beautiful holiday greeting this year came in the form of a picture of the Nativity designed by a native artist and entitled, "The Christ of the Indian Road". Below the picture is this impelling word: "Lord, come away

Why dost Thou stay

Thy road is ready and the paths made straight."

✓ Dear Dorothy Ell '36, Lasell is extending

hearty congratulations to you, your parents and to Northeastern University. Any institution is highly favored to have called to serve as its president a scholarly, Christian leader. President Ell is not a stranger to Northeastern, having served for some years as its dean. We feel assured the friendly relations which have existed in the past between Northeastern University, under the presidency of Dr. Frank Palmer Speare, and Lasell Junior College will continue.

Through the courtesy of our Dean, Miss Margaret Rand, we are holding in our hands a message from Gratia de Zouche Reynolds '14, who heard over the radio that Miss Rand was representing Lasell Junior College at the recent anniversary of the Emma Willard School at Troy, New York. Gratia reports that her daughter has this year entered Russell Sage College, intending to major in physical education. Her twenty-year old son is a graduate of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and the younger boy is enjoying Troy's fine high school. This Alumna refers to a recent telephone message from Mary Bingaman '14, who told of a brief meeting with her classmates, Alleda Burnett Arneson, Carolyn Moore and Lena Kelley Stone. Gratia, your message to your teachers still in residence at Lasell was a good one. Thank you.

Yours was a fine letter, Alice Magoun '78. At this safe distance we venture to openly commend this modest collegemate's deeds as well as words. A tender tribute she pays to our late lamented Ella Stedman Frank '82, and also reports the recent passing of Hattie Clark Van Doren '76-77, who was most happily married and the mother of two devoted sons. Miss Magoun congratulates the *Personals* Editor on being still "at home" in the old school. She is rejoicing that the name of Lasell was changed from Seminary to Junior College, and reference to Lasell's curriculum of her day deserves our attention if not our full approval. Miss Magoun writes: "Sometimes when I pick up one of our old textbooks, like Schegel's Literature for example, and compare it with the

modern texts, I think, 'Well, after all, we did some pretty solid work in our day.' We value your letter, Alice, your contribution to the Endowment Fund, and your Godspeed for our college in the coming year.

✓ Priscilla Winslow '35 has recently pleasantly surprised us by another forward move in the secretarial field. Her service at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was brief but evidently most successful. Recently she was chosen as a secretary to Dr. Walter Crosby Eells, who is executive secretary of the American Association of Junior Colleges and editor of the *Junior College Journal*. Priscilla's headquarters will be in Washington, D. C. Lasell Junior College extends hearty congratulations to secretary Priscilla Winslow.

This autumn we missed the opening message by Dr. Elmer Leslie at our Vesper service. Dr. Leslie and his family are wintering in the Orient, and from Japan Mrs. Leslie writes: "We are having wonderful days in this beautiful country. Recently dined with the Chappell twins (Constance and Mary, Lasell 1907-08) in their adorable Japanese home. They sent warm greetings to Lasell. Yesterday morning we visited Kagawa and his wife, and had a most uplifting conference. Tonight we dine with President and Mrs. Aoyama." Lasell's best wishes follow these friends as they tour the Far East.

From Mary Packard Cass '89 we have this valuable news: "After six months of invalidism, my daughter Esther is well again and has now taken a position as head nurse at the Chelsea Memorial Hospital. Maude Mathews '89 has written telling me of the death of Helen Louise White Fogg '88 of Bangor, Maine, and of the passing of Laura Conger Buchan '85-87 on December 2, 1939. Fanny Thomas Fiske '87-88 too sends the sad tidings of the passing in October of Mary Louise Cole Seaver '86-88.

"My very best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year for Lasell, and I am still happy in the recollection of my 50th reunion at the college."

Thank you, Mrs. Caroline Saunders, for

holding your Lasell friends in such constant remembrance. From her hospitable Delaware home she writes: "Our door is always open for you, and I would love to have you enter. I wish Auburndale wasn't so far away."

Helen Bada Waltz Shaw '27 writes from her new home at 543 South Maine Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan: "It has been so long since I've had a visit at Lasell, and I am getting downright homesick. While attending the New England Conservatory in Boston, I came out to Auburndale frequently, but now only a miracle could make a trip east possible. My three-year old Billy and young Julie keep me very much at home.

"One of my main reasons for writing at this time is to report to you and the Lasell family the passing away of my beloved roommate, Louise Denison Rogers '26. She had been ill in a sanatorium for several years, but was well enough to spend part of last year with her mother, father and two children. Louise passed away October 14th, leaving a nine-year-old daughter and seven-year-old son.

"Marion Fitch Fach '26, who was married in July 1938, now lives in Detroit and we see each other often. June Newbold Gurley '27 has an adorable baby daughter, Jocelyn.

"A very Happy New Year to you and Lasell.
B. W. S."

Betty Van Cleve Giersch's ('26) last letter is so filled with family news—just the kind we love to receive—that we are venturing to share it with Betty's friends without her permission:

"It makes me downright homesick when I receive the LEAVES. I read every inch of the *Personals* and enjoy every word. Some day I hope I may become a life member of the Alumnae Association. When that time comes I shall really feel 'in the fold' again. I have been such a negligent White Dove since my family have arrived—nevertheless, I am hoping to attend our reunion in '41.

"Take a look at the picture of the cute thing enclosed—our wee Richard—and you will understand why I feel like a millionaire. I haven't any girls, but I can supply two mighty attrac-

tive boy friends for the Lasell girls of the future.

"I was so interested to see mention made of Mlle. LeRoy. Please remember me to her and tell her I have just sent a Christmas card to my 'French Girl' (who lives at Râchés and whom I've never seen)—and, believe it or not, my little note was in French (of a sort!)"

"Best wishes to Lasell for 1940.

B. V. C. G."

The latest written word from Eleanor Warner Salisbury '11 is intimate, but as is our custom we willingly share it with Lasell's "Old Girls"—Eleanor's friends and mine. She writes from Minneapolis:

"When my LASELL LEAVES arrived, I was heartsick to think I had missed your call this summer. We were at the Lake as always, and how I wish you had phoned me there. Please do not fail the next time.

"Now for the events of the past year. Our ✓daughter was graduated from Downer College in June and this winter is busy in the Dayton Store, Minneapolis. These girls of today prefer to be in business rather than taking their places in community affairs. Also I find they prefer a career to matrimony; at least they want to see what can be done in the business world first. My love to you and a Happy New Year (for the twenty-eighth time since my graduation). E. W. S."

The *Personals* Editor was indeed sorry to miss the November call of Julia Crafts Sheridan '10 and Laura Hale Gorton '16. Julia reported that 1910's "round-robin" letter, in circulation these many years, is always eagerly received and has kept the girls in close contact with the personal doings of their classmates. She was a recent guest of Eleanor Laurens McCrady '10 of Montreal and these Alumna had a delightful visit—their first since Commencement 1910.

✓Josephine Holmes Foster '04 of 2445 S. E. Belmont Street, Portland, Oregon, is at present the guest of Mrs. Walter R. Amesbury (Jane Ford) '01-03. We are happy to learn that this visiting Alumna will be in New England in

time to join us at the Midwinter Reunion on February tenth.

Mrs. Kay Peterson Parker, head of our Art ✓Department, has recently had an exhibition at the Doll and Richards Gallery of her sketches made during her sabbatical year spent in Mexico. Those who had the privilege of seeing these paintings are enthusiastic over the work of this gifted artist.

At the beginning of the new semester we were glad to welcome home to Lasell Edith Vance Foster '14 and her ✓daughter, Peggy, ✓who is now enrolled at the college. Peggy's preparatory training at Stanford University ✓made it possible for her to transfer to Lasell with senior standing. To this new "daughter" of Lasell, we extend a most hearty welcome.

Mrs. Benjamin Gill (Ellen Clark) '70, ✓an outstanding Alumna of Lasell Seminary, has recently been called to higher service. Her interest in education furnished inspiration to Lasell and also to Vassar College, where she was later a member of the faculty. During recent years the *Personals* Editor was awed on learning that Mrs. Gill and her gifted friend and former dean of Lasell, Miss Catherine Chamberlayne, were coming for a prolonged visit. It was during those days of close personal contact with these scholarly women we learned the truism that "the wiser people grow, the kinder they grow". Our assistant dean, Mrs. Statira P. McDonald, an intimate friend of Mrs. Gill and Miss Chamberlayne, at our request has added a fitting tribute to our late Alumna:

Ellen Urania Clark Gill

They were great ladies! Those of us who knew Mrs. Gill for many years cannot dissociate her from Catherine J. Chamberlayne. Over half a century ago, they were pupil and teacher at Lasell Seminary, later becoming the closest friends. One cannot forget the treat of seeing them together and listening to their brilliant conversation, their keen criticisms, their quick and apt repartee. Whenever I saw Mrs. Gill, she talked of her friend—dead for twenty years—but ever alive in her memory.

I once heard Mrs. Gill (then Miss Clark) lecture on "Shelly". She made him and his poetry live and her lecture was in itself a poem.

Mrs. Gill's humor was contagious, her spirit was indomitable, her mind remarkably keen. She made light of serious physical handicaps, and, having much to give, gave freely, making all about her appreciate the greatness of her soul.

A great lady has passed!

S. P. McD.

It was a happy coincidence that messages from these former members of our music faculty, Anna B. Eichhorn and Mabel S. Briggs, were received simultaneously. Now in our hearts we have turned your beautiful carols into a song of thanksgiving and dedicated it to you, dear friends, whose loyalty never faileth.

The Kiwanis Club of Flushing, Long Island offered recently an unusual program entitled "To A Grand Old Man". The visiting guest they sought to honor was Lasell's friend of many years, Mr. William S. Wagner. The special feature of the evening was an address given by his older son, Charles Bragdon Wagner, whose active part in the construction of the Panama Canal and later his service overseas in the ranks of the Allies provided him with most interesting and valuable experiences. Lasell's congratulations to the father and son, loyal friends of our college.

According to her promise, the president of our Lasell Alumnae Association, Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22, has sent an informal report of her experience as guest of the New York Lasell Club. Phyllis writes:

✓ On Friday, January 26th, Helen Perry '24 and I drove to Yonkers, where we were house ✓ guests of Mercedes Rendell Freeman '23 and with whom we attended the New York Lasell Club luncheon the following day. The choice of "Stouffer's" as the Club's meeting place combined pleasant surroundings and a delicious luncheon. The members present proved that Helen and I weren't the only ones who enjoyed "coming again".

Massachusetts was well represented and we saw several out-of-state friends. Mrs. McDonald, always a charming representative, brought Dr. Winslow's greetings and headed the Massachusetts delegation, which included Elizabeth Robinson Breed '06-07, Helen Perry and myself.

Mabel Taylor Gannett '95 of Omaha, Nebraska was an interested and interesting guest. She told of the activities of their Club and of the time they attended a meeting at the home of Jean Field Faires '22 in Lincoln, fifty miles away, one day when the thermometer registered 110°—proof conclusive that the Lasell "spirit" is not easily wilted!

Classmates Harriette Case Bidwell and Dorothy Smith McFarland were at the luncheon, as well as several from the class of the club's gracious president, Florence Boehmcke Simes '23. Josephine Curry Warren '23 brought her bright young daughter who, when introduced ✓ to her mother's classmates, tried to fit each one to her impression as gathered from pictures and descriptions in the *Lamp*. (Jo told us this had been a source of great amusement.)

It was fun seeing several of the girls with whom I had become acquainted during the Building Fund Campaign — Gladys Stults Schenck '09-10, Emily Hubbel Weiss '36 and Jane Eldridge '37.

All in all, a get-together like that makes one wish she might report at every one of these Lasell Club meetings where friendliness prevails.

In the evening I attended the theatre with Mercedes Rendell Freeman '23, Ruth Hopkins Spooner '23, Dorothy Merwin Brown '23, Theresa Thompson Osborne '22 and their husbands. And so ended a perfect "Lasell Day" in New York City.

P. R. S.

We are indebted to some unknown aide-de-camp of the *Personals* Editor for the following interesting news item:

At a tea Saturday afternoon, December 29th, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Schellenberg of Manchester, N. H. announced the engagement of their

✓ daughter Helen to Mr. Albert H. Holgerson. Miss Schellenberg is a graduate of Manchester High School, Lasell Junior College '34, and ✓ of Keene, N. H. Teachers' College. She is an instructor in domestic science at the Walter S. ✓ Parker Junior High School, Reading, Mass. ✓ Mr. Holgerson is a graduate of Maine Central Institute and of Boston University. Both have done graduate work at Cornell University.

For once we imagine Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Winslow must be happy to exchange the antarctic climate of Vermont for a temperate, genial zone. They are now in Mexico City, the guests of their daughter, Rosalind Winslow Myers '20-21, and her husband, Mr. Edwin C. ✓ Myers. Miss Inez Winslow we have long counted as one of us. She is again the welcomed guest of her brother, President Winslow and Mrs. Winslow.

✓ Louise Hayes Hale '03-04 and Jean, we welcomed your message, only we longed to hear more at length of the doings of this Lasell mother and her daughter, ^{Jean 1937-} one of our present Seniors.

Helen Terry Francisco '24, we are not a prophet, but it is admitted that women are good guessers. On our desk at this moment are the likenesses of an attractive group of Lasell children and grandchildren, each of these seemingly facing a bright future. Helen, now I am holding in my hand the picture of your young son, and it is easy to prophecy success for this noble looking lad.

✓ No wonder we have seen and heard very little of Arline Kerr Levine '36 this fall. Her attention is devoted to her new "boy friend", ✓ little Samuel David. The best wish we can send to the little son is that he may grow to be like his grandfather, Mr. Samuel Kerr, for whom he is named, one of Salem's most esteemed citizens and benefactors.

✓ Janet Price '33 is now at home in California. She writes: "You will be surprised to learn that I have been living in California since late August. I am trying my wings and I am thoroughly enjoying my new work, although it is hard for me to realize that this 'Little White

Dove' is really me. I have a very promising position in a fine jewelry shop, and my own little apartment. Mother and Father miss me sorely, but this is truly a marvelous experience for me—one which will stand me in good stead the rest of my life. Though I have flown far from home, I have not forgotten you and send my very best wishes to Lasell for the coming year."

Miriam Flynn Speth's ('12) new address is 23 Allenwood St., W. Roxbury, Mass. Her recent note continues: "I intended notifying the college when we moved to our new home, but a prolonged hospital experience of Mr. Speth's prevented my sending word. The convalescent will soon be at home again and then I may be able to do many things which I have neglected during these anxious weeks." Miriam closes with: "Always happy memories of Lasell."

Inquiries are frequently made by devoted pupils and former Lasell associates of Constance E. Blackstock '09 as to her work in ✓ India. Happily this year we have as a member of our faculty a close friend of Miss Blackstock, Dr. Ruth Emery '19-20, to whom we are indebted for this latest personal glimpse of Miss Blackstock's present home and educational work. Dr. Emery writes:

Any news of Constance Blackstock is precious to those of us who knew her at Lasell, and so I offer this account of my visit with her in India in hope that it may help her friends here to imagine her present surroundings and work.

It was late April of 1937 when I arrived in Moradabad. Connie met me at the station and we drove over a dusty, unpaved road to the school where she was in charge. As we drove she talked of recent problems at the school. The girls were soon coming up for board examinations and she was anxious for them to do well; she wanted them to be a credit to her sister, Anna '06, whose place she was taking for the year.

The school compound was at some distance from the town. The house where Miss Black-

stock lived stood a little apart from the group of low brick buildings which made up the dormitories and recitation halls. That evening the doors and windows were wide open because of the heat and electric fans in the ceiling kept the air in motion.

We sat in her comfortable living room that first night, drinking tea and exchanging news. The most surprising and disconcerting piece of information to me was her announcement that she would not be returning to Lasell in the fall, that she had accepted a permanent appointment in India. Somehow I couldn't imagine Lasell without her.

Later she took me to an unroofed balcony where our beds had been arranged. In the hot season, she explained, everyone sleeps out of doors. Net draperies covered the beds and Connie instructed me in adjusting the curtains so as to leave no openings for mosquitoes. She also gave me a flashlight to focus on the floor before stepping out of bed in the dark; snakes, she said, were not common, but one must always be on guard. My most vivid recollections of that night, however, do not concern mosquitoes and cobras, but the rustle of leaves around the balcony, the unfamiliar cry of some tropical night bird, and a blazing canopy of stars overhead.

The next few days, as I try to recall them, are a medley of strange sights and sounds. Flocks of small green parrots flew about in the trees near the school, monkeys played by the roadside or curiously followed passersby. A strange caravan constantly passed our door—camel carts, herds of water buffaloes, brightly dressed native women balancing baskets of fruit on their heads. One morning an elephant with a turbaned rider stopped at our door; an Indian neighbor had sent him to see if Miss Blackstock's guest would like a ride.

The fortnight in Moradabad went quickly. Connie taught in the mornings; during the heat of the day we rested. In the late afternoons we usually called upon or received some of Connie's many friends. Teachers from other schools in the vicinity, some English and Amer-

ican but many of them Indian, came for tea and later entertained us in their homes. It was in observing Connie in these contacts that I began to understand her decision to stay in the East. Whether she was discussing educational methods with the Indian principal of a government school or bargaining with a local tradesman in the native tongue, she seemed always at home. And her familiarity with Indian traditions and her freedom from prejudice particularly fitted her to work among these people.

Schools closed the middle of May and then we left for Kashmir. We had planned the trip, partly to get away from the heat of the plains and partly to see that native state in the north which is so famous for its beauty. Two nights on the train took us as far as we could go on the railway. Then a day by automobile over hazardous mountain trails—up and up to the top of a snow-covered peak; a tunnel brought us to the other side of the mountain, and then we began to descend into the valley of Kashmir.

The season was late spring here. Wild iris and buttercups covered the meadows, in the fields men were cultivating young rice, sheep grazed on both sides of the road. A broad river lay below us. There was something about the quietness and beauty of the scene that reminded me of the snowbound valley in Hilton's "Lost Horizon" and of the Twenty-third Psalm.

There was no English hotel in Kashmir because the laws of the state prohibit foreigners from owning land there. But very comfortable little house-boats could be rented and Connie had prearranged that we should have one of these. We were curious and a bit anxious until we had seen ours. It turned out, however, to be quite clean and comfortable. A living room, dining room, two bedrooms and two baths made up our boat; attached was a smaller boat with kitchen and living quarters for the Indian family who served us.

For six weeks we lived on our boat; at first anchored on the banks of the river near Shrinagar, the capital of Kashmir; later on the

shores of Dal Lake, just opposite the famous Shalimar Gardens. When we tired of our anchorage we could hire natives along the shore to pole us to a new place.

At Shrinagar we visited the silver and rug shops, took day trips into the mountains that surround the valley, and picnicked in the Shalimar Gardens. One weekend we spent with friends of Connie's at their summer home in the mountains where we had to go on horses because there was no motor road. That was a breath-taking experience. The trail led almost up to the snow line, through gigantic evergreen growth and along precipitous heights that made one lean toward the wall side and hope that the horses were sure-footed.

At last our vacation time was over and we started south. The heat of the plains at this time was terrific; the temperature the day we made an excursion to the Khyber Pass was 120°. We separated in Lahore. Miss Blackstock was going to her new post in Naini Tal and I to Karachi where I was to get a plane for London.

My last glimpse of Connie was at the Lahore station. In the few minutes before the train left she was busy making arrangements for my comfort, for the twenty-four hour journey lay across the Sind desert and promised to be very hot. She instructed the railway official to have ice put in the compartment along the way to cool the air; she closed the shutters and arranged the lunch basket and boiled drinking water with which she had thoughtfully provided me. We both hated the thought of a separation—which was bound to be such a long one. And I think that her sadness over my departure was in some way associated with her regret over her final separation from Lasell and her friends here.

Ruth Emery '19-20.

✓ Rosamond Cornell Cannon '29 asks: "Have you heard, Miss Potter, that we were blessed April 27th with a little daughter Marcia, a future Lasell girl? Marcia's health report is good—she is well, happy and full of fun, and a great comfort to her parents and especially

her grandmother. My father, Mr. Lester Cornell, was one of the hurricane victims and we are all very grateful for the healing touch of our baby's hands."

A most timely greeting card was that of Louise Venable Kyle '23. It represents her three attractive young daughters, garbed in churchly robes, each holding a hymnal and below the title: "Hark, the herald angels sing". Just a brief strain filled with the real Christmas spirit.

It was good to get in touch again with the Paxton family. They did not share their present program with us, but Mrs. Paxton, Ann '32, and Howard united in sending a most beautiful Christmas greeting to Ann's Alma Mater.

Our honor student, Alcine Rippere '37, is a busy senior at Smith College, but not too busy to prevent her from sending this expression of loyalty back to her Lasell. Alcine writes: "Here I am in the midst of my senior year at Smith and finding myself busier than ever, but I plan to visit Lasell in the near future. The best of everything to everyone at Lasell."

What a jolly, original card from Ethel Stroud Hartley '36, her ministerial husband, Rev. Robert Hartley, and their laughing little son Bobby. All the good things they wish for us, they seem now to be enjoying: health, happiness and prosperity.

Evelyn Douglass Hooper '28 and her daughter Susan called recently. To our joy we found that "Doug" is now a near neighbor; her husband, Dr. Langdon Hooper, has opened his office at 51 Clovelly Road, Wellesley. We could write a long and lively sketch of wee Susan, so like her mother. Suffice to say that neither mother nor daughter are in immediate need of the professional services of their family doctor.

Miss Edith Eastman's letters are always received with pleasure, but even more did Lasell appreciate a recent call from this radiant former member of our faculty. Her work at Connecticut College is absorbing but most worthwhile. However, it does not crowd out

her recollection of service at Lasell and her former Lasell friends.

Another most loyal and valued former member of our faculty is Miss Frances King Dolley, for recent years on the faculty of Western Reserve University, Cleveland. Distant separation and years do not lessen Miss Dolley's loyalty to Lasell and her friends here.

We are still holding in distinct remembrance the home-coming to Lasell not so long ago of Ella Richardson Cushing '73, Helen M. Littlefield '72 and Emma George Newhall '73. Two of these elect Alumnae have been called Home. Miss Littlefield's death occurred recently at the time of the burning of her Chatham (Mass.) residence. Lasell Junior College extends tender sympathy to the bereaved family and friends of this Alumna.

Modest Jessie Watters '23 disclaims all credit for having designed the Christmas greeting etching. There must be a mistake here, Jessie, for we are still thanking you for having designed the etching on our missionary program. Jessie closes with: "Since I left Lasell most of my time has been given to music and my only other artistic endeavors have been in the line of kindergarten craft work. I enjoy the *Personals* more and more as the years pass. Best wishes to you for 1940."

A fine family group of four Lasell boys and two former students was received with this word of salutation: "Greetings from one of your Doves who loves you much." We recognize the young mother in the group as May Thielens Peeples '04-05, and thank her, her stalwart sons and our Persis-Jane Peeples (Lasell, Jan.-June '35) for their happy greeting.

At Thanksgiving recess the *Personals* Editor was a favored guest of Barbara Vail Bosworth '05 and her husband, Mr. Bernard Bosworth. Their new address is 215 West Street, Leominster, Mass. Miss Potter declares, "It was a great joy to share with these dear relatives (by adoption) all the pleasure which was theirs as they planned for their new home.

That was a jolly holiday greeting from the

sisters Lois and Faye Wadhams '38. We are grateful for the merry salutation, but are still trying to decide which of these "troubadours" is Faye and which is Lois. Nothing will suffice the *Personals* Editor's curiosity but to have these sisters appear in person and explain.

Since writing this line, Faye has reported but without an explanation. She was accompanied by Kathryn Bartlett '38, who has chosen May 25th as the day for her marriage to Mr. Jack S. Mosher of Southbridge. Adele Brown '38, busily serving as a church secretary, and Ruth (Kupe) Shepard '39, now resting from her strenuous senior year, also reported at the college with Faye. This ex-president of the Executive Council is enjoying her secretarial work in a Hartford bank.

Katherine "Faithful" Hartman '32 writes: "This season offers such a perfect time to greet people whom we often think of but seldom meet. I am so glad Sister and I visited Europe before the war—before the inhabitants went completely mad. We loved everything there so much, and it makes newspaper reading today really painful. You must indeed be pleased with the growth of Lasell. I hope I shall be able to come east in midwinter to visit Gertrude Hooper '32 and you."

Few former faculty members are more mindful of Lasell and the Old Guard than is Miss Edith Williams of Indiana State University. We value her friendship and reciprocate her gracious good wishes.

Rosalie Starkweather '29 sends a merry card, a "Ring-around-the-Rosy" of little cherubs, as a preface to this message: "This is the only time of year I am sure to tell my Alma Mater of my doings. I am afraid I am no longer a White Dove. My work as director of home talent shows is not conducive to letter writing as I am constantly moving from place to place. Living in suitcases may grow monotonous to some people, but it does not to me. I simply love the excitement and thrill of going to strange towns and meeting new people. It is a great satisfaction to direct a good show."

Marjorie Jones '34 called early in the year,

and we were pleased to have her good report: "I have been teaching dancing since graduation. Had my own school for a while, and recently traveled with the Miriam Winslow concert dancers. This group toured extensively over the country and gave programs in many schools and colleges." Marjorie also told of the passing away of her mother and father, and to this ✓ Alumna we extend our deepest sympathy.

It was an unexpected and distinct joy to welcome to Lasell, after so long an absence, ✓ Annie Merrill David '12 and her sister Helene Merrill Strohecker '16. Their personal report was optimistic, but our thoughts turned secretly and with deepest sympathy to brave Annie, the untimely passing of whose brilliant son, an Amherst College student, occurred recently.

No one is more affectionately remembered at Lasell than Edith Burke Wells '02-03. With her holiday greeting she writes: "Three of your L.W.D.'s are here at Melbourne Beach, Florida. Florence Grout Hale '02-03 is nearby, and every day I visit my daughter Betty (Wells Furneaux '29) and her two children. Her June is a lovely nine-year old with sweet winsome ways, and the seven-year old Tommy is most appealing. We wish for you the best of health and send to you the love of three Doves."

✓ Maria Orozco Cobb '17-18 writes of a recent meeting in Mexico City with Rosenda Cabrera Matheis '19 and Cinta Aguirre Turnbull '17-19, and they pleasantly recalled their happy Lasell days. Maria wished very much to spend the Christmas holidays at our college with her mother, Senora Refugio Orozco, and John, Maria's precious little son with whom we have all fallen in love.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: and we hope that will include Alumnae, former students and members of the faculty who have watched with satisfaction, yes and with pride the recent growth of Lasell Junior College. I trust that the appeal of our president, Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22, will not seem imperative but rather a welcomed opportunity to share in the continued success of our college.

The terms suggested seem modest compared with the requests of many accredited educational institutions. Let us welcome this opportunity to share in the future success of our beloved Alma Mater

This surprise note has just been received from one who signs herself, "that very bad L.W.D. of the Class of '23". Now, you members of the Class of 1923 keep on guessing until you come to the end of her letter, although you may feel a little uneasy. This Alumna writes:

"It has been a long time since Lasell has heard from me. Yes, I am ashamed, but with the care of a twelve-year old son and five-year old daughter, it is difficult to arrange for letter writing. I do enjoy the LEAVES so much, and have kept up correspondence with a few school-mates down east so this keeps me in touch with the college. I want to return some day and see you all, Winslow Hall, and possibly other new buildings which may be erected by the time I appear.

"California is so great a distance from Massachusetts, and with my mother gone now, it leaves me alone. Father occasionally comes from Providence for a visit.

"We are having our annual Lasell luncheon in February and we three officers are planning for the Big Day. Wonder if you would write some news of Lasell for the occasion. We had a letter from you last year and loved it. Wish we could meet more frequently than once a year, but the southern California Club covers a large territory and it is difficult to get everyone together.

"Please remember me to Dr. Winslow, Senora Orozco and lots of love for yourself—

Florence Gifford Fleming, 1512 Glendon Avenue, West Los Angeles, Calif."

Remember you, Florence Gifford? Well, I should say! How could I ever forget such a dear, mischievous Dove as "Gifford"? God-speed to you in your loyal service for Lasell. Don't you forget—we will not—that promise to visit your Alma Mater, and be sure to bring your dear son and daughter with you.

✓ Loyal greetings from Martha Sill '38 and her mother, Irene Ball Sill '15, are indeed welcomed, only we were curious to learn further concerning the daily program of these Lasell graduates.

It was a downright glad surprise to hear ✓ from Olga Jean Hammell '23 after months—yes, and years of silence on her part. Olga, fill out the rest of your good report please and send it to the *Personals* Editor.

✓ Frances Wheeler Sawyer '31 made us long to hear often and more at length from this affectionate "Old Girl". She wrote: "With love and the happiest memories of days spent at dear Lasell."

✓ Helene Grashorn Dickson '22: you helped at once to partially fulfill your friendly prophecy of good wishes for the New Year. That beautiful snow-bound house looks for all the world like Gardner Hall in winter togs. Your good wishes for Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and the Dean Emeritus sounded just like one of our recent ex-presidents of the Chicago Lasell Club, H. G. D. We thank you.

Sarah Fletchall '31 did not tarry long, but true to her energetic custom she managed, under the guardianship of secretary Marian Roberts '29, to see about everything and meet everybody. Sarah is at present instructing a weaving class of young girls in the People's Institute, Northampton, and enjoys her work. It was a joy to see this dear Alumna even for a brief call.

The beautiful and never-failing gifts which come to us each Yuletide from Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Trondsen we feel are sent partly in memory of their gentle and gifted daughter, the late Alfhild Trondsen '22-23. At this time we cannot but remember the words of Sir Wilfred Grenfell during his recent visit at Lasell: "I have never had a question in my mind, speaking from such science as I have and my Christian faith, that the life of the individual is persistent after death. I can't see why anything so valuable and precious can be wasted in the economy of God."

Distance and other attractions do not inter-

rupt Miss Mary P. Witherbee's thoughts of her Lasell colleagues. She writes constantly from her Delaware home such bright letters that we feel she is not far away, and we are always held in close and friendly relations with this esteemed member of the class of '92 and former associate.

What an unusually attractive picture of the Stanley Stedfasts (Marietta Chase '24), seated ✓ on the hearth before a burning yule log. The whole family is there; even a wee doggie, who has taken the front seat in the midst of this happy group.

Phillip's Brooks used to declare, "unless you enjoy your work, you are in the wrong work". ✓ Hildegarde Baxter '36 is evidently happily placed, for she writes: "I have had the best of good fortune. In June I received my M.A. degree, and this winter I am teaching in the Glastonbury (Conn.) High School. It is perfectly fascinating work. I have twenty-three freshmen in English, two classes of twenty-five sophomores in bookkeeping, and three classes of juniors in English. Besides this, I assist in the Dramatic Club work and have coached two successful plays. I have met Mrs. Laura Hale Gorton, mother of one of your students. Do hope to become better acquainted with her."

Hildegarde: Mrs. Laura Hale Gorton '16 is not only the mother of one but two of our present Lasell girls. She and her sisters, Marion Hale Bottomley '10 and Emily Hale Barnett '02-03, were also Lasell girls. You will do well to cultivate the acquaintance of this representative Alumna.

We find it difficult to believe the sad tidings of the passing of Genevra Strong Harlow '05. ✓ 06. She was so needed by her family and friends. We shall remember gratefully her personal friendship and also her loyalty to and interest in her Alma Mater.

Lasell Junior College extends deepest sympathy at this time to the bereaved family of Helen Ives Webb '74-75, whose death occurred ✓ recently at her New Haven home.

Carolyn Moore '14 is again spending the winter in San Antonio, Texas (104 West Nor-

LEAVES
Schuylerville, N.Y.

✓wood Court). Lasell girls at home in that neighborhood plan to meet Carolyn. It would bring pleasure to you and surely to her. Do get in touch with Carolyn.

To Señora Orozco, Florence MacDonald '39 wrote so kindly and freely, we have begged permission to quote just a line from her frank confession: "I can't help thinking at this Christmastime of all the beautiful things you taught me. I may forget my Spanish, but I shall never forget you."

✓✓ Madeleine Robinhold Leinbach '27 writes from her new home, 225 Iron Street, Lehigh-
✓✓ ton, Pennsylvania: "At last I realize why the fall issue of the LEAVES has not reached me. I failed to inform the office of my new address. Since September we have been living in Lehigh-
✓✓ ton, where my husband was elected minister of the Evangelical and Reformed Church. We feel very much at home and enjoy living in a community of this size. We have a beautiful parsonage and a very lovely church. There are more than a thousand members and my husband has a real task, but enjoys his work. I have met many interesting people and found an excellent opportunity to assist with my music.

✓✓ "Last spring my mother passed away, and we are missing her sorely. Had she been well, I know she would be contented here and happy to know of our advancement.

"Our little daughter is happily enrolled in nursery school. She will be four years old in January—before I know it she will be starting for Lasell!

"Is there a Philadelphia Lasell Club? I have never received notice of meetings and it would be more convenient going there than to New York. This afternoon I have written to Mrs. Mabel Briggs. She is always so interested in the activities of her former pupils and writes very inspirational letters.

"Please extend my best wishes to Dr. Winslow and all at the college who may remember me."

One of the most winsome pictures received recently was that of Michael Flanagan, son of

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Flanagan (the former Miss Irene Rachdorf of our college faculty). The baby's hands are clapping with delight as he recognizes, evidently for the first time, his very own Christmas tree.

Ruth Burnap Dresser '17 is following a ✓ rather unique profession, specializing in reproductions of family coats of arms, family homesteads and other personal designs etched on pewter or copper. Mrs. Dresser is a past president of the Springfield Parent-Teacher Council. We wish for her further success.

We are always happy to have a message from Katherine Kelley '25, one of Lasell's ✓ most loyal graduates. Her good wishes for us, we appreciate.

✓ Miriam Goff '37 is now happily enrolled as a member of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society. She writes: "When the examiner asked me for my credentials, I was proud to report I had my training under the leadership of George Sawyer Dunham."

✓ In the opening lines of her recent letter, Barbara Hunt '32 refers tenderly to the passing of her dear mother. This keen bereavement has not prevented Barbara from bravely taking up the duties which have come to her. Her letter reads: "I have been busy keeping house for my father and brother. Have also been chairman of the Glastonbury Red Cross Roll Call, and I dare anyone to say this is a *small* town. I have only just become acquainted with many of our townspeople during this campaign." Our congratulations are extended to dear Barbara, who has recently announced her ✓ engagement to Mr. Eugene Coracci.

✓ Elizabeth Frick McKean '24, her little Ruth ✓ Elizabeth and Philip brought a welcomed word of greeting. It was good to hear from this Lasell family, whose associations with our college run back some three generations.

A charming picture of Mr. and Mrs. George Grimm (Marjorie Gifford '22) their no longer ✓ little son and daughter proved a pleasant surprise. The picture was taken last summer during their visit at the Thousand Islands Park,

and the new International Bridge formed a pleasing background for this family group.

Betty Olson '37, speaking for herself and her two roommates, Aline Rippere and Sarah Gwen Davies, writes: "I do so enjoy the LEAVES, especially the Alumnae news. How short the time seems since we were at Lasell. We three roommates are all busy still with our educational programs."

We are anticipating seeing soon wee Babe Whitney Lenzi, daughter of our Ethelyn Whitney Lenzi '32. All sorts of fascinating reports are coming to us from the junior members of our faculty concerning the athletic feats of this baby.

Helen Hinshaw Toohey '23 welcomed Lasell right into the midst of her Yuletide festivities in her Kansas City home. This gave us a happy thrill to feel that in a way we still belonged to this dear inner circle. A glimpse at Helen's little children as they "did up" for the first time their own surprise packages really introduced us into a merry Christmas riot. We greatly appreciated the friendly message from Helen's sister, Virginia Hinshaw Wilks '31, and wish for these dear Alumnae a truly happy New Year.

Former Lasell students registered at the Rhode Island School of Design in Providence are earning deserved credit for themselves and incidentally for Lasell Junior College. The following report has just been received: "The chairman of the house committee of the Student Council at the R. I. School of Design recently announced the appointment of June N. Conklin as a member of the committee. Now a sophomore in the Graphic Arts Department; Miss Conklin is a graduate of the Middletown (Conn.) High School, and attended Lasell Junior College in 1937-38."

Try again dear Sue Carpenter Folger '35-36. Your oft repeated intention to call at your school home is a good one. A welcome awaits you. Your tribute to the LEAVES pleases us. That must have been a lively, though brief call from Betty Olson '37, Sarah Gwen Davies '37 and Louise Kingsbury '35-37. Perhaps the

Personals Editor will accept your invitation some day to meet your fine husband and enjoy the antiques with which you are furnishing your new home. Sue's present address is 545 Main Street, Shrewsbury, Mass.

Lenna Lyon Hill '31, does this charming picture just received reveal your home snow-bound? Anyway, your good wishes "for a year surpassing all others in joy and good cheer", we take as prophetic and thank you.

A valued word from Mr. and Mrs. Harold Weise, their son David and daughter Carol Ann, has been received. Kay Tufts '27; if you still have pleasant memories of Lasell, be assured your Alma Mater is holding you in fond remembrance.

Now we may count Mariesta Howland Bloom '26 among Peoria's multi-millionaires, so happy is she over the advent of her little daughter, Maris Jacqueline. Lasell Junior College rejoices with Mr. and Mrs. Bloom over the coming of this, we hope, future Lasell girl.

Yes, there was a time and it lasted many Christmases when "visions of sugar plums danced through my head", but now, if you please, it isn't sweets but a blessed little group of Lasell holiday children of whom we are thinking. Below follows the list of these little ones. This seems just the moment to quote a wee cradle song received recently and written by our Alumna, Maude Simes Harding '06. Readers of the local anthology books have more than once happily found Mrs. Harding's verses among the selections. This time she writes:

"Just a tiny helpless baby born to be a King
In the barest, humblest places
There the angels sing."

June 15, 1938—A daughter, Marilyn Joan, to Mr. and Mrs. Arnold H. Beede (Alice Newell '33).

Sept. 29, 1938—A daughter, Suzanne Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wilcox, Jr. (Pauline Linaberry '33-34).

Oct. 2, 1939—A daughter, Nancy Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman G. Bull (Adelaide Seeley '36).

Oct. 4—A son, David Bartrum, to Mr. and

✓ Mrs. William Bartrum Jackson (Peggy Lovell '32).

✓ Nov. 5—A son, George Payson 3d, to Mr. and Mrs. George Rowell, Jr. (Lillian Thrasher '34).

Nov. 6—A daughter, Judith Sweet, to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence S. Voss. Mrs. Voss is the former Miss Ruth Sweet, Lasell's ex-librarian.

✓ Nov. 21—A son, William Howard Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. William Chesley (Katherine Fitch '30).

✓ Nov. 24—A son, John Timothy, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Ide (Margaret Pearl '36).

✓ Nov. 30—A daughter, Maris Jacqueline, to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jacques Bloom (Mariesta Howland '26).

✓ Dec. 3—A daughter, Barbara Anne, to Mr. and Mrs. Enrique Haskins (Barbara King '35).

✓ Dec. 4—A daughter, Barbara Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore C. Trott (Barbara Goodell '29).

✓ Dec. 16—A daughter, Carol Elaine, to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLeod (Dorothea Eburne '36).

✓ Dec. 18—A son, Douglas Charles, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Greene (Marguerite Boyd '30).

✓ Jan. 14, 1940—A daughter, Charlotte Hale, to Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Lee Brown (Dorothy Hale '26).

Esther Sosman '36, in charge of Alumnae correspondence at the college, has asked the *Personals* Editor to call attention to the following notices.

Are you planning to change your name or address before the next issue of the *LEAVES* is published? Remember that the postal authorities will not forward second-class mail, so to be sure your copy is delivered safely, send your new address to the Alumnae Office as soon as possible.

Have you a Lasell Club in your vicinity? Would you like to have one? The Alumnae Office will be pleased to assist those interested

in forming a new club and will send names and addresses of Alumnae and former students in your vicinity. Please get in touch with us now.

Ruth Meighan '38: Uncle Sam was surely a friend to Lasell and to the "D.D." when he delivered that message of yours. But that "D.D." does not mean Doctor of Divinity, but in this case Dean "Demeritus," my latest title received from one of our youngest Lasellites as she presented the *Personals* Editor to a surprised visiting mother. Ruth adds: "I only wish I could deliver my greetings to you in person." That is our wish too, Ruth.

The lure of California has still fast hold on Mildred Fischer Langworthy '31. We let her speak for herself. From a fascinating Spanish doorway she calls out, "Good wishes for the New Year", and closes with this happy finale: "I am enclosing a snapshot of our fifteen-months old Teddy, ^{Theresa} our pride and joy. We are back in California once again and so happy to be here in this beautiful land of sunshine."

Kay Forgey's ('28) original New Year's message well deserves the title "original". We were especially pleased with her closing petition: "May the best in life with you abide."

The new address of Helen Foster '16 is 113 Main Street, Newport, Vermont. We gather from her recent note that she spent her holidays visiting "shut-ins"—a sort of cheering-up tour—and how like our Helen Foster that was. Blessings on you dear self-appointed ambassador of good cheer.

Jean Allen '38 was sorry to miss us at the time of her call, and that disappointment was mutual. We were glad to receive her message and especially happy to hear from Jean's mother, Dorothy Stewart Allen '17, one of the first editors of our college year book. Yes, Jean, we still have the little Sunday night meetings and wish you might join us again.

Celeste Watson '37: those beautiful bells with their crimson holly clappers proved one of the most unique greetings received. Celeste writes: "What good times we had in my student days at Lasell. In June I was graduated from Cedar Crest College and am now teach-

ing home economics. I have high school students and they are a fine group to work with." Our congratulations to Celeste and her pupils.

In the vernacular of the day we must "hand it" to the Lasell Club of Worcester for its efficiency and persistency. The club is still young but its organizers and officers are certainly equal to their social duties. On the occasion of their recent dinner-dance the Worcester Daily *Telegram* gave a full report, which contained a number of charming pictures of the club members and their escorts. Officers of the Worcester Club are President Dorothy Quinn '27, Vice-President Eleanor Ramsdell Stauffer '35, Recording Secretary Barbara Ordway Brewer '35, Corresponding Secretary Sylvia Browning '31-32 and Treasurer Eleanor Smith '26-27.

An Alumna not often heard from is Dorothy Plattner Chevers '31-32. To Miss Helen Beede '21 she writes: "I am interested in attending the Alumnae Reunion this winter and I would like full particulars. By the way, it might be of interest to know that there is a future Lasell student on the way. Our daughter, Jane Sheldon, was born May 29th." We are looking forward to a visit with you, Dorothy, at the mid-winter reunion.

✓ Marjorie Donaca Haberman '31-33 writes from her new home, 1801 Jefferson Street, San Francisco, California: "I was graduated from the University of Oregon in 1937. My husband is a graduate of the same college and received his master's degree at New York University. We were married at my grandmother's home on her eighty-second birthday, September 18."

✓ Thank you, Katharine Anthony '32-33, for those adorable snapshots of your nephew, John Anthony Wescott. Katharine adds: "Since living in Detroit, I have been busy doing volunteer work at the Children's Hospital and thoroughly enjoy my work. My sister, Margaret Anthony Wescott '32-34, lives nearby and we have many good times together. Please remember us both to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. McDonald, Miss Irwin and all who may remember us."

We are indebted to Anna Rodier Curtis '27 for this welcomed bit of information. To Helen Perry '24 of our Alumnae office she writes: "I am sending a new address for my sister, Isabel Rodier Ringland '25. Her husband passed away last spring, and she and her little daughter are making their home with my parents. They are spending the winter in St. Petersburg, Florida and after the first of May Isabel's address will be 7 Joseph Perkins Road, Norwich, Conn."

Miss Emily Genn, we thank you for the beautiful poem which you enclosed in your letter and which we prize. Your recollections of Lasell's preceptress of your day are too good to be true (we chance to know); nevertheless we appreciate sincerely your kind message.

Mrs. Earl D. Karker (Dorothy Kelley '34-35) sends from New York not only a card of greeting but a real letter. The most important news was that she was married in September and now has her own home at 3749 Payson Avenue, New York City. Dorothy will be glad to meet any Lasell girls living in "her part of the impersonal city."

We are missing Dr. Berta Hamilton from our college and faculty group. Her scholarship, her active interest on behalf of the laboring classes and her intelligent sympathy with the youth movement in all lands endeared her to us. We wish Dr. Hamilton success in her efforts for spreading the Christian principles, the only panacea for the healing of the nations.

Maybeth Shuttleworth Turner '07-09 writes: "Though our paths have crossed seldom, my thoughts turn often to the days at Lasell. I am still enjoying the memories associated with those years."

That was a tender tribute expressed by an appreciative daughter, Christine Lalley Sullivan '23, as she referred to the recent passing of her dear father. We too, Christine, remember him distinctly and his devotion to the daughters and also his loyalty to our school we greatly appreciated.

Theresa Thompson Osborne '22 sends this word: "It would be a great pleasure to see

Lasell and talk with you again. I hope to return to the college for a brief visit in the near future. My children are growing very fast and I am a busy person trying to keep up with them and all their activities. I often see Ruth Hopkins Spooner '23 and Carolyn Bovey '22.

"We are all 100%", is Barbara Jones Bates '14 report of herself and her family. This high-grade standard is always their objective. Barbara's son expects to enter Harvard University and her daughter is planning to be a Lasell girl in the near future.

"It's such fun to hear about Lasell from my niece, Elizabeth Skinner Allen, a member of the Class of 1941", so writes Florence Shum Anderson '13-14. We thank you for your good wishes, Florence, and please return for that promised visit soon.

The Class of 1924 take notice: Helen Robinson's new address is Apt. A-5, 4537 Osage Avenue, Philadelphia, Penna. We are sure, dear Helen, that a hearty welcome awaits you from Philadelphia classmates and former Lasell college associates.

Frances Findlay Douglass '35, where did you ever find such an exquisite woodcut, we asked as we glanced at the group of happy children you sent to us recently. Reversing the picture we found it was one of Ludwig Richter's works, now safely cared for in the New York Metropolitan Museum. We thank the artist of long ago for this picture and Frances for sharing it with us.

"Greetings from all the Cases", so runs a recent message and with it a picture of the Cases' Connecticut home with its friendly trees on guard. As we looked we thought no wonder the sisters, Harriette Case Bidwell '22 and Julia '32, were at times homesick.

Helen Carter Johnson '07 and her husband have evidently adopted the gold standard. Everything about their gracious greeting suggested this and it all led us out into a shining New Year.

Each picture Rosendra Cabrera Matheis '19 sends of her Mexico revives in us a desire to visit her fascinating southland. We are trust-

ing that some day in near future Rosenda will return to Lasell for a long hoped-for visit.

Winifred Aldrich '38 tells us she is now in the banking business and enjoys her work. Congratulations to the Whitefield (N. H.) bank, and also to the satisfied employee. Word has also reached us that Winifred's classmate, Shirley Parker, is now a member of the Boston Herald-Traveler staff, assisting in the home-making department conducted by Marjorie Mills.

Miss Beede has referred this welcomed letter to our office and we in turn are happy to share Virginia Webb's ('37) latest written word with our readers. From Detroit, Virginia writes: "My dinner guests tomorrow are to be Jane Walton '35-37, Eleanor Kenney '37 and Elizabeth Kenney Cutler '36. It is grand having these sisters in Detroit again. The four of us called recently on Mary Kay Laffrey Stevens '35-36, and you can imagine what an evening of chatter we had. Jane is now a secretary in her father's office and the Kenney girls are selling in downtown stores during the Christmas season. I have two sisters who are interested in going to Lasell and we certainly hope that at least one of them will enroll at the college. I was very disappointed not to return for Commencement last June, but am planning to see you all this year. Please remember me to all at Lasell."

We were sorry the report of the fall meeting of the Omaha-Council Bluffs Lasell Club was received a bit too late for the last issue of the LEAVES. To Treasurer Grace Allen Clarke '95 we send our grateful thanks from the following account:

"The Omaha-Council Bluffs Lasell Club held its annual fall meeting on Tuesday, November 14th. We had a very happy time as usual—an early luncheon and later did sewing for charity. The girls who attended were Martha Stone Adams '91-93, Shirley Castetter Donaldson '06-07, Grace Beebe Hoagland '93-94, Elizabeth Allen Paxton '98, Nora Gibson Perley '87-89, Eva Kennard Wallace '97-98, Laura Dale Wood '03-04 and Grace Allen Clark '95.

These Alumnae are all well and happy as ever, and join in sending love and best wishes to Lasell. Mabel Taylor Gannett '95 and her husband are spending the winter in New York with their daughter and son. She wrote me of driving by Lasell in August and she was thrilled at seeing her college home again. Mabel also told of having a delightful visit with Mr. Henry Orne Rider and his sister. She reports he still keeps up his painting and does unusually fine work. We enjoyed our art work with Prof. Rider during our school days.

"Our club hopes to send the balance of our Endowment Fund pledge in January. The new gymnasium must be grand and we are so glad you were able to have it. Very best wishes for Lasell's continued success.

G. A. C."

It is cause for genuine regret on the part of your Dean Emeritus that she is unable to acknowledge separately the gifts and greetings which so brightened her holiday season. She adds: "After thirty years of my uninterrupted service, our Lasell roster has grown beyond my handling. I can only say from the depths of a grateful heart, 'Thank you and God bless you every one.'"

L. R. P.



A Letter Home

January 3, 1940

Dear Mom and Pop,

Here it is my first night back, and I'm writing to you already. I want to thank you both for the extra-special times I had during vacation. Wish I could have seen more of you, but there just seemed to be something to do all the time.

I'm sorry I came in late so often (especially New Year's Eve); but the way I look at it, vacations are few and far between, and you might as well make the most of them.

I do feel badly about the car, but how was I to know it was so slippery? I hope it can be fixed. If it can't, Pop, would you get a maroon one next time? I've always liked maroon. Accidents will happen, you know, and maybe it was all for the best.

By the way, Mom, would you mind sending me some of the things I forgot? Let's see, there's that lovely soap Mrs. Foster gave me, the belt to my green dress, my rubber boots, skis, and, oh yes, my new red hat. I guess that's all.

Incidentally, Mom, I love that gray hat of yours. You don't wear it very often, do you? It goes so well with my green dress.

It would be rather nice too, if you'd send a fruit cake or some cookies. As a matter of fact, you might send both, because I half-promised the girls a party at the end of the week. It would be too bad if I couldn't serve refreshments, wouldn't it?

Can't think of anything else just now, but I will write again when there is more news.

Your loving daughter,
Suzy

P.S. How about the White Mountain trip? I saved \$3.75 all by myself. All I need is \$21.75 more.

Terry Akeson

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LASELL LEAVES

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THEY ARE SUCCEEDING

With a view to inspiring Lasell undergraduates to aim high, the editors asked several recent graduates who are doing conspicuously well, to send brief accounts of themselves and photographs. All the letters in this issue are from secretaries. In future issues, the editors will strive to get letters from graduates in all the fields of study represented at Lasell.



BETTY MORLEY, '38

Since my graduation from Lasell, I have been working at the Waltham Hospital as secretary for the Treasurer of the hospital. All Lasell girls know Mr. Amesbury. They may not know that he is Treasurer of the Waltham Hospital, and that each day after lunch he comes to his office there.

Our afternoons are usually filled to overflowing with phone calls and personal inter-

views. I have to be on my toes and ready to produce anything from my files or from my memory. Between times Mr. Amesbury opens and answers his mail, at which time I get some dictation on my book. I have to be ready and able to read my notes back, because interruptions are the rule rather than the exception.

My mornings are filled with a variety of tasks. There is always some transcribing to do, on some days more than others. All the mail for the business office comes to my desk for distribution. I keep a card file of all unpaid hospital bills. There are numerous statistical reports to prepare and type for Trustee's meetings, notices and form letters to be sent out, and all the many smaller duties of a private secretary.

I enjoy my work; I might say, "There is never a dull moment." Or if there is, I am usually too busy to realize it. The personalities with whom I work, the intricacy of hospital administration, and the medical aspect of hospital life, i.e., the patients, their histories and their families', the doctors and nurses and their achievements, all these things work together to keep me from ever getting bored with my job.

If the above notes, in your opinion, can be used in any way to help those girls still in school, I am glad I have sent them to you.

Betty Morley, '38

Since the days of becoming a neophyte medical secretary, I have in the past three years been in contact with a side of life little understood by the majority of people. I have seen joy and sadness, the grateful and the ungrateful, the chiseler and the ever sincere one who seeks help. I not only act as a secretary but as a receptionist, an assistant, a buffer between the salesman and the Doctor; and yes, even as a chauffeur.

As my executive is a general practitioner, my routine is varied. For the past year I have been commencing my day at noon and ending

it about nine at night; but as the Doctor is at the beck and call of anyone day or night, this makes me subject to his demands at all hours. I love my work sincerely, and my time is his. Experience and hard knocks are great teachers. The sterilizing of instruments, urinalysis work and cleaning of the laboratory, tidying the rooms, the record work, dictation and letters, the checking of supplies and all phone calls are daily duties. Other duties are to assist in the examining of a screaming baby, or hold the unsteady head of an elderly person, or to help in the preparation and doing of a surgical procedure in the office.

May I say two things to the future Medical Secretaries of Lasell? When you acquire your first job and you are so proud, to your executive pledge *honest secrecy*. Appear to take in everything, yet know nothing. Also may I add that money isn't everything. If you love your work, stick to it. It has its rewards.

Miriam Goff, '37

As soon as I had finished Lasell last June, I started in doing volunteer work in the Massachusetts General Hospital, as secretary and "hostess" on the orthopedic ward. I passed a very pleasant three months, getting a fine background of the hospital system and routine, which became of great value to me later.

In October, Lasell obtained for me a position as secretary to a doctor in Newton. My routine here is vastly different from that of the hospital, in that I have more direct responsibility and far more to do. In general, my work consists of the usual bookkeeping and stenographical duties associated with most offices, along with making appointments; billing at the first of the month; ordering drugs, medicines, and supplies; cleaning the doctor's work table, desk, and medicine closets daily; and the lab work. This last is, for the most part, staining blood smears and doing urinalyses, the results of which are put on printed forms and sent to the patients. I also have to keep strict accounts of all expenses, and maintain records of amounts of all narcotics dispensed to patients.

Training of my memory for names and faces has become an integral part of the job, since I assist the doctor quite frequently during his office hours in the way of taking down histories and progress notes of patients.

All in all, my job is almost ideal in that no two days are ever alike; there's plenty to do; and I am my own boss, running my department according to my own system. I can't recommend the position as medical secretary too highly to any girl who has any inclination towards it.

Mary O'Connor, '39

Lady Luck became my acquaintance on that day of my last spring vacation when I gathered my courage together and spent a miserable time putting my application in various firms. She became a true friend a week after graduation, when I was asked to be private secretary to the Cashier of the Second National Bank of New Haven.

My employer, together with the President and Vice-President and their secretaries, has his office in the lobby, open to the public, and there I act similar to a receptionist for his customers. As for my regular duties, they are few, for the work is never routine. New problems arise daily. I take care of all personal and business letters of my employer and the confidential minutes of the meetings of the Board of Directors. I might mention that although my boss is a grand man to work for, he has a mania for neatness not only in letters, but even in stocking seams, which must not have even a slight crook. I keep a record of his dates, and then see that he gets to them on time. I balance his check book, keep his accounts straight, and try to arrange tactfully that customers are not kept waiting and salesmen do not stay too long. Like all bank officials, my employer is an officer in numerous clubs and organizations. These memberships call for the sending out of many notices, writing of minutes, numerous phone calls, and helping on various charitable drives. Then I sometimes make claims against estates, and take care of assigned accounts on which loans have been made.

Whenever the secretary to the President or Vice-President is away, I do her work. The Vice-President dictates grand letters in perfect English, but at a terrific rate of speed. It is still a wonder to me how I get them. My big day was the first time I did work for the President, and he not only complimented me on the neatness of the letters, but also on my appearance. Was my head in the clouds!

I feel that one of the most important phases of my position is that my employer confides in me, and asks my opinion on various problems. I listen to all his confidences, and by so doing, I am able to take some of the weight off his shoulders; for he has the responsibility of the entire bank.

I'm still thrilled with my position. There have been times when the work was hard, and times when there wasn't enough work to keep busy. But there is something new and exciting about a bank, which I love—and, naturally, my pay check only adds to all my enthusiasm.

Louise E. Visel, '37

Two months after I graduated from Lasell, I was fortunate enough to start work at the Boston City Hospital, where I received training in celloidin, paraffin, pneumococcus typing techniques as well as the ordinary clinical work under some of the best technicians in Boston. Just as I was about to start the work in the bacteriology laboratory, I was offered an opportunity to become private secretary and technician to a dermatologist. Although this work entailed more responsibility, it was the type of work for which I had been preparing and studying at the hospital and at Lasell, and I was delighted with the chance.

Needless to say, this work is much more varied than the work I had previously been doing. For instance, one day consists of a maximum of secretarial work as: taking dictation, typing out reports and records, mimeographing diets, sending out bills and of course making appointments and preparing the patients for examination. One of the most important features in this work, is reminding the doctor

to be here and there at the proper times and to remind him of other engagements that every busy doctor has, and to know where he can be reached at all times. Still, another day will be practically all spent in laboratory work. Of course the laboratory work depends on the type of work in which your doctor is specializing. My laboratory work is quite varied and includes routine blood examinations as well as skin testing, preparing media, urinalyses, and giving certain forms of treatment under the doctor's direction. Perhaps the most difficult duty that I have, is remembering and ordering supplies for the office and the laboratory.

One of the greatest joys in my work, is the fact that I have so many opportunities to attend medical lectures, read the books that are reviewed in my office, and to attend the various society meetings. Thus I feel that I am still able to study and keep moving forward instead of resting on the knowledge which I gathered at school.

This may sound like a lot of hard work, but in spite of working for over a year I am still looking forward to the next day at work. I am sure that my two years at Lasell were the first step toward doing the work I always wanted to do and I shall always be grateful to the teaching staff at Lasell, particularly to Mrs. Davis for her help and Mrs. Winters for her instructions in the laboratory techniques and maintenance of a private laboratory.

Eva Lowry, '38

During my first year at Lasell it did not occur to me that I wanted to study medical secretarial work. However, the students who were in the medical group were so enthusiastic that I changed my general secretarial course in my senior year to include the medical training.

When I graduated on June 13, 1938, I was hopeful of attaining a position in the near future, but didn't quite realize how near my future was. The day after graduation I received a phone call to go to the Waltham Hospital. I was duly installed that day as third assistant in the Record Room, where my duties

consisted of more or less clerical work—filing, medical dictation, typing, etc.

Two months later, the chief record librarian left, and I was appointed in her place. I could only hope that in time I would become as proficient as I knew I should have to be.

My training at Lasell, however, was invaluable, as I used every day—and still do—every subject I had ever studied.

My main purpose as a record librarian is to check the record of every patient to see that it conforms with the standards set by the American College of Surgeons. In brief, the medical record should have sufficient material to verify the diagnosis made at its conclusion. I also make up statistical reports, consult with persons desirous of receiving information from hospital records, contact other hospitals, harry doctors into completing their records, and in general keep up to date that vast file of medical information about all present and past patients,

so that we may aid in research purposes, and so that we may bridge the gap in the patient's memory and tell the doctor in succinct form his complete medical history.

Hospital case records are often subpoenaed in court, and I must appear as a witness. However, I am not required to interpret or qualify the record of a patient, but merely to vouch for its authenticity. I am thus freed from cross-examination in most trials, and find my court work one of the most interesting features of my position.

I am a member of the Massachusetts Record Librarian's Association, which keeps me up to date in record progress, and am also at present taking a course in laboratory procedures to enable me to understand more clearly their significance in the hospital record.

It is a fascinating kind of work, moving at top speed all the time. It's hard work, and lots of work, but I love it. *Frances Monks, '38*

YOU CAN SUCCEED

Apropos of success, Bruce Barton says that he gave his son just two small books for guides when he began his career in business. Those books were: A Message to Garcia, by Elbert Hubbard, and Imagination in Business, by Lorin Deland. Following are brief digests of these two books. Perhaps some Lasell girls will find a helpful suggestion, or be spurred to read the books themselves, which are short.

"To carry a message to Garcia" means to do what you set out to do. The phrase was made famous by the exploit of a messenger in the Spanish-American War.

From *A Message To Garcia*.

"It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate

their energies; do the thing—'carry a message to Garcia!'"

"In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away 'help' that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business; and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues; only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out, the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

"And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets 'laid off,' nor has to go on strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals."

Compiled by Pat Kieser

From Imagination in Business

Napoleon once said, "Imagination rules the world," and business today heartily agrees with his statement. In the book, "Imagination in Business," the author, Lorin F. Deland, points out the value of imagination in the business world.

The subject of imagination is a large one, but let's consider it only in its relation to business. Let's confine our thoughts to an even smaller circle, imagination in the most material form of business—that of ordinary merchandising. Imagination is perhaps not as essential but it is as valuable in the management of trade as in any of the other arts, except, of course, literature.

First let's define imagination. It is the relating of one thought or object to another and different one; or the relation of separate elements or objects to each other. Its nature is dual, and manifests itself in two directions—range and intensity. To illustrate,—the man who, upon the sight of a sword carried in the Civil War, thinks of the conditions of society which brought about the war, is using range imagination; the man who sees the battle with its fearful slaughter and deafening roar is using imagination of intensity.

Let us, by way of the simplest illustration of this relation of one thing to another in business, go to perhaps one of the lowest steps in the business scale. Two bootblacks one Saturday afternoon were doing business on the same crowded thoroughfare in a large city. However, by the peculiar wording of his solicitation,

one boy was able to secure twice as much business as the other. The first boy announced the simple fact that he was prepared to shine boots by crying, "Shine your boots here." The second boy, in four single words, told all that the first boy said and a great deal more. His cry, "Get your Sunday shine," conveyed the information not simply that he was there to shine shoes, but that tomorrow was Sunday and the customers would need an extra good shine.

The imaginative person sends his thought through all the instincts, passions, and prejudices of men. He knows their desires and their regrets; he knows every human weakness and its sure decoy. Vanity, selfishness, and the inability to throw away an element of value are three weaknesses in human nature which may be utilized. On the other hand, traits not in themselves weak or base may be used to advantage. Some of the traits might be the love of the material or concrete, and the impression of value by quantity. And it must be remembered always that it is not the price of an article which is important, but the reason for the price.

Business is intellectual warfare, a battle of wits. Thrift, industry, sagacity and courage are important, but all these qualities combined cannot supply the place left vacant by the lack of imagination. Imagination is a faculty which makes a man capable of undertaking any business. He may be a successful bootblack, the able president of a bank, or the astute manager of a circus. "Imagination rules the world."

Nancy Brown

Midnight Blue

Beneath me lay the parched ground;
No life nor dampness there.
Around me was the dryness
Of the dusty, humid air.
Above me was a cloudless sky
All vast and deep and blue.
The stars were there, the moon;
But they were dusty too.
The withered branches of a bush
A coyote's lonely "woo";
The desert slept, and all about,
I too felt midnight blue.

Jane Bishop

Ode to a Mosquito

Oh bloody corpse upon my wall,
A dead mosquito now—that's all.
You once did buzz, oh humble dead,
In rotary traffic 'round my head.
I murdered you, you met your end.
You've joined your ancestors, my friend.
You'll no more flit around my dome,
Sound like an airplane coming home,
Because I smashed you with my shoe.
I gloat in triumph now you're through.
But what's that zooming past my ear?
Oh gad, my friend, your twin is here!

Pat Kieser

STORIES

Good Gravy!

A few pointers on how to act with the ideal man.

"Dad," I said, pitching down some lettuce, "you couldn't sort of increase my allowance ten cents, could you?"

"Well, I'll think it over, chicken," he said not too fondly, and changed the subject. That settled the allowance problem for a while.

After dinner I dried the dishes, and then went out to the green-and-orange-striped swing on our porch. Sure enough, in about five minutes Bud ambled over. Bud Daley's the fellow across the street that I've been to school with ever since kindergarten; and every time I come out on the porch, he thinks it's a signal for him to come over. He's a swell guy and all that, but he makes me feel like the boy who worked in the candy store—too much, and you're fed up. Anyhow, there we sat, drinking coke and murdering mosquitoes, when up the street rattled "The Hangover," which is what my brother Charlie calls his antique car. Through the hole where there isn't any door any more crawled Charlie (he's twenty-two, and a Senior at the Raymond College of Engineering)—and another fellow. And *what* a fellow! "Hi, Charlie," I yelled, gaping at his friend in a most impolite way, "where ya been?" In a minute they were up on the porch, and Bud and I were introduced to this walking hair- tonic ad. Larry Hawthorne was the divine man's name; he had straight brown hair, and his nose was peeling, and he wore my favorite kind of men's trousers—light-weight grey ones, with a crease you could sharpen a pencil on. The guy may not sound good, but that's my fault, not his.

"Me an' Larry here roomed together last year, ya know. Don't see how I stood him, though," said my brother Charlie, grinning and slapping poor Larry on the back, down near the tenth vertebra where it always hurts.

"Hey, cut it," yelled Larry. "Your brother's a right guy, though, Sister," he said, giving me

one of those looks a teacher might give her five-year-olds. "Where do you go to school?"

"Oh I'm going to college in the fall," I said. "I'm only a little younger than Charles, you know."

"Yeah," answered my fresh brother Charlie, "like I'm only a little younger than my great grandpappy." Which was just as poor as most of his so-called jokes that I ignore anyway.

"Do you like engineering?" I asked Larry, trying to appear interested when all the time my heart was thumping the way our dog's leg does on the floor when he scratches.

"Sure," he said, "engineering's swell. Now that I've graduated, I can get a job and settle down."

Then Charlie dragged Larry out to the Hangover to inspect some new arrangement of his in the wiring system.

After this enticing fellow Larry, Bud, who is always closer than ten after two, seemed very dull, even though he's really swell, and three dames have tried to steal him from me. We talked about "Oceans of Love," the movie that was coming to the Monmouth Theater next week, and then I sent him home so that I could go to bed.

Thinking about Larry while I got ready for bed, I looked down to see four inches of Squibbs dangling in air, which shows how nice he must be, or I wouldn't have thought about him so much.

Next afternoon Bud and I were sitting on our porch, as usual, eating brown, mushy bananas, when Charlie tramped up the steps, wiping his greasy hands on a white handkerchief. "Hey, Sue, go make yourself beautiful—Larry's comin' over." Charlie has no more tact sometimes than our garbage man. "What'd ya think of my ex-roommate?"

"Oh, he seems nice, Charlie," I said, trembling for some reason—love I guess—and watching Bud scowl the way he does. In a few minutes Bud had to go home to take his mother

down town—that's one curse of having a license—and I settled down to read a book, *All This, and Heaven Too*, that everyone else read last year, but that I didn't get around to until now. An old spinster named Henriette—spelled funny the way the French do things—was riding on a boat when I heard a "Hi, Sis," and looked up, straining my stiff neck that I'd gotten from the draft I'd slept in the night before, to see *him*, meaning Larry of course. "Oh, hi," I said, trying to sound very casual, "I'm reading a marvie book."

"Want to come to a picnic I'm havin' at your lake tomorrow?" he asked. I said "Sure." Just then Bud came back; so he got invited too. "Bring your swimmin' duds an' be at the lake at two," Larry told us, and then went off with Charlie.

I must've been awful quiet after they left, thinking about Larry, 'cause all of a sudden my ear nearly got yanked off, and Bud said, "S'matter, Sue, you in love?" "Yes," I said, and saw him light up, "with my dog."

Everyone was milling around on the beach when we got there, eating sandwiches and cake and drinking pop, and then going in swimming, which you shouldn't for an hour, but 'most everyone does. After we put on our bathing-suits—I wore my super new red one—in the dinky bathhouse that's always full of other people's towels and ripped bathing-caps and deflated water-wings, we swam out to the raft. And who should be out there getting brown but Larry Hawthorne and my brother?

"Ah," I thought to myself, "now to show this guy something." And I did a good back-flip, which is one of the few dives I can do without reminding everybody of a frog. Larry said, "That was pretty good, Sis," when I climbed back up, and I said, "Thanks" and thought, "*Now* will you ask me for a date?"

Just then Kathy. Ross and Ted Elwood climbed up onto the float, making it sink way under at one end, and leap out of the water at the other the way rafts do. Kathy always has her eye out for a new fellow; and when she'd heard last week that a good-looking male named

Larry was coming to town this week to stay at the hotel she'd decided to postpone her vacation. She's small and dark, and lots of men fall for her. But they get over it soon,—that is, except Ted, who follows her around like a bloodhound. Of course she had to show off a dive or six, and she did a swan dive from the high board that Eleanor Holm couldn't have beaten. Larry congratulated her like she'd saved somebody's life or something. "She can't get away with that," I muttered to myself, and began wondering if I'd have to swim out and holler "Help" so that Larry might come save me. But I didn't have to. Just then a darling girl, from Charlie's gang I guess, climbed up beside us.

"Hello, darling," Larry said, and I near keeled over. "Boys and girls, this is Madge Kimball, the girl I came down here to get married to. Ain't I lucky?"

Then I fell into the lake. "Good gravy," I gurgled, "why don't people tell me these things?" *Pat Kieser*

The House Other People Live In

A boy and girl who wanted to get away from it all and found a home instead of a household.

Nancy curled up more snugly, and the faded green plush chair sagged a wee bit more. She stared at the linoleum on the game-room floor. It was cold and kitcheny, but Linda, her step-mother, had wanted it, so there it was. A game-room! Rather a catch-all for the odd pieces of furniture. If only she and her brother Stephen had been allowed to fix it up with red and white checkered curtains. It had such possibilities with its oak-paneled walls and the wonderful floor for dancing that the shiny linoleum so neatly covered. What a place to throw a party in! But she and Stephen gave no parties. They had given up having friends at the house, only to have Linda insult them. How it galled to have to call Linda, "Mother", but it would hurt Dad so if they didn't. Poor Dad! He had gotten much more than he had bargained for.

The volume of the quarrel upstairs in the library was increasing. She could distinguish the strident shrillness that was Linda, the harried soothing gruffness that was Dad. Though she could not hear the words, she knew the speeches of the dialogue by heart. She had heard it first about six months after Dad had married again, and it had been wearily reiterated at intervals throughout the past seven years; the same argument with its futile lack of conclusion, that arose from the fact that she and Stephen were disrupting Linda's perfectly planned "home"—household. It had frightened Nancy that first time. The green plush back of the same chair had soaked up her hot tears. She listened now with abstract calousness. Abruptly, pointlessly, Nancy laughed. Stephen, prostrate on the gaudy india-print that hung limply on the studio couch, stirred uneasily. It was a shame for Stephen. He was at home from college seldom. For herself, she felt a certain aloof immunity. Next fall she would realize her craving to escape when she too left for college.

She drew a cigarette from the package on the table beside her, and scratched a match. Stephen sat up suddenly, and pushed back a dark wisp of hair petulantly.

"You shouldn't smoke so much, Nance," he stated flatly.

"Have one yourself." He caught the pack expertly and helped himself.

"It's great being problem children."

"Um, lots of laughs," Nancy agreed unconsciously.

"Let's go someplace," Stephen suggested urgently. "Go get your coat and comb your hair."

"No, thanks; I value my life more than to walk through that bedlam."

The voices up above in the library had reached their highest pitch. An unexpected lull, and then the two could hear Linda's high heels clicking up the stairs and the door of the master bedroom slam behind her.

"All right, I'll go up in just a minute," Nancy added.

In silence they clinched their cigarettes in

an ashtray. Then came the sound of their father's steps toiling up the staircase. Nancy and Stephen vaulted up the steps into the hall, to the coat closet and then bolted out the side door.

"Where shall we go?" Nancy asked as the two walked between the complacent rows of houses.

"How much money have you?"

"Not a cent."

"Neither have I."

"Well, it looks like we're out for an evening constitutional." They walked leisurely to the corner.

Stephen stopped. "Which way shall we go?"

"Let's walk over by the old house." They followed the familiar suburban streets they knew so well, each nostalgically recalling the house that other people lived in now, the house that had been theirs, Stephen's and Nancy's and Dad's and their own mother's.

The well-dressed hatless pair of youngsters stopped and gazed down a gravel driveway to a small Dutch-colonial house. The living room was ablaze with lights. There was a young woman placidly reading by the window where Dad's favorite chair had stood.

"I wish we could go in," Nancy breathed wistfully.

"Why not?" Stephen's bravado had brought them halfway up the drive when Nancy stopped in panic.

"But we don't even know them, Steve. What can we say? We better not," she ended lamely.

"We'll tell them we once lived here, and we hope they're as happy as we were." In an instant he was pressing on the doorbell at the threshold which they had been so accustomed to cross.

The woman who had been in the window opened the door, and Stephen spoke his piece. She welcomed them in with pleased cordiality that made Stephen and Nancy feel as though they were invited guests.

"It must be nice to come back to a place you once knew. Of course, it must look differently the way we have everything fixed. Just

put your coats right there in the closet. Jack!", she called to her husband. "We were just going to have some coffee."

Her husband, a jolly hearty fellow, finished her sentence as he entered the room, "and there's nothing we'd like better than to have someone to share it with."

After a round of introductions they were ushered into the dining room, where a wedge of birthday cake adorned the middle of the table.

"Our son just had half of the junior high to a birthday party, and now they've gone off to the movies", the man proffered in explanation.

"Now, Jack, cut them each a piece of cake while I get the coffee."

The four sat and talked like old friends, Stephen speculating on the Giants' possibilities of winning the Pennant, Nancy wondering if there were still Sweet William out by the flagstone path. The house became a show place. They even tiptoed upstairs to peek in at a tow-headed little girl asleep in the nursery.

Finally it was Stephen who decided they should go. With the thanks fresh on their lips lingering in their hearts, their footsteps crunched on the bluestone drive.

Nancy sighed, "Didn't it seem as though we belonged?"

"They were wonderful!" Stephen chuckled. "You know I can't even remember their names."

Jean MacNeish

Meanie

Cupid Solves the Boss Problem

"Jimmy came up to see me this morning, and no sooner had we got talking than Miss Means has to come over," complained Sally while her lunch got cold. "'Miss Cabb,' she says to me, 'is this gentleman interested in some stockings?' Jimmy takes one look at her and says, 'No, ma'am, I just dropped in to see Sally here,' and scrams out of the store. He couldn't have picked anything *worse* to say! Means gives me that 'Ha-ha, I-caught-you' look, and lectures me on letting my young men friends

visit me at the store and lounge all over my counter and lose business for Hague's. Grrrr, I could slit her throat! Why that old snoop can't let me alone is more than—"

"Calm down, Sal, we know how ya feel. She gets all of us down. Told me yesterday I'm not worth my puny litle fifteen a week. Huh, suppose it's *my* fault people aren't buyin' any winda shades this season! Hey," Fran Riley shoved her cup toward the waitress. "More coffee."

"Why, don't you girls *like* Miss Means? I think she's just grand—so patient and uncomplaining," said Watson of the Specialty Shop. "She's a *grand* Floor Supervisor."

"Don't be sarcastic," Sally frowned. "What are we going to do?"

"Precisely what we have been doin'—nothing! Remember rule 5 of Hague's Book for Employees. We must *respect* and co-operate with the Supervisor. Bah!"

"Jimmy," Sally said that night, "What's your boss like?"

"Him? Oh, he's no Romeo. About forty, I guess, an' sorta melancholy. He's a . . ."

"Is he married?"

"Naw—no dame would want *him*. Why the sudden interest in Elmer?"

"Do me a favor, Jimmy. Get Elmer over to my apartment Saturday night. Ask him for dinner if he'll come."

"He'll come all right. But what the—?"

"Never mind. Just bring him. Hey, it's late! I got to get back."

Jimmy and Elmer arrived Saturday when Sally was setting the table. And on the dot of seven o'clock, Sally opened the door to Miss Means!

"G-G-Good evening," Jimmy gulped, and "Glad t' meetcha," said Elmer, brightening up at the sight of a non-glamor female. He liked girls, but they didn't like his bald head. Through dinner Elmer exerted more charm than is supposed to belong to a garage man. And Miss Means soaked it up like a blotter.

"I feel like Cupid," Sally told Jimmy when they were finishing the dishes. "Those two are

sitting in there acting like a couple of kids. Look!"

"Ha. I'll make old Elmer ask her for a date. How about a movie now, Kitten?"

Monday morning there was no Miss Means at Hague's. She just didn't appear—for the first time in fifteen years.

"Hope it wasn't my steak," Sally muttered over the stockings.

At night Jimmy reported Elmer's absence from Elmer's Garage.

"Him an' Miss Means both missin' today. Hmmm, Sal, looks like mebbe you *are* Cupid. Wonder what th' ole fools are up to."

Wednesday noon Sally sat eating a vegetable salad. "Tastes awful, but it's good for me."

"Sally Cabb, you're entirely too calm about this affair." Fran held up a newspaper with a picture of Miss Means—one taken about eight years ago, it looked like—on the front page. "Hague Supervisor announces engagement, it says! Meanie won't be comin' back at all! Aren't you glad? Where the old hatchet-

face rounded up a man is beyond me. But at least we're rid of her."

"What do I care?" Sally said. "I'm quitting the end of the week anyhow." She stuck her hand out over the table.

"When! Look at the sparkler! Gee, I'm glad, Sal. Can I be a bridesmaid? Hope the *Tribune* will take pictures."

"Don't worry. A double wedding is always good for a big picture."

"Double? You an' Jimmy an' who else?"

"Uh—Miss Means and Elmer Thompson."

"What! Are you on the level?"

"Course I am. Means asked me real nice last night if we'd make it a double. Jim and me might as well let them pay half the expenses. Besides, we can thank them for our being able to get married now that Jimmy's got a raise. Elmer used to be Jim's boss, but now they're partner's. On account of I introduced Elmer to the 'sweetest girl in the world'!"

"Golly," Fran said, "he don't know the half of it!"

Pat Kieser

DIRECT FROM HARVARD

Letters from several of the Harvard Dramatic Club who took part in the Lasell play, Stage Door.

DEAR ED-IN-C:

After considerable research and nightmares, I think this is what happened after I was born.

Born in London, England, sometime in 1917, of American parents. Nineteen hundred and nineteen found the family—gruesomely enlarged by yours truly—back in Antwerp, Belgium. At a tender age—hm . . . I'm blushing—someone got the bright idea of starting me off on a musical career, which soon ended in "the secretary spread" from too many hours of practice, I guess. Schooling was started first at home, in French; then in local public school No. 7, in French and Flemish; but soon another interested member of the family decided your truly ought to "speaka ze Eengleesh." A battle ensued, and I wound up in jolly old England

again—which is old, but not so jolly—only to be thrown out into the lap of waiting Helvetia. Five slap-happy years were spent in beautiful Switzerland, to which we regretfully, alas, say farewell (Courtesy of the Swiss Federal Railway, Inc., and Lowell Thomas Travelogues Uninc.) in 1933. The fall of that year found yours truly—Egad, is he still there?—thumbing his nose at Ellis Is., and entering New York, New York. The Hotchkiss School in Conn., greeted me rather dubiously, and for three years there existed a Mutual Doubting Society. The Hotchkiss Dramatic Club took one look at this odd specimen the first year and shook its head; it took two looks the second year, and again shook its head; the third year, it just shook! I never made it—and in true Judith-of-STAGE DOOR-style, I cried: "You mean there's—no hope for me at all?" (Crushed she goes into the dining-room, L.) (Only I went

into Harvard, C.) Finally, the old saying, "A criminal always returns to the scene of his crime" triumphed, and I have been a member of the Harvard Dramatic Club ever since. The Kirkland House Annual Xmas show—(Women never allowed under any condition)—has used yours truly for buxom-female roles, and occasionally as ass't Dir. I have also had one Summer of Summer Stock, which has been no end of help. Thus, Dramatics for the present are highly enjoyable pastime, and will probably have to remain so.

And so, Dear Ed., I see my time is up, so I say to you—Cheerio, and trust this is more or less what you wanted. Please rest assured that I'll never forget the wonderful times we had in *Stage Door*!

Sincerely yours,
Gerald E. Deakin

DEAR SCOTTY:

You honor me! But you have set before me a difficult task. I am a mathematician and pseudo-scientist—my English composition is as poor as my acting. And the phases of my life you'd like to know about! However, there's no use bandying word; so I'll disappoint you immediately rather than later by answering your leading questions.

Back in high school days acting in plays took a lot of my time. Warrenton High was very small, and my father was on the school board. So my teachers gave me frequent opportunities to disport myself as a thespian. Frankly, I think I wasn't very good at it.

I remember several things which may be interesting. My greatest triumph came in a little playlet in which I was a French nobleman, imprisoned in the Bastille. I must have been all of fifteen at the time, but I nevertheless orated convincingly for about five minutes on life, death, and the fickleness of women, before I was led away to the guillotine. By that time the women in the audience were weeping noisily.

And then there was a one-act play contest. At the climax of our presentation, as I im-

plored the hero for forgiveness—the town fire siren began screaming forth. Anticlimax—we got only second place.

Since coming to Harvard, I've had very little interest in dramatics, and even less time for it. I recognize my limitations. Therefore, drama will never be my profession; but if all plays were as enjoyable as *Stage Door*, I'm sure it would be my pastime.

Respectfully yours,
Julian Eisenstein

DEAR SCOTTY:

You asked for it, and by God you are going to get it. Below you will find a brief history of my theatrical life.

My first dramatic experience came at the age of ten when I took the part of an Indian in a camp production. All were agreed that I said my "ughs" with gobs of elan, and so I became convinced that as an avocation dramatics was the thing for me. I began my high school career by painting scenery and acting as an off-stage voice. By my Senior year I was still painting scenery, but every once in a while I was allowed to face the footlights and give my all for alma mamie. Grease paint was beginning to seep into my blood and make me a slave to the traditions of Melpomene and Thalia.

Since coming to Harvard I have been in a number of plays, have coached a group of kids at the North End Settlement House in Boston, and for two summers have been a camp dramatic councillor. I don't need to say that my glorious adventure at Lasell has been the climax of my thespian attempts. I had vowed after a dismal fiasco in a Cambridge girls' high school production that I would leave the stage forever behind me, but *Stage Door* went far toward reviving my faith not only in dramatics, but also in womankind in general.

Seriously though, I have messed around in dramatics primarily to have fun and meet people, preferably of the opposite sex. Dramatics as a profession has always been my fondest dream, but even my best friends have told me

that I had better enter the business world if I desired to support myself in the style to which I have become accustomed. Unless I marry a very wealthy woman, therefore, I am very much afraid that after I graduate from college, the theatre will be nothing more than my most delightful memory.

It was loads of fun being in *Stage Door*, and I do hope that my future relations with Lasell and its inmates will turn to actuality.

Obviously,

Alan

DEAR SCOTTY:

Although to describe my interest and experience in dramatics is to reveal but a small and unrepresentative part of myself, an examination thereof does not prove quite barren of results amusing at least.

The most striking feature of my stage career—note carefully the implications of the term—is that I have never portrayed a character less than fifty years old. Although my voice may

be deep and fatherly, my figure slightly on the ponderous side, and though my wit may have a characteristically middle-aged sluggishness, I should still like to try my hand just once as a dashing young hero. I should like to prove for my own satisfaction that my versatility is as great as that of Maurice Evans, who played *Hamlet* on Thursday night and *Falstaff* on Friday.

For me, as for most of us I dare say, dramatics offer above all a chance for self-expression—meaning an outlet for ego and a lot of good fun. I think the plays I have been in in high school and college are among the happiest memories I have, and I should not be stating the truth if I did not place my experience in *Stage Door* at the top.

You ask whether dramatics are to be my profession or my pastime. At the moment my intentions are limited to a decision to try out for the next Lasell play.

Sincerely yours,

Max Gaebler

VERSE

Greed

(To R. P. F.)
The avarice of miser's fingers
Caresses lovingly and lingers—

Is rife possessive pride that rises,
That grasps eternally and prizes—

Is passion-shaken trait of few,
Emotion realized by you.

Jean MacNeish

Are There Any?

When your hair is wet and stringy,
And your nose is red with cold,
If then he says you're pretty,
Then he's worth his weight in gold.

When your nose just has to snuffle
And you're shivering with cold,
If then he says he loves you,
Then he's worth his weight in gold.

When you know your hat is tipsy,
And your coat just right won't fold,
If then he says he loves your taste
Then he's worth his weight in gold.

So, if you've ever met one
Who possesses these, threefold
Hang on and never leave him,
Then he's worth his weight in gold.
Jane Bishop

Lament of the Stage Crew

The scenery sags against the wall;
The "props" are scattered all around.
The cast are leaving, one and all.
They've dropped their costumes on the ground.
They've lost some make-up, spilled some paint,
And also broken a spot-light case.
The stage crew felt a little faint.
You see—they have to clean the place.
Cynthia Davis

Betrayal

A scrutiny can find, beneath that smile,
A sneer; the trade-work of a shabby soul.
Success you'd say had crowned his life, unless
You count the talents that he had, and lost.
Sometimes when he is unaware of gaze,
The boy, whose ideals bowed before the man,
Shines forth to bring the spark that is regret
To eyes as cold and hard as grey-blue steel.
Catherine M. Buckley

The Road

Oh road that runs before my eye,
What have you known in days gone by?
Perhaps some redskins in their wrath
Fought o'er you when you were a path,
And covered thick with leaves and bark,
A-winding through the forest dark.

The Pilgrims' feet have trod your length.
Their horses hoofs have tried your strength.
George Washington, long long ago,
Has traveled on you, to and fro,
Beneath the pinetrees tall and stark,
A-winding through the forest dark.

Brave soldiers of the Civil War,
In torn gray uniforms, foot-sore,
Tramped down your ruts, oh curling road.
Through chill and frost the soldiers strode;
Then stopped to camp, and lit a spark
That flickered through the forest dark.

And more and more good soldiers marched

Through scorching heat, their throats dust-parched.
The Spanish War called them away.
They marched your route, and one bright day
They thrilled to hear a cheery lark
A-singing through the forest dark.

Oh road, what stories you must know
Of famous men, of friend, of foe.
Oh I could write great history
If you, still road, would speak to me.
But to my plea you will not hark;
You just wind on through forest dark.

Pat Kieser

Neighborhood Disturbance

Blazing sun beats on his furry body,
Whiskers switch back and forth—quickly, slowly,
His hind paw guards the small insect pests and
The wind blows his ears in an upright sweep.
Silence is broken by a steady hiss,
A cat slinks slowly with his back humped high,
The dog barks, the cat spits, paws scramble fast,
The intruder is chased. Back to sleep.

Dorothy Cooke

SCATTERED LEAVES

"Ad-lib"-bing the Fashion Ads

"Reefers in pink or blue on oatmeal." (Peck & Peck) Or will you take cream and sugar?

"You drape a shawl over your shoulders to follow the décolletage of your evening dress. You fold it solemnly over the jewels in your hair. You tie it around your waist or let it dangle from your fingers." (R. H. Macy) And probably trip over it while dancing.

"There's a new fashion overhead. Parasols . . . bless their artful, twirling gayety . . . are going to loom over the prettiest heads in the land! To shield you from the too blue skies; to play a part in a lazy summer flirtation." (R. H. Macy) We could suggest more intriguing things to play a part in a lazy summer flirtation.

"Now-you-see-it-now-you-don't" hostess gown." (Bonwit Teller) Houdini, no doubt. "White silk chiffon spills down the front—black chiffon that melts into nowhere, frames the sides and magicwands your hips away." Not completely, we hope. "Morning dew beads the soft, wide revers." Sounds a trifle damp.

"Mardi Gras and New Year's Eve rolled into

one. Made for those evenings when you're primed for a shenanigan or two, and don't mind if you do dance a mazurka with the milkman." (Confetti perfume, by Lenthéric) I shouldn't be surprised if our milkman weren't up on the mazurka.

"Put a Spring 1940 dateline on your pet little black dress—add an apron." (Bonwit Teller) Grandma did it in 1840.

"Pearl button double breasted box coat, tailored to a "T" in soft, peach blush fleece in camel color." (Knox) They don't have camels like that in the Bronx Zoo.

"Success will be yours, from the very first moment you appear in one of these dream dresses." (Russeks) Believe it or not.

"While little lambs gambol, this disarming Easter coat comes wafting in on the vernal ether." (Best's) Reach out and grab it for me as it goes by.

"Newest of our shirt and skirt exclusives. Optical illusion slinness in two-way rayon stripes." (Bonwit Teller) Do you wear bifocals?

A note on nail polish:—"Whimsy-1940 flight from reality . . . frail clinging-vine pink on your nails. Warning: You'll never be your old 'on-time-for-appointments' self again! Hot Pink-Spirited escape from winter . . . guaranteed to take him away from stiffest shipboard competition. Spring fever—Blue-flame red at your fingertips—exciting release from boredom . . . calculated to turn his roving fancy to serious thought of you." (Peggy Sage) But supposing you bite your fingernails?

"Of course you've noticed . . . the smartest people pick a favorite dress and wear it and wear it." Consoling thought. "'Monday to Sunday' is this kind of dress. You can make it look simple enough for golf, or formal enough for country club luncheons. We have it in an enchanting Romeo and Juliet print." "Wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

"Bermuda Bound, a Spring term cardigan." (Saks Fifth Avenue) Obviously a slight variation on the usual spring term.

"Whirligig—Cool two-piece frock with a fly-away skirt, pleated all around and stitched to the hips." How uncomfortable!

Jean MacNeish

A Perfect Juliet

About two years ago, I was fortunate enough to see Katherine Cornell in Romeo and Juliet. Never shall I forget the charm and grace that held me spellbound for one glorious afternoon; and left a warm, burning glow. I had gone for one reason only, to see Katherine Cornell. But I never did really see her. She was so completely Juliet that all other identity was lost.

It was impossible to believe that the fourteen-year-old child on the stage was actually a forty-year-old woman. She played the part with a depth and understanding that only an experienced actress could. Every night during the play's run her graceful actions made her far younger than any student or ingenue. Not only were her movements beautiful, her voice was thrilling. Sometimes low, sometimes high; always enough variation to make very word worth listening for. No one could have missed

a word; the diction was so clear and convincing. When she laughed and was happy, I was on top of the world; but when she cried, I was in the depths of despair. At the end of that last tragic scene, tears were streaming down my face. Yet one couldn't have called it sadness; it was too beautiful for that.

The thing that impressed me most was the way she carried the audience along with her. We sped back to the home of the Capulets without ever being aware that it was just a very good company of actors taking us. Intermissions were annoying interruptions that we resented; and the end of the play was something to be awaited, yet dreaded. Perhaps it is because it is every young hopeful's dream to play Juliet that I was so deeply moved. However, there was just such a completeness of beauty and of acting in this performance that it would be terribly hard for anyone to hope to equal it. It was truly one of the highlights of my life.

Betty Bell

"They're Off"

Thrill and excitement of Derby Day.

"The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home. . . ." As the sweet strains of this beautifully sad song sweep softly over the grounds, eight, ten or perhaps twelve sleek, shining thoroughbreds line up proudly in front of the grandstand. The little men in colorful silks on their backs take off their little caps in reverence. As they stand here majestically saluting the judges—symbols of the state, the race, and its wonderful traditions, a peaceful quiet settles momentarily over the bustling holiday throng, and a lump rises in the throat of every man and woman there; from the highest and mightiest to the lowest "tout." High up above, on top of the grandstand and clubhouse, bright flags are waving, microphones are buzzing, and newsreel cameras are turning. As the piece ends, the noise and confusion starts again. The horses prance or amble to the starting gate; trainers anxiously watch, check and recheck their charges; owners nervously yet proudly cross their fingers and pray; celebrities, Sena-

tors, Governors, movie stars, greet other well-knowns; Guineas hang on the rail . . . here come alive each and every superstition of the ages. All, rich and poor, the rabble and the lordly, have their favorite horses, and mob the betting windows, each with his two dollars . . . the sign of his trust in that chestnut, or is it the little bay filly? "The horses are approaching the gate" . . . the familiar old song that causes a last minute rush. How can anyone move, let alone run in the surging mass? An unanswerable question, and still everyone seems to get where he's going in a hurry. Voices grow louder, excitement mounts, everyone pushes harder, but who cares? We love everybody today! Our stars of the day grow more impatient, eager to be off and running on that glorious turf. And then, as though a magic spell had been cast over them, there is a roar as the crowd rises in a body. Yes, the starter has cried, "They're off." All eyes in the same direction, hands, feet, legs,

heads moving in rhythm. Shouts and screams mount . . . complete hysteria seizes the onlookers for a moment. As they round the final turn, the little jockeys can be heard urging, begging, pleading, forcing their mounts on and on; "just try a little harder, come on, old girl; you can make it". And then mingled with this is the dearest sound of all—the thud of horses' hoofs as they pass the finish line. That beautiful rhythmic thud. Another year, another Derby, . . . it's all over now but the crowning of the winner, the endless pictures and the thundering applause. Rails creak as the crowd hangs on trying to see their darling, their star of the hour. And now all is peaceful again; the setting sun casts shadows over the emptying stands, the spectators mill out, there is a never ending line of cars, trains chug, papers and tickets blow about the lonely paddock, and over in the stables our kings dine lightly on the best of hay.

Betty Bell

IT MAKES ME FURIOUS

A few remarks by girls and men, telling what is most obnoxious to them in the opposite sex.

. . . to be with a man who puns at the rate of three a minute and expects you to laugh at every one. One-minute example: "D'ya know what horse sense is? Just stable thinking. Pretty good, huh? An' did ya hear about summer? It's a season that in winter you wish you could get your house as warm as. Haw! I near died laughin' on that one. Oh yeah, one car we're all dying to ride in is the hearse. Ha, ha."

* * *

. . . to be sitting in the dentist chair, with my mouth full of gadgets and the dentist's hands, and have him ask me a very important question which I would like to answer right off.

* * *

. . . to have a boy, who is already an hour or two late, call up and tell me that he cannot come to take me out because his car broke down!

. . . to be on a date with three or more other couples, and to have the fellows pass remarks among themselves, inaudible to the girls of the party, and then laugh together while the girls are in a state of wonderment and boredom.

* * *

. . . to be treated like a brittle piece of glass. Modern boys to be real gentlemen really go the extreme in opening doors and generally lending the guiding hand.

* * *

"G-r-r-r! I could tear his hair out! Why can't Ellsworth be more courteous! Nearly tore my arms off wriggling into my coat. And as for his standing up when I come near him, I might as well be a mummy for all he cares." Take heed, boys!

* * *

After keeping you up till three o'clock the night before, and he calls you up about seven the next morning just to say "hello"—that makes me furious.

IT MAKES HIM FURIOUS

... to have her pay more attention to the other people at the dance than to him. After all, he brought her.

* * *

... when girls continually chatter and giggle in the movies, showing not only indifference to the picture but also disrespect for the audience.

* * *

... to call for a girl on time, only to learn that she has yet to take a shower and dress.

* * *

"Ouch! Those darn nails again! Will she ever learn to quit slopping that violent orange on them! Oh, the lipstick again—in public

Twice as much will come off on my coat! These women." Such were the cries of a frustrated male. Warning, girls!

* * *

"Meow" is the common noise-word upon coming into the presence of cats. Research reveals certain men who shun the presence of "human" cats.

* * *

A Peggy Pocket Stuffer. He says:

"I wish I were a kangaroo.

Despite his funny stances.

I'd have a place to put the junk

My girl brings to the dances."

OPEN LETTER

DEAR BOODY:

You've asked me to write something in your *Lamp*. I wanted to write a single phrase, which when you reread it years later, would bring back all the fun we've had. I find I can't. How could I possibly put all that two years have meant to us into a single phrase?

There are so many things I want to put down. The first thing I remember about our junior year at Bragdon is studying for exams; how we tried to keep each other awake and "Pick" promised us tomato juice if we stayed up until two—I don't think I ever got any of that. Then there was the night I didn't have a light cut, and I sat in your closet on a suitcase and studied with a flashlight, and we talked to each other through the door. Then do you remember the afternoons we were going to study, but first would take a walk to the "ville" when we'd go to Mr. Thom's, drink cokes and smoke innumerable cigarettes? We talked over everything, and really got to know each other in that little booth. Remember the day "Pick" set fire to the cellophane, and we were so afraid Mr. Thom would see it? When we got home, there was only time for a nap before dinner—nobody would join us in that; so the studying usually didn't get done until evening. Do you remember how cold it was in your room morn-

ings, and you used to get dressed in mine? After breakfast you'd go to get Marge up, and I'd go to "Pick." First the window was closed, then very gently, "Pick."

"Go 'way."

"Pick!"

"Mmmm"—I always had to turn the radio on loud enough to wake the dead, in the meantime pick up the bedclothes from the floor, and tip-toe out before I got a book heaved at me. She always made class, though, and I felt a certain modest pride in that accomplishment. Remember one of the few nights we had food, how we piled things against the door and ate and ate? You see it's not the terribly important things I remember, just little things like "Deep Purple" and "Begin the Beguine" on everybody's radio, chloroforming frogs in Zoo-lab, and hearing your wail, "I've got to give a speech tomorrow."

It seems rather funny, but the first place we met in September this year was Mr. Thom's. Such confusion; everybody talking at once all about vacation and the letters we never wrote.

"Cap and Gown"—I wonder if those words mean as much to everybody as they do to us. We tried so hard not to be excited that night at the Barn, but the juniors must have felt some-

Continued on Page 43

News Flashes

- Feb. 27*—Talking pictures at Lasell! New sound system installed in Winslow.
- Feb. 29-Mar. 3*—Representatives from Lasell attend Marriage-Family Symposium at Colby Junior College.
- Mar. 1*—"Stage Door" is presented at Winslow by Dramatic Club, aided by Harvard.
- Mar. 1*—We visit the South Pole at Chapel with Stuart D. Paine.
- Mar. 1*—Discussion group has first meeting.
- Mar. 3*—An interesting trip to "Egypt, old and new" with Miss Zakeya Esa at Vespers.
- Mar. 10*—Rev. Boynton Merrill at Vespers.
- Mar. 11*—Dr. H. Quimby Gallupe speaks to medical secretaries illustrating talk with pictures of actual operations.
- Mar. 12*—We visit Oberammergau, and see parts of the Passion play with Mr. Eric Alton Ayer.
- Mar. 16*—Lasell dance group in Modern Dance Recital in Boston with three other colleges.
- Mar. 17*—A trip from here to India with Miss Ruth Seabury, at Vespers.
- Mar. 18*—French Club presents "L'Anglais Tel Qu'on Le Parle" at Winslow.
- Mar. 20*—Second Student Recital.
- Mar. 24*—Vacation!
- Apr. 1*—April Fool! We did come back!
- Apr. 5*—Orphean Concert at M. I. T. followed by dance.
- Apr. 8*—Another trip to India—this time with Rev. and Mrs. Ramkrishna Shahu.
- Apr. 12*—Concert by Anna Eichhorn and Harold Schwab.
- Apr. 13*—Gay dresses, big band, flowers—J-Hop at Winslow.
- Apr. 15*—Lecture on Occupational Therapy and Handicrafts by Miss Janet Dunbar.
- Apr. 21*—"The Meaning of Life" defined by Dr. James Gordon Gilkey at Vespers.
- Apr. 26*—"Pirates of Penzance" presented by Glee Club and Orchestra.
- Apr. 28*—Senior Recital by Elizabeth English.
- Apr. 29*—Illustrated lecture by Dr. Winslow.
- Apr. 30*—Another illustrated talk on famous painters by Prof. Bailey.

- May 2-4*—"The Ascent of F-6" presented by Harvard Dramatic Club—Lasell had five girls in cast.
- May 3*—Second Orphean Concert with M. I. T. at Winslow.
- May 17*—Lasell Night at Pops.
- May 25*—All-School Formal.
- May 31*—Workshop Play presented by Dramatic Club.

Betty Bell



This baby picture, made from a separate engraving, belongs with the groups on pages 21-24.

The pages immediately following contain as many baby pictures of the Lasell faculty as could be obtained on rather short notice.

The pictures have been numbered rather than named in order that readers of the LEAVES may have a chance to guess "who's who." The names will be published with the numbers, in the June issue of the *Lasell News* (also in the August LEAVES).

If you think you can guess the names, send your list to Nancy Brown, editor of the *Lasell News*. The person with the greatest number of correct answers will be announced in the *News*. In the *Lasell News*, May 10, the little girl is Miss Eleanor S. Perley with a little boy from the neighborhood.



Walsford

London



9



10



11



12



16



17



18



19



23



24



25

17. 8. 1901

17. 8. 1901

17. 8. 1901





29



30



31



32



33



34



35



36



37



38



39

Miss [illegible]

Miss [illegible]

PERSONALS



LILLIE R. POTTER, '80

Dean Emeritus

The Youth Movement has shown itself in the increasing tendency to change accepted customs. No longer is June exclusively the wedding month. Our Lasell brides have proved that December is as pleasant as June when selecting marriage dates. The following announcements bear witness to this changing custom:

- ✓ *Aug. 19, 1939*—Natalie Claire Bodwell '39 and Mr. Norwood A. Ball.
- ✓ *Dec. 2*—Jean Frohock '36-37 and Mr. George S. Ferreira. Jean's present address is 7 Sumner Road, Cambridge, Mass.
- ✓ *Dec. 14*—Virginia Lee Johnson '30 and Mr. William Fraser Burdick at Bennington, Vermont.
- ✓ *Dec. 30*—Eleanor Young Ray '38 and Mr. Hugh Bertram Lee, Jr., at Terre Haute, Indiana. Mr. and Mrs. Lee are now at home at 606 Denning Street, Terre Haute.
- ✓ *Feb. 3, 1940*—Eunice Mary Bassett '33 and Mr. Willard Edwin Ziergiebel at Weston, Mass. 30 Bellevue Street, West Roxbury, Mass., is Eunice's new home address.
- ✓ *Feb. 3*—Martha Knight David and Mr. Alan Grant Kennedy at Mount Airy, Philadelphia, Penna. The bride is the daughter of our Annie Merrill David '12.
- ✓ *Feb. 9*—Elizabeth Hildreth Rogers '30 to Mr. George Mallory Bishop at Sag Harbor, L. I.
- ✓ *Feb. 11*—Barbara Cowdrey '32 and Mr. Frank Stanley Alexik at Needham, Mass.
- ✓ *Feb. 14*—Annamelia Bateman Paxton '32 and Mr. Alvin Austin Wildman at South Charleston, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Wildman are now residing at 2667 East High Street, Springfield, Ohio.
- ✓ *Feb. 23*—Betty Lou Schneider '38 and Mr. Andrew Joseph Johnson at Los Angeles, Calif. Their address is now 1414 Ocean Park Boulevard, Santa Monica, Calif.
- ✓ *Feb. 24*—Barbara Burnham '37 and Mr. John Muirhead Rice at Summit, N. J.
- ✓ *Mar. 16*—Adele Varney Kimball '27-29 and Mr. Harold Eugene Grover at Swampscott, Mass.
- ✓ *Mar. 27*—Margaret Eavey Nichols '38 and Mr. William Armstrong Oates at Fort Wayne, Indiana. Margie's honor attendant was her sister Catherine, a member of the graduating class at Lasell.
- ✓ *Mar. 29*—Eleanor Harris (Woodland Park '26-31) and Mr. George Challoner Burnham at Auburndale, Mass.
- ✓ *Apr. 6*—Betty Jane Allenbaugh, '35 and Mr. Harry Deets Weller, Jr., at Akron, Ohio.
- ✓ *Apr. 6*—Carolyn Elizabeth Young '36 and Mr. Henry Francis Cate, Jr., at Auburndale, Mass. Dorothy Young Heath '30 was matron-of-honor, and two of Carolyn's bridesmaids were Barbara Heath '35 and Mary Elizabeth Giles '34-36.
- ✓ *Apr. 6*—Evelyn C. Towle '37 and Mr. Francis Gould Blaisdell at West Somerville, Mass.
- ✓ Members of the bridal party included Margaret Hill '35-37 and Virginia Moen '36-38.
- ✓ *Apr. 13*—Dorothy Woodard '38 and Mr. Wilbur L. Grindell at Brockton, Mass. Dorothy's classmate, Arlene Wishart, was maid of honor.

Apr. 22—Evelyn Christine Bostel '28 and Dr. Charles Spiegel Dotterer at Newport, R. I.

Engaged: Nancy Peffer '29-30 to Mr. Ross Brown; Virginia Cleasby '31 to Mr. John H. Brahana; Elizabeth Daun '31 to Dr. William G. Kirkland; Marjorie Jones '34 to Mr. Stephen Greene Hopkins; Frances McNulty '34-35 to Mr. Frank S. Read; Mary Elizabeth Giles '34-36 to Mr. Harris Chandler Shelley; Mildred Condon '35 to Mr. Edward Hart; Dorothy Charlton '35 to Mr. James Westwood Greely; Ruth M. Keyes '36 to Mr. Henry Wendt; Muriel Ray '36 to Mr. Charles Gardner Hunt; Doris Fiacre '35-36 to Mr. Donald Kimball Tag; M. Virginia Webb '37 to Mr. Charles Reginald Armstrong; Eleanor Kenney '37 to Mr. William Henry Barthold, Jr.; Margaret Magner '38 to Mr. Willard Youngblood; Virginia Squiers '38 to Mr. Robert Scudder Read; Lois Wadhams '38 to Mr. A. Hamilton Anderson; Helen Meyercord '34-35 to Mr. Wesley Ewing Gwatkin; and Eloise Lane '35-39 to Mr. George M. Rideout.

ATTENTION: Lasell Girls of '19, '20 and '21: Please read this spontaneous, fine suggestion from Katherine Rice Brook '20, and as far as possible accept the cordial invitation. From her home, Lone Pine Court, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, Kay writes to the *Personals* Editor:

Twenty's Twentieth! At our last class meeting, as Senior, we deigned to think of our Fifth Reunion and to talk it up; but our Tenth? Oh my, no! that was too far in the future to even consider. And now—our *Twentieth* is upon us!

About three weeks ago Eloise Carey Wadley '20, Peg Perley Downey '20 and I met in Detroit to inaugurate plans for our June reunion. Needless to say, most of the day was spent in reminiscence and the plans suffered—but only for that day. We have now made progress for the best reunion ever!

One idea did come out of that meeting, however, that I hope will bear fruit; namely, that we invite the members of '19 and '21 to cele-

brate with us. There are no doubt many '19'ers who were unable to come back to Lasell last June and who would enjoy visiting the college with the Juniors of their Senior year, their "torchbearers". And there are many of '21 who would like to be back with their Seniors. Lillian Doane Maddigan '21 has written me that she plans to return this June.

During the Easter vacation I had a fine visit from by sister Carol '16. As you know, she is at present the resident physician at Sweet Briar College in Virginia. She still excels in hockey, and lately has added golf and riding to her many accomplishments.

Helen Warner Gankler '18 and I were among the many at Lasell who were knitting for the A.E.F. during the last World War. Now, after all these years, we are back together again knitting for the Red Cross. Helen is in charge of knitting for the entire Oakland County, and I am in charge of the work at the Christ Church, Cranbrook branch. The County Chapter is the largest in the State of Michigan, outside of Detroit. Florence Jones Allen '12 and Ethel Wills Potter '19-20 are very active members of this unit. Peg and Eloise are well known throughout the state in their respective fields: Peg is a department head in the Women's Auxiliary of the Diocese of Michigan; and Eloise is soloist in Saginaw and Bay City churches, a member of the Saginaw Hospital Board and holds many other comparable positions.

There may not be many "old girls" in Michigan, but we make up in quality what we lack in quantity. And I realize too that I do not come in contact with *all* of Michigan's Lasell girls. I am sure there are others with enviable records.

I sincerely hope that this note finds you "well and happy" and ready to celebrate with us your Sixtieth and our Twentieth. We shared your Fiftieth with you ten years ago and had such a grand time!

Until June eighth—

K. Rice Brook '20.

Two of our former Lasell students have attained marked distinction at Wellesley Col-

lege in the Class of 1940. At the special "Honors Day" chapel held recently at the college, Elizabeth Leland '38 and Antonia Boissevain (Jan.-June '38) were elected Senior Wellesley College Scholars. Lasell Junior College takes satisfaction in having served in the preparatory training of these students and extends to them and their honor-classmates at Wellesley deserved congratulations.

How unfortunate for us that Janet Kennedy Chapman '30-32 made her long hoped-for return to Lasell while we chanced to be off on our annual outing. Don't defer your next visit, Janet, for we long to hear all about your daily program, especially your little daughter, and also the latest word concerning our Portland Lasell girls.

President Winslow is still making generous use of Winslow Hall for the pleasure and benefit of local citizens and very often guests from a distance. On April 6th the Massachusetts Schoolmasters were his guests. Some 160 delegates enjoyed the Winslow Hall luncheon, and the special speaker was Dr. Walter Crosby Eells of Washington, D. C., executive secretary of the American Association of Junior Colleges. Those present included college presidents and school superintendents. Miss Anna Eichhorn and Prof. Harold Schwab of Lasell's music faculty added a most delightful part to this program.

What a joy it was to welcome home to Lasell Mary Hannah Bingham '14, accompanied by her niece Katharine, whom we are earnestly hoping will be with us next year. In her note to Dr. Winslow, she expresses the joy which was hers over this recent visit at Lasell, and we reply: "Dear Mary, we too rejoiced over your return and the added pleasure of meeting your charming niece." It was fortunate that your visit occurred at the time of the Lasell Alumnae reunion, where you had an opportunity to meet many of your old college mates.

Bess Robinson Breed '06-07 is always a carrier of good news, and in her last note Bess enclosed a group picture of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club officials, and also a likeness

of President Julia Case '32. This suggests that the Hartford press is in appreciative touch with the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club. Bess enthusiastically exclaims at the close of her message: "It is wonderful to see the younger girls taking such active part in our Lasell clubs. I had a pleasant time at our winter meeting at the Hotel Vendome. How thrilling it was to see so many of the girls in attendance! To me it was the finest winter meeting we have ever had."

Dear *Personals* Editor,

A very happy little segment of Lasell met recently at Beth Peirce Bittenbender's ('04-06) to celebrate her sister, Mildred Peirce Fuller's ('06), birthday. It is not at all in point to say which birthday of a person who, like yourself, will be eternally young, living on the love of the world as you both do.

Beth's house, "Drumlin", located in Cohasset, is the realized dream of every real home-lover. Her artistry is apparent in every detail of color scheme and arrangement, and in addition to the harmonious domesticity of a Cocker spaniel and a picture-book pussy cat, rare little birds were eating happily from the feeding station outside one of the windows.

Another guest, Helen Carter Marcy '06, has lately found time among her many absorbing interests to take up painting. She had pictures of Richard's beautiful baby, and loves being a grandmother.

Miriam Nelson Flanders '05 was there too, and it is good to have her near us in Boston again. Her son Charles is back from exciting travels, and with her daughter Florence, who is studying violin and playing with a trio, Miriam is enjoying her apartment on Clearway Street.

Just as we were discussing the various literary successes of Mildred's Timothy, in came Timothy's Martha with a new book for use in the schools. It had in it one of Timothy's stories that had been selected for study and appreciation.

As our news exchange was based principally on the LEAVES items, you have our loving thanks for keeping us in touch with one another.

er; but Lasell itself gave us that enduring bond of friendship that springs up like a fountain whenever there is a meeting of girls who once shared the same beloved traditions.

If it were not for my great joy in my work at the Woodward School and Boston University, I should terribly regret that it keeps me from coming to you oftener, but one of these beguiling spring days I shall play truant and find you.

With affectionate greetings to all the dear Lasell family,

Maude Simes Harding '06

The older members of Lasell's faculty and others who have served for years at the college, as well as a host of personal friends will be grieved to learn of the sudden death, April 12th, of John Ransom Bragdon at his Pasadena, California home. He was the only son of our late president-emeritus, Dr. and Mrs. Charles C. Bragdon. Mr. Bragdon was a graduate of Williams College, a member of the D.K.E. fraternity, and for the past fourteen years served as clerk of the local community church. Lasell's deepest sympathy is extended to his wife and sister, Belle Bragdon Kelsey '95, and other members of the bereaved family.

It was a distinct pleasure to welcome home to Lasell at the beginning of spring vacation, Ethel McKeig Butler '11-12. This was Ethel's first visit at Lasell since her school days, and her "guide about campus" was none other than her daughter, Marion, a member of our Junior Class. During her brief eastern visit, Ethel got in touch with Margaret Williams Titus '11-12 of Binghamton, N. Y.

Ruth Hopkins Spooner '23: Yes, the "Little White Doves, unchaperoned" arrived safely. They proved to be veritable carrier pigeons, bringing to us an aftermath of birthday cheer, which I am sure will last far into my new year.

Inquiries are frequently made concerning our former faculty member, Miss Carrie M. True. We are happy to report that she is a near neighbor of Lasell, her address being 99 Hancock Street, Auburndale. Miss True is at

present enjoying a motor trip through Georgia and the Southland.

The *Personals* Editor thanks you, Eleanor Young Hord '85-87, for sending to our office the announcement of the marriage of your granddaughter, Eleanor Ray '38, to Hugh B. Lee, Jr. Mrs. Hord adds this word: "Eleanor has always been so happy to have gone to Lasell and is hoping several of her friends will enroll at the college next year. Our school time '87-'38 at Lasell was separated by fifty years, but it has drawn us very close together. Kindest regards to the Lasell family."

Occasionally I receive a greeting which "warms even the cockles of my heart." In a rash moment we have openly exclaimed, "I was born in South Carolina and have never gotten warmed up since coming North." One "Dove" evidently recalled that confession for the other day I received just this warm, suggestive word from the 'girl with a good memory: "Miami Beach. April the seventh. Miss Potter, you would love this heat, but I am actually baked and stewed to a cinder. Lovingly, Jeannette."

Nell Woodward Collins '15 and her younger daughter Marjory accompanied one of the delegates to the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Schoolmasters' Club, held at Winslow Hall on April 6th. This Alumna devoted her time to Lasell and her faculty friends. It was an unusual treat to welcome home this ex-president of the Class of 1915. Accept our word for it that Nell Woodward Collins looked to us even younger and more attractive than did Nell Woodward of her Lasell days. While her daily program is filled with worthwhile activities, her home and family duties stand paramount. We were especially interested to hear of her "little" son (as we remembered him, but now six feet plus), who is studiously devoted to radio work. They say women are good guessers, so watch for the Collins Radio of the future! Nell also brought good news of her sisters, Josephine Woodward Rand '10 of Brookline, and Jean Woodward Nelson '22 of Denver, Colorado. Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Woodward, are enjoying good

health and still at home in Denver. They so endeared themselves to us in the old days we then adopted them as honorary members of the Lasell family.

Lorraine Lombard '31 is back according to her own word after "a wonderful season spent in Florida." She reports talking over earnestly with Gertrude Hooper '32 at a meeting in the spring of the Portland (Maine) Lasell Club. Good news, Lorraine. May your plans for this Alumnae meeting materialize. Especially glad were we to get the good report concerning your own dear self.

April of this year was marked by the return of several students from a long distance. Myrtle Brix Buehner '15 of Portland, Oregon, was accompanied by her former schoolmate, Edna Christensen Beckwith '13-15, formerly of Minneapolis but now living at 60 View Street, Fitchburg, Mass. Myrtle casually referred to her twenty-year old daughter, and we found it difficult to believe this young "old girl" was the mother of a college junior. We enjoyed both visitors but felt it disappointing to have such a brief interview after long awaiting their return to Lasell.

We regret the delay in receiving the announcement of the marriage of Virginia Lee Johnson '30 to Mr. William Fraser Burdick solemnized on December 14th. On the occasion the beautiful candlelight service was used in the old Bennington (Vt.) Congregational Church. Ruth Ericson Howerton '30, Virginia's Lasell classmate, served as matron of honor. Through the courtesy of Miss Eleanor Perley, we received a beautiful picture of Virginia in her bridal robes, and regret we cannot share it with her many Lasell friends.

Jane Spear Wender '33 is certainly a member of the advance guard when it comes to applying on time for a place on the Lasell roster for her little twin daughters, born September 11, 1935. Should her plans for these wee girls materialize, they will represent the third generation of Lasell girls in that family for Jane and her mother, Ray Spitz Spear '01-03, were both students at Lasell Junior College. Jane keeps in constant touch with

her Alma Mater through her former music teacher, Miss Helen Goodrich, and also declares her indebtedness to the *Personals* for most welcomed Lasell news.

For us, April fifth did not bring an April shower but a downright western blizzard. But suddenly the sky brightened for Audrey Slawson, '38, former editor of the *LEAVES*, appeared. She had just returned from two months' wintering in Florida, accompanying her mother. Audrey is planning to serve as a secretary at the New York World's Fair, which opens early in May. She is also enthusiastically talking up a Westchester County Lasell Club. And why not? With the help of such enthusiasts as Ruth Meighan '38, Elda Yapple '38, Carole Myers '38 and others, the club should be a success from the start. We gather from this young Alumna that it would not be solely a social club but after the fashion of the Omaha-Council Bluffs Club, it would have a worthy philanthropic objective. Audrey's parting word was, "It is whispered that Irene Dreissigacker '37 will be married this spring."

Although officially on the "retired" list, Mabelle Whitney '03 is one of the busiest post-graduates from whom we have recently heard. She writes from her home in Waterport, Maine: "It is just thirty-seven years ago today that I became a member of the Auburn-dale Methodist Church." What an active superannuate Miss Whitney is—still serving as the superintendent of the local church school in her home town. She recently had an afternoon tea for the oldest members of the women's guild and in the group there was one guest eighty years of age, another eighty-six and a third ninety-three, but "all seemed to enjoy the program—even entering into some of the games". Mabelle closes with this message: "How I wish you were sitting beside me, looking out at the ice cakes as they are floating down the river. Just a few moments ago, there were only small bits of ice here and there, but now the large cakes are covering the water—almost to the opposite shore. A sea gull just floated by on a large cake of ice

enjoying, I suppose, an ice-boat ride, or rather more truly, an iceberg float. Now the color is creeping into the trees and all through the forest for it is sunset. Oh, how I love my home and its surroundings!"

Earl Frothingham Potter, Christian Gentleman—is the title of a tender message written by the rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Minneapolis. This loving tribute was paid the late senior warden, who for twenty-two years had given loyal service to his home church. Mr. Potter was the devoted brother of our Dean Emeritus, Lillie R. Potter '80; father of Mary Potter McConn '05 and Julia Potter Schmidt '06, and grandfather of Mary McConn Maguire '29. For several years his youngest daughter, the late Lillie N. Potter, was a member of our college. In the passing away of Mr. Potter, Lasell has lost a beloved friend.

"Though from our earthly sight he has passed;
All that we loved in him—all this shall last,
Years had but added more peace to his face,
Strength and serenity, grace unto grace;
Though from our earthly sight he is gone,
All that we loved in him—this will live on."

President Winslow attended the annual meeting in February of the American Association of Junior Colleges held in Columbia, Missouri. At a faculty meeting shortly following his return to Lasell, he shared with us valuable facts concerning the continued growth of the junior college movement, and also changes proposed in the curricula of junior colleges which will give special attention to the individual needs and educational trend of the students. There is an increasing demand in the business world for such trained leadership. Dr. Winslow also called attention to the value of the Junior College Journal, which is on file in the Lasell Library.

Dear Amy Tuthill Smith '18, in the parlance of your present-day successors at Lasell, "it was just dear of you" to send that word of appreciation backed up with a nosegay of Vermont garden flowers. Here is a suggestion: Forest Hall West, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont, is not so far away from

Lasell Junior College, Auburndale. Why not take a deserved vacation from your present duties and come home some day soon for a real visit with your Massachusetts Alma Mater and your Lasell friends here who have long been hoping for your return?

One of the busiest business women is our Esther Josselyn '27, but it is just like her to reserve time for serving her Alma Mater. A meeting of the L.A.A. officials brought her recently to the college and to us for only a moment, but we felt more equal to our now limited duties because of this interview.

It is often claimed that the secret of good health includes a reasonable program of good hard work. One of the busiest Alumnae we know is neighbor Evelina Perkins '15. She conducts two weekly classes in cooking for a Boys' Club of fifty young students in Waltham. Not only do these embryo chefs get a chance to enjoy plenty of "eats", which of course is always a pleasurable activity for any boy, but also they learn the practical lessons of the problems of cooking simple dishes and arranging them into wholesome meals. From the chaos of flour, dough, and occasional smoke, there emerges, through the alchemy of Miss Perkins' love and understanding of boys, a boyhood keenly aware of the difficulties and importance of the work that women do. Proud though he may be of his ability to successfully surmount at last the mysteries of cookery, each boy is chastened by the awesome size and complexity of the daily food problem. A wholesome respect for womanhood results. Evelina uses many of the recipes furnished her by Miss Dorothy Shenk of Lasell Junior College. These young cooks and their patrons are usually good natured and, fortunately so, for in one case a boy-cook ground up both the cheese and paper wrapper together. In addition to these cooking classes, Miss Perkins has charge of the Waltham High School cafeteria, does catering work on the outside, sponsors two basketball teams, is seen at all the high school hockey and basketball games, and all in all, succeeds in being a very busy and popular woman.

A great bereavement has recently visited Julia Crafts Sheridan '10 and her dear mother, Mrs. Arthur A. Crafts, in the sudden passing of Mr. Arthur A. Crafts, their beloved father and husband. Seldom have we seen more loving tributes paid to any citizen than were paid to Mr. Crafts. Governor Barrows of Maine and two former governors testified to their personal love for and appreciation of this outstanding citizen. Lasell Junior College extends deepest sympathy to Mrs. Crafts and to Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan.

By the time the May LEAVES are in print, we feel sure Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Winslow will be again up north in their New Hampshire home with its Vermont view. We thank Mrs. Winslow for taking a moment in the midst of her crowded visiting days in Mexico to remember Lasell. The reference to Rosalind (Winslow Myers '20-21) and her husband is certainly unusual and fascinating. Mrs. Winslow writes: "Mr. Myers is now in Chiapas, the Mexican state bordering the northwestern part of Guatemala taking colored moving pictures of the different tribes of Indians living there. When the natives are celebrating special occasions and dressed in their gay colors, they make very unusual movies. Rosalind is our guide for sightseeing in this interesting city. Mrs. Parker is well acquainted with Taxco, another city we recently visited, and she can tell you about the very ancient and beautiful cathedral there. We have seen many Indians sitting near the streets with their handmade goods, and fruits and vegetables for sale. The Mexican architecture is very interesting. White stucco walls are commonly used, and behind them we often catch glimpses of beautiful gardens and high climbing flowering vines. It is the summer season here. E. A. W."

We are frequently coming in contact with Betty Grant '41, daughter of Mildred Snyder Grant '10. It is a joy to have this merry, gifted girl in our midst, especially since we are near neighbors, living only four doors away in Bragdon, down what was known in my Lasell days as "Happy Hall".

SKY-HIGH VIEWS OF CHINA

by Dr. Ruth Emery

Travel bureaus have managed to remove not only most discomforts from the experiences of modern tourists, but also much of the colorful adventure which attend travelers in out-of-the-way places. This is not a criticism of travel agencies as a whole. For the efficient management of my round-the-world tour in 1937 by Thomas Cook and Sons, I have only praise. Some of my most delightful associations are connected with those few occasions when, through no fault of theirs, the arrangements went wrong.

Such an occasion was the trip from Shanghai to Hongkong. All shipping had been delayed by a storm the week that I was in Shanghai, and as the day for departure approached and the presidential liner on which I was to travel to Hongkong did not arrive, it became apparent that a change in my itinerary would have to be made. Air service was advised. The trip by plane required but nine hours and this arrangement seemed the only one which could be absolutely counted upon to make connections with the P. and O. boat for Calcutta.

As we took our places in the small aquaplane, I noticed that the pilot was an American—I heard him speak to his assistant in a southern drawl. All the passengers were Chinese; one well-dressed, dignified couple proved to be the governor of the province and his wife.

The overcast sky at the early hour of five-thirty seemed to be causing the pilot and airport authorities some concern, and our departure was delayed until weather reports from farther south were received. At last we were off!

The route followed the coast. An irregular shore line bordered by hundreds of small islands lay below. We flew low enough so we could see thatched houses, green gardens, and men working on the land or fishing in boats along the shore.

At Wenchow, two hours south of Shanghai, we came down for fuel. The plane landed

on the river, along side of a raft laden with barrels of fuel. At the improvised waiting room there was further talk about the weather, and the pilot was frankly worried over the poor visibility. Half an hour of flying south of Wenchow proved his fears well founded. The fog shut in on us, blotting out land and sea. The pilot and his assistant anxiously watched their maps and instruments; soon the plane banked and turned, and I realized they had decided to go back. With some relief we began to see the earth through thin places in the clouds and finally landed again on the river at Wenchow, where the plane was moored to the raft to wait clearer weather.

I began to notice the strange river craft that went by. On the decks of some of these weather-beaten sampans women were cooking, men trawled for fish in the muddy water, children squatted over games on the deck and stared at the plane as they passed. Rafts loaded with bamboo were poled by boatmen who chanted rhythmically as they bent together or chattered and laughed excitedly when their poles stuck in the mud. The patience and good humor of all about us were contagious, and I settled down to watching the strange pageant without great concern about our delay.

By late afternoon rain began to fall and it became apparent that further flight that day was out of the question. About six o'clock the pilot explained the situation: there was no first-class hotel in Wenchow, a boarding house which would be neither clean nor comfortable by any standards was all that could be provided. The air company had a house in Wenchow for its employees, and the one guest room was offered to me. Soon small boats came alongside the plane and we were poled ashore. At the landing coolies with rickshaws jostled each other for our patronage. The air company's house was surrounded by blooming peach trees and the look of orderliness about the low wooden building within a walled courtyard contrasted with the littered street through which we had come. The Chinese caretaker and his wife met us at the door and served tea.

Our chief thought, as we hadn't eaten since early morning, was a good dinner. The pilot, his assistant and I set out for the business section by rickshaw to find something to eat. The men had stayed over night in the town before and knew something of its accommodations. They directed coolies through dark, narrow streets into a muddy court yard; we went up a flight of sagging stairs and through a sort of kitchen into a small dining room beyond. The meal which followed remains in my memory as one of the strangest I have ever eaten, and perhaps because I was so hungry, one of the most delicious. We were first given some little raw clams or snails—I am not sure which—that were a most unappetizing dark red color, but which tasted much like oysters. Then a large bowl of fish soup was set in the middle of the table; the fish, with head still on, had been put into the bowl whole and seemed to be viewing the company with a reproachful expression that bothered me a bit at first. But squeamishness seemed out of order. We had no individual dishes but all ate from the bowl in the center of the table. Our *implements* were porcelain spoons and chop sticks, which proved quite adequate. We dismantled the fish and quickly finished the broth—surprisingly flavored with ginger. The next dish of chicken and small lima beans, served with rice, was delicious. A dessert of fruits in syrup, dried watermelon seeds and hot wine served in small china cups completed the meal.

When we returned to the house, we retired immediately for the pilot said we must be on our way by five the next morning. My room had a bare cot and washstand with bowl and pitcher. We had brought with us the blankets provided on the plane as lap robes for passengers. There were handicaps to a restful night: the mattress had gathered dampness in the unheated house, and in spite of blankets and a flannel dressing gown, I was cold. It continued to rain heavily outside, and I worried for fear we might not set sail in the morning. Another day's delay would prevent my getting the boat for Calcutta. The next morning it still rained and we waited all day at the

plane for indications of clearing weather. I passed some time talking with the pilot's assistant, a Chinese boy born in Chicago. He was reading *Gone with the Wind*, and in dull intervals we discussed what Scarlett O'Hara ought to have done. Several times the rain stopped and we took off only to run into fog farther south and were forced to turn back. About four in the afternoon we started again and in spite of some periods of blind flying were able to land at the next fuel station, Foochow.

The night at Foochow proved more comfortable. The Chinese passengers went to a native hotel, but I chose an English pension, where an elderly English couple welcomed me as though I had been a guest.

To our relief, the following morning proved to be fair. By five-thirty we had all assembled at the plane and the rest of the journey passed without mishap—or almost. As we were within sight of Hongkong the plane struck an air pocket which caused it to drop unexpectedly and most of the passengers were thrown from their seats. We hit our heads sharply on the top, but when after a minute of confusion the results were calculated, they proved painful but not serious.

A trim-looking Chinese girl on the landing said she represented Cook's agency and was at my service. She led the way to a waiting automobile and drove with me to a beautiful modern hotel. I inquired anxiously about passage to India for the Calcutta boat had sailed. Her reply was reassuring; the agency had secured a place for me on a Japanese boat leaving in five days. As I look back upon the tour as a whole, it is some of the moments when the system broke down as on the flight to Hongkong that I recall with greatest pleasure.

RUTH EMERY, '19-20.

In the death of Dr. Eliza Hall Kendrick, Lasell has lost a former member of her faculty and a most valued friend. Dr. Kendrick served as head of the department of biblical literature at Wellesley College for twenty years. In 1926 she was elected president of the National Association of Biblical Instruc-

tors, which she helped organize in 1906. She was president in 1916-17 of the collegiate section of the Religious Education Association, was a member of the council of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, and a member of the American Oriental Society. The influence of this distinguished scholar and teacher will ever remain as an abiding benediction to those who came under her wise instruction.

A friendly message combined with a business note came recently to Dr. Winslow from Miriam DeFrain Bell Bell '19 of Beaver Falls, Penna. Miriam regrets missing her class reunion last June, but is keeping in touch with her Alma Mater through her renewed subscriptions to the school papers. She also suggested the name of a possible Lasell candidate for next year, and we appreciate this active interest on the part of our Alumnae. Bereavement has recently visited her home, but Miriam adds: "Our four children are well, so we have a great deal for which to be thankful. You will no doubt hear from me in the near future concerning our Louise. I am hoping to have her attend my Alma Mater, where she will meet and make friends with other Lasell 'daughters'. I wonder if Dean Rand remembers me, and would mother another Bell as she did me at Gardner in 1919. Miss Rand is and always has been a credit to Lasell in any capacity. Please remember me to all who may remember me. M. D. B."

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Maguire (Mary McConn '29) of Dallas, Texas, are rejoicing over the advent of their son, Thomas Gene, born February 20th. Thomas is the first grandson in Mary Potter McConn's ('06) family.

That was a far-away call on the part of Miriam Goff '37 and her parents when they travelled from their Massachusetts home to Honolulu, going largely for the sea voyage. While in Hawaii, Miriam had a pleasant meeting with "Cindy" King Haskins '35 and Helen Henderson Chillingsworth '39.

"Dear *Personals* Editor:

"After reading the especially newsy February LEAVES, I could not resist the temptation

to write you at once. I am positive there isn't a more friendly affection for classmates elsewhere than is exhibited by Lasell girls.

"My son is now almost four years old, and Sandra Lee, my three year old daughter, seems nearly out of the baby stage. I have been kept so busy being 'mother' that I haven't had time to do much else. However, I have kept in contact with a few of my classmates. Kay Seward Cobb '33-34, her husband and young son were our guests at a recent week-end party in Falmouth. Frances Day '34 is now a teacher in the domestic science department of the Medford High School. Helen Gibbs Allen '34 and her family, including the three-year old son and baby daughter, are living in Norwood and we meet frequently. I also enjoy occasional chats with Kate Black Tallon '32-33 of Wellesley.

"My sister-in-law may enroll at Lasell next fall. I am more than anxious to have her do so, for I did so enjoy my years there.

"Sincerely,

"Bettina Potter Janse '34."

Lasell Junior College has a First Lady *pro tem* in the person of wee Jean MacCuspie who took possession of her new domain on February 4th. Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Norman E. MacCuspie (Marjorie Winslow '28) and also to President and Mrs. Winslow over the advent of this their first little granddaughter.

Wee Jean's company of young ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting include:

Dec. 13—A son, John, to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lane (Ruth Kerns '28).

Feb. 9—A daughter, Sarah Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Homer A. Rawson (Harriett Smith '33).

Feb. 11—A son, John Stuart, to Mr. and Mrs. John B. Bliss (Maude Lee '33).

Feb. 18—A daughter, Nancy Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Folger (Sue Carpenter '35-36).

Feb. 19—A daughter, Mary Susan, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard P. Stephens (Mary Kay Laffrey '35-36).

Feb. 20—A son, Thomas Gene, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Maguire (Mary McConn '29).

Feb. 29—A daughter, Sandra, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ormsby (Dorothy Corliss '39).

Mar. 10—A son, Richard Benton, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. McCray (Katherine Maxwell '34).

Apr. 18—A son, Mark Taylor, to Mr. and Mrs. Connors Pilgrim (Constance Hatch '38).

Apr. 25—A daughter, Virginia Collins, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Sleigh (Frances Turner '32).

At last I am moved to openly refer to the *Personals* Editor's latest boy friend. Beside the picture of one of the most attractive little lads we find this message: "I am David Kendall, Jr., and I would like to make your acquaintance. My first birthday will be March 10th and I only hope you will think I am big enough to be your Valentine." And this postscript from his mother, Betty Way Kendall '29-30, follows: "I do hope to see you at Lasell next summer."

We shall be watching and waiting for you, dear Betty, and why not allow that lovely little David to accompany you.

An interesting announcement has recently been called to our attention by Mrs. Winslow. The attractive folder reads: "The Redmond Studios, 15 Fayette Street, Boston, Mass. The Studios are located on a historic old street, about five minutes' walk from Park Square. Visitors are always welcome. Orders are taken by these craftsmen, and special designs and materials can be supplied." Among the list of instructors, mastercraftsman members of The Arts and Crafts Society of Boston, is the name of Myra L. Davis (Lasell '95-97), whose specialty is hand loom weaving and spinning.

To our Alumnae office, Etta M. Thayer '07 writes from 413 Avenue F, Crowley, Louisiana: "I was sorry the last issue of the LEAVES failed to reach me. I have been traveling in New York and Vermont for the past seven months and regret I was unable to include Lasell in my itinerary. While in Burlington I visited Mildred Woodbury Page '05-07, and Florence Lane Staebner '07 was my hostess while in Washington, D. C."

Charlotte Wythe Rideout '08-09 is still hold-

ing Lasell in loyal remembrance, and what is more has recently recommended her college and ours to a young Colorado girl, whom we hope will follow Charlotte's advice and enroll at Lasell. Charlotte is at present a member of the State College faculty at San Jose, California. To Dr. Winslow, she writes: "I think often of my New England college and the happy days spent at Lasell so long ago." This successful pedagogue has served the State College for the past fourteen years with an occasional season at the University of California. She closes with, "warmest good wishes for Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, and the Misses With-erbee, Rand, Heinrich and Mlle. LeRoy."

Charlotte: What about a sabbatical year, and include in your eastern itinerary Lasell? Our still new \$100,000 Winslow Hall had an audience last Commencement Day of 1,000. It was indeed an imposing sight. Come and see for yourself the forward movement of Lasell Junior College, and give us the opportunity to welcome home Charlotte Wythe Rideout.

To Dr. Winslow, Gail Wilson Boynton '18 writes: "I am enclosing the death notice of Mrs. Louise Bull Billings '92-93 and an editorial which appeared in the Rutland (Vermont) paper. Kindest regards to you, Mrs. Winslow and the Lasell family. Perhaps the time is not far distant when a Lasell Ski Train will make its destination the Green Mountains."

The following tribute is paid to our former student, Louise Bull Billings, by the local press: "Mrs. Billings was a direct descendant of Timothy Bull, the first town moderator in Danby, Vermont. Although not in public office, the life of the late Mrs. Billings was significant for good works, good citizenship and busy years devoted to home, family and community." Lasell Junior College extends sincere sympathy to the members of the bereaved family.

When Alice Conklin Bevin Leewitz '13-14 suddenly appeared in our office one April morning, we found it difficult to believe that this Parisienne-clad, animated, young artist was just over from the European war zone.

Her call was brief but closed with the promise that she "would be seeing us" again soon. Alice left with us a current French magazine in which she has written an article, "I Paint as I Please". We are indeed happy to share with our readers excerpts from the article written by this gifted Alumna, whose mother Grace Conklin Bevin '84-85, is also a former Lasell girl, and whose daughter, Betty Leewitz, is now enrolled at the college as a high school student.

"From all the portraits and studies I have done, I have learned much beyond mere composition and the bare technique of painting that each new subject teaches us—I have gained a knowledge of life itself. The people I have painted throughout the world from the Arctic Ocean to the border of the Sahara desert, have not only impressed me by the contrast between their various types, but they have shown me many sides of life hitherto unknown.

"A great deal has been said and written about the artist's ability to read the souls of his sitters. He does so undoubtedly, whether consciously or not. Invariably, the sitter becomes confidential while posing, in much the same way as the patient confides in his doctor. Listening with only half an ear as the artist mixes the flesh tones, the character of the subject takes form. In painting persons whom I thought I knew intimately, it has happened to me to discover that I had never known them.

"What tales I heard from Yamina, the Arab dancing-girl in Bou-Saada; from the old sardine fisherman in Brittany; from the beautiful Spanish senora recounting fascinating stories of her glamorous life in Madrid. Each of these pictures represents not only a work of art to me, but recalls an individual life with its joys and sorrows. Where is the Lapp fishing guide today? Where is the Arab sheik whose portrait I did on the edge of the desert? What has become of the gay and carefree German peasant-girl I painted in Berichsgaden and the pretty Jugoslavian girl I sketched in Montenegro?

"Walter Duranty writes as he pleases, but I paint as I please. For me there is no greater pleasure than doing the portrait of someone I feel an irresistible desire to paint—an old man whose life story is written in every wrinkle and crease of his weather-beaten face; or a beautiful young girl, untouched as yet by life, whose freshness and vivid coloring are almost impossible to reproduce. And hands—what stories they tell! the gnarled and knotted fingers of the old Brittany fisherman, the toil-worn hands of an old peasant woman, the red-tipped idle white hands of the society woman, or the long sensitive fingers of the musician.

"This is not the moment to paint a beautiful bouquet of flowers or Paris under snow, but out of all this I hope to gain one more experience, that of having the opportunity of studying closely the faces of leaders who hold in their hands the destinies of the world. I cannot paint trivial things today when I remember that only one week before the war began, I painted a Russian orthodox church in Helsingfors, which is today probably a mass of smouldering ruins—when I recall the smiling Lapp guide I sketched in Kolttakongas, who is now fighting for his life and the freedom of his country; or when I think of the present plight of our charming Helsingfors hostess, the niece of Sibelius."

An exhibition of Mrs. Leewitz's painting has recently been held in New York City, and we wish for this Alumna continued success in her chosen field.

Time and again we are indebted to Barbara Vail Bosworth '05, and this time for several valuable contributions to our column. Mildred Shaw Curtis '09-10 and her husband have been recent guests of Florence Thompson Lemoine '09-10 of North Sydney, N. S. Florence's daughter Dorothy is now attending college, and the second daughter, Betty, is married and resides in New Glasgow, N. S. While in Nova Scotia, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis saw signs of war activity everywhere—sea planes protecting the cable station at North Sydney, soldiers parading and women knitting.

Barbara also forwarded this item concerning Mabel Harrison Whittier's ('02-03) family: "Mabel's daughter, Eleanor, is the mother of two sons, Robert age 12 and Philip age 8. Barbara Whittier is now Mrs. Walter G. Tibbets of Newton Centre, and has one son, Walter Grenville Tibbets, 3d."

Marion Bliven MacDonald '21 writes from 826 Forest Avenue, Wilmette, Illinois: "We have just returned from a month in Phoenix, Arizona, and it is high time I did what I agreed to do two months ago—ask the school to send a catalog to the daughter of a very good friend of ours. I can assure you Shirley is the type of girl Lasell wants.

"We are living in Chicago for the second time in five years and I hope permanently. We lived in St. Paul for two years, and while there we met Carol Slocum Engelbert '19-20 and her husband, and had many good times together. My husband's family live in Brockton, and I am hoping to squeeze in a few minutes with you the next time we come east. Please remember me to Senora Orozco and tell her she would have been amazed to hear my Spanish in Mexico last year. M. B. M."

We thank you, Doris Brown Ranlett '21, for forwarding to our office the fine likeness of your own veritable Sonia Heine. Doris' thirteen-year old daughter, Cynthia, is one of Westfield's youngest figure skaters, and is a member of the U. S. Figure Skating Association. Cynthia, we have our eyes on you and hope you will glide into Lasell in the near future.

Olive Bates Dumas '10 and her husband with a few congenial friends are enjoying their second winter's outing in Florida. Olive is hoping to meet Helen Hood '10 at Palm Beach, and possibly come in touch with Mildred Goodall Campbell '10 in Miami. To us, the high spot in Olive's itinerary is Lasell Junior College, where she has promised to come early in June, "if not sooner". She refers with tender sympathy to the recent sorrow of her classmate, Julia Crafts Sheridan '10.

Barbara King Haskins '35 is still in far-away Hawaii, but one day not long since she seemed

very near when we had the privilege of entertaining her charming young mother, Mrs. R. E. King, who brought the latest news from our "Cindy", illustrated with dear snapshots of Cindy's baby daughter. Accompanying Mrs. King was Elaine Schultz and her mother, Mrs. C. A. Schultz, of Meriden. This attractive Connecticut girl is to be with us next year and will certainly be a worthy successor to our Barbara King Haskins '35.

Just this good word from Helen Schaack '31: "I am hoping to be with you in June, and look forward to my Commencement visit. Please give my best regards to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Rand, and other college friends."

Mr. and Mrs. William Oates (Margaret Nichols '38) of Fort Wayne, Indiana, left on their wedding day, March 27th, direct for Cambridge, where Mr. Oates is completing his postgraduate work at Harvard College. A few days later they reported at Lasell, where Margie's sister Catherine is a member of the graduating class. They tarried long enough at the college to receive our hearty congratulations. Their present address is 51 Garfield Street, Watertown, Mass.

If anyone can judge from appearances, Mary Ruth Sanford '35-36 and her mother, Irene Sauter Sanford '06, are not "in the red". Just a brief call from them on April 7th, at which time the young pedagogue reported a successful and a very happy year with her new venture—a day school for very young pupils. In fact, Mary Ruth declared they were a group of veritable "toddlers". She is happy over the prospect of a larger enrollment another year. The latest Westfield news they brought is that Clarissa Gibbs Smith '04-05 is rejoicing over the advent of a second granddaughter, Susan Shepard Fuller, born April fifth.

Clara Nims '07: Your busy life in the Children's Library in Watertown, N. Y., is not so exacting as to prevent you from remembering your older Lasell friends in distant places. Don't let some other summer resort divert you from your annual visit to New England. You have declared you look forward to this out-

ing, and we are free to add we count on your coming. Please don't disappoint us, Clara.

The *Personals* Editor was grieved to learn of the passing away, January 25th, of Margaret E. Cornell, daughter of our Helen Merriam Cornell '02-03, and our deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

The following announcement is from an April issue of the Lansford, Penna., *Record*: "Appointment of Sarah Gwen Davies as supervisor of vocal music in the Appalachian, N. Y., Central School was announced by Dr. Victor L. F. Rebmann, director of the music department of Ithaca College, Ithaca, N. Y. Miss Davies was graduated from Ithaca College last June with a bachelor of science in music degree, and took post-graduate work during the first semester of the current academic year. She is a graduate of Lasell Junior College, Class of 1937, and a member of Sigma Alpha Iota, national music fraternity for women."

Helen Morgan Riederer '30: That is a winning picture of your Betsy taking a tiptoe peek at her little sister, Amlus Jane. Thank you for Betsy's picture and I hope some day to get a real look at the tiny baby sister in the crib.

And this friendly, appreciative line from Gertrude Leo Wolf '34-35: "I am still enjoying the Lasell LEAVES, especially the *Personals*. Please remember me to Senora Orozco, Misses Eliasson, Hoag and Beede."

To come in close contact with Princeton University is always stimulating. Especially so just now as our representative in that scholarly community is none other than Frances Bragdon West '05. Her husband, Mr. Louis C. West, is engaged in research work at the University. We are pleased that even Princeton is not so absorbing as to cause our Alumna to forget Lasell, her old New England Alma Mater. In a personal note to this department she makes friendly reference to Beth Peirce Bittenbender '04-06 and her older son, Thomas, whose business interests have brought him again to Boston. Frances also refers to Julia Potter Schmidt '06, who with her husband,

Prof. Frederic B. Schmidt, is enjoying her new life at Elgin Academy, Elgin, Illinois.

Dr. Winslow has referred to us this appreciative, recent word from Hilda Knowles Blair '90-92 of 1955 Manhattan Avenue, Hermosa Beach, California: "What little I have done in life was motivated at Lasell. I have had published twenty-six short stories and am now working on a serial. A little teacher, whose name was Miss Tappan, told me I had a gift and *must* write. I remember her so well as she tried her best to put a heedless girl on the right trail."

Word has reached our desk of the recent passing away of the following Alumnae: Jeanette Knights Peterkin '99-00, Emma White Welles '90-93, Gladys Davis '07-09, Irene Beatrice Fuller '14-15 and Elisabeth H. Robinson '19-20. To the bereaved families of these former students, Lasell Junior College extends sincere sympathy.

So sincere was this voluntary word of praise and appeal for the Missionary Society that we are moved to share it with the *Personals* readers. Diane de Castro, a member of the Junior Class, and a group of Lasell's Missionary aides recently visited the Massachusetts State Hospital for Crippled Children at Canton. This fine institution is under the supervision of Dr. John E. Fish, father of our Martha Fish Holmes '25. Diane writes:

"Where do the nickels go that we give to the Missionary Society? That is what so many girls ask, and after our trip of last week, it is easy to answer this question. We want every Lasell girl to know about this wonderful hospital for crippled children, and since our visit I want to tell everyone a little about it: It is a beautiful place, so very homey and sunny, but it is also very sad. One cannot help being moved at the sight of these afflicted children, some of whom will never be cured.

"That is why we must be thankful for all we have and thank God every day for giving us good health. And we must not refuse the bit we have pledged to give weekly. What is a dime to us when we think of the pleasure a new toy will bring to some crippled boy or

girl. Think of this opportunity and let us do our share for these less favored little children. This is but one of the many worthy causes our Missionary Society is helping!"

Between the acts of the Glee Club operetta, "The Pirates of Penzance", held recently at Winslow Hall, we chanced to catch a quick glimpse of three former students. Helen Hamilton '37-39 was the guest of her aunt, Miss Grace Williams, and Frances Austin '37 and Vyrling Rawson '39 told of their busy but interesting programs at Simmons College.

We always welcome news concerning our Alumnae, and are especially anxious to know the whereabouts and whatabouts of our most recent graduates. Harriet J. Clemons '39 is happily placed in a secretarial position at the Brockton National Bank.

Since receiving Evelyn Bostel's ('28) informal note, we have had an official announcement of her wedding on April 22d, to Dr. Charles S. Dotterer. Her husband is a member of the medical staff of the Newport Hospital and also the Homeopathic Hospital in Providence. In the midst of her wedding preparations, Evelyn sent a note to the college requesting Miss Constance Blackstock's Lahore (India) address. She also promised to visit Lasell soon and we are eagerly awaiting your call, Evelyn.

Mary Starr Utter Maxson '12 and Marion Joslin Oppenheimer '12 were among our early April visitors. Most unfortunately for us, we missed their visit. Those who did receive these Alumnae refer with enthusiasm to the meeting, and this only increased our feeling of disappointment over missing these dear classmates.

We wish at this time to express our appreciation to the News Bureau of the Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, R. I. From time to time they have kindly forwarded information concerning outstanding work done at this school by former Lasell students. Their latest bulletin reads: "Barbara Ann McNaught (Lasell '35-36) will model various dresses of her own design at the R. I. School of Design review, 'Fashions of 1940', on April 12th. Miss

McNaught is now in her junior year in the Costume Design division of the department of textiles and clothing. She has taken part in various style shows here at the college."

Lee Shepard's '38 latest loyal gesture on behalf of Lasell Junior College is well worth mentioning. This senior at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, motored all the way to Auburn-dale in order to spend an hour or two with her Lasell friends. On March 21, Lee was initiated into Phi Sigma Fraternity upon attainment of high scholarship and good standing. Lasell's congratulations to this Alumna, who is making good not alone in academic work, but is still actively engaged in the missionary and Christian Endeavor Societies of Miami University.

Margery Fothergill '37 is no longer teaching in the southland. She has returned to her Connecticut home and, following her father's leading, is now happily placed in one of Hartford's well-known insurance firms. Her duties are constant, but she seems to be meeting them easily and is really enjoying her work. It was a pleasure to have even a brief interview with this Alumna. We wish her continued success.

We are indebted to Miss Mary E. Williams of our music faculty for this worthwhile report of Barbara Hersey Moore '37. Barbara led the group singing of the Girl Scouts and spoke on Scouting at a dinner held recently in Mount Vernon, N. Y. She is deeply interested in work of this organization and also remembers gratefully her courses at Lasell.

Many former students have asked for the present address of Dorothy Bragdon Duffields '08-11, and we thank Frances Bragdon West '05 for answering this inquiry. Dorothy's address is 900 Southfield Road, Birmingham, Michigan.

We are pleased to share our readers excerpts from Jessie Shepherd Brennan's ('17) letter. She writes from her New York home:

"I am hoping some day to have a picture of my window-boxes to send you. They are such a joy! The plants all go to the country in June and return in October. This takes quite

a bit of time and care for there are forty potted plants and fifteen glass containers with various kinds of growing vines.

"I also have an interesting collection of dolls, which I exhibited last fall at Christ Church, Park Avenue, New York City. My husband and I are members of this church.

"Regret that I am not in touch with many Lasell girls. Often see Ruth Warren '15-16, who is now living in New York. Marie Klenze Hickey's ('14) daughter, Julia Anne, was in New York for the high school editors' convention at Columbia University. We enjoyed a visit to the International Flower Show and later she was my dinner guest. Julia Anne is very much like her mother, and I thoroughly enjoyed the visit with her.

"My winter's project is practically completed. I have just finished my sixth chair seat of needlepoint. Now I can hardly wait to get started in the garden. How I do enjoy my summers in the country.

"Special greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Irwin, Dean Rand, Mlle. LeRoy and other faculty friends. Always best wishes for Lasell Junior College."

We are indebted to Karin Eliasson '31 for these two late, but fortunately not *too* late, news items. On March 9th a second daughter, Julie Anne, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Wilks (Virginia Hinshaw '31). Virginia adds this word: "I am so glad Nancy has a little sister to keep her company."

And this racey follow-up report from our Ruth Gerry Means '31:

Address: 170 Beech Avenue, Melrose Mass.
Occupation: Wife and mother (very much so).

Employers: My husband and daughter.

College after Lasell: Jordan Secretarial School, Melrose.

Plans for the future: Be a good wife and mother and try to live up to all the ideals Lasell taught me.

My daughter, Marilyn, is three years old and sweet as can be. Please give my love to Miss Potter and all I know at the college. R.G.M.

Barbara Vail Bosworth '05 has just set a

new joy before us in hinting that the Class of 1905 may hold a reunion at Lasell in June.

THE NEW YORK LASELL CLUB

The annual luncheon and meeting of the New York Lasell Club was held at Stouffer's, 540 Fifth Avenue, on Saturday, January 27, 1940. After the luncheon, President Florence Boehmcke Simes '23 called the meeting to order and welcomed the sixty-nine members and guests present. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were read and accepted.

The President explained the method used in sending notices for the luncheon. Members not responding to any notice over a period of three years are automatically dropped from the files as inactive members. She expressed a desire to have all members answer the notices each year although they could not attend the meetings. Many members have not responded within the last three years, and it is hoped this explanation will clear the matter. New York Lasell Club members will please communicate with the secretary so they may continue as active members.

Lucy Robertson Taylor '32 presented the following slate of new officers, who were elected to serve for two years: President, Florence Fitch Osborn '29; Vice President, Helen M. Schaack '31; Secretary-Treasurer, Leslie Barker '32; and members-at-large, Florence Boehmcke Simes '23 and Margaret Schneider '39. Louise Paisley '09 read the Honor Roll, and a moment of silent prayer was observed.

Mrs. Simes then presented Julia Case '32, president of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club, and Mabel Taylor Gannett '95, a member of the Omaha-Council Bluffs Club. Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22, our Alumnae President, extended an invitation to attend the Midwinter Reunion in Boston on February 10. At the close of the business meeting, Mrs. Simes introduced Mrs. Statira P. McDonald, our guest of honor. She brought cordial greetings from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter and Dean Rand. We were all very interested in the latest news of Lasell activi-

ties, particularly to learn of the proposed new classroom building. It is our hope that many of our Club will accept the invitation to return to the college for Commencement week-end.

Submitted by:

HELEN M. SCHAAK '31, *Secretary*

Those present were: Mrs. Statira P. McDonald, Dorothy Abbott '37, Jean Aljoe '39, Hilda Doyle Armstrong '29, Leslie Barker '32, Harriette Case Bidwell '22, Mary Caley '39, Edna Rogers Carlisle '05, Julia Case '32, Helen Bardua Childs '33, Margaret Christiansen '39, Elizabeth Davidson '37-38, Margaret McNaughton Dockstader '35, Anna White Drake '06-07, Irene Dreissigacker '37, Katharine Edwards '29, Jane Eldredge '37, Kay Farnell '39; Mercedes Rendell Freeman '23, Mabel Taylor Gannett '95, Janice Shutter Grant '36, Huldah Halley '18, Doris Huntington '39, Norma Jacobus '39, Annette Harvey Jensen '29, Dorothea Clark Johnson '29, Betty Ellenberger King '29, Helen Ohm Kingsman '29, Marjorie Kuehn '29, Barbara Lawson '28, Mildred Hall Leber '12, Mary Elizabeth Barton Libby '29, Eleanore Loeffler '38, Dorothy Smith McFarland '22, Sophie Mayer March '08, Ruth Meighan '38, Dorothy Millspaugh '23, Barbara Hersey Moore '37, Sarah Moore '07-08, Agnes Neu '39, Viola Walthausen Orr '32, Florence Fitch Osborn '29, Louise Paisley '09, Helen Perry '24, Julia DeWitt Read '10, Dorothy Cook Reynal '25, Marguerite McIlvain Ricker '27-28, Martha Romaine '38, Camilla Roy '32, Mildred Royce '38, Margaret Contrell Sayre '29, Helen Schaack '31, Gladys Stults Schenck '09-10, Margaret Schneider '39, Alice Seidler '38, Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22, Elizabeth Robinson Breed '06-07, Carolyn Shutter '39, Florence Boehmcke Simes '23, Ruth Hopkins Spooner '23, Dorothy Merwin Brown '23, Lucy Robertson Taylor '32, Florence Swartout Thomassen '09, Elaine Thompson '39, Josephine Curry Warren '23, Emily Hubbel Weiss '36, Virginia Wilhelm '38, Elda Yaple '38, and Ellen Zacharias '29.

THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY LASELL CLUB

(We greatly appreciated the prompt report of the annual meeting of the Connecticut Valley A. A. sent by Secretary Helen Wahlquist Wolcott '25. Recently the Connecticut Valley Club voted to establish a New Haven Lasell Club, the members to include the Alumnae and former Lasell students living in the neighborhood of New Haven. Now Connecticut is enriched in having two Lasell Clubs working under the same fine slogan: "We are loyal to thee, dear Lasell." *Ed.*)

The 33d Annual Meeting of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club was held at the Hartford City Club on Saturday, April 27th. Before luncheon, old friends renewed acquaintances and new members were made welcome.

We were very happy to have Dr. and Mrs. Winslow with us and are always glad to hear the college news he brings to us in his own charming manner. We regret their stay was somewhat limited; but appreciate the fact that they had to leave Hartford early in the afternoon in order to attend an evening meeting in Boston.

The officers of the Connecticut Valley Club elected for the ensuing year are: President, Barbara Stanley Ulrich '32; Vice-President, Bertha Hayden King '03; and Secretary-Treasurer, Mary Jane Selby '35. Executive Committee: Chairman, Helen Shew Schofield '26-27; Miriam Abbe '31 and Carolyn Colton Avery '23. Nominating Committee: Chairman, Julia Case '32; Faye Wadhams '38 and Helen M. Saunders '17. Publicity: Florence Kent '38, and Honor Roll: Edith Downey '34.

We missed the presence of Grace Conklin Bevin '84-85 and were sorry to learn that illness has confined her to her room. We all sincerely hope that Mrs. Bevin will soon be well.

It was voted to hold our next annual meeting on the first Saturday in October, 1940, a date which has long been the established time for our annual luncheon and election. We departed from this customary time for our two previous meetings, but it was decided that this

date—the first Saturday in October—is perhaps the most convenient time for all.

This meeting of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club was adjourned at three-thirty with the singing of our Alma Mater.

Submitted by:

HELEN WAHLQUIST WOLCOTT '25,
Secretary.

Those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Julia Case '32, Miriam Nye '38, Betty Wallace '39, Edith Downey '34, Maebelle Hamlin Barby '15-16, Mary Jane Selby '35, Barbara Stanley Ulrich '32, Marion Griffin Wolcott '16, Dorothy Thomas '38, Ritamae Hinchliffe '38, Alice Lockwood '38, Jean Burns '39, Helen Richardson '39, Gladys Strophe Winger '19-20, Marion Austin Hakewessell '20-22, Mary Korper Steele '29, Helen Jacobs '19-21, Grace Holmes Stiles '92-93, Ethel Hook '01-03, Mary Goodwin Olmsted '03, Janice Remig '36, Helen Burwell '33, Helen M. Saunders '17, Bertha Hayden King '03, Miriam Abbe '31, M. Adele Brown '38, Elaine Meiklem '38, Priscilla Barker '38, Dorothy Merwin Brown '23, Harriette Case Bidwell '22, Ruth Conklin '39, Ruth Bull '39, Carolyn Colton Avery '23, Leona Robertson Newton '26-27, Florence Kent '38, H. Faye Wadhams '38, Dortha Warner Jope '31, Selma Swanson '35, and Helen Wahlquist Wolcott. '25.

THE MIDWINTER REUNION OF LASELL ALUMNAE, INC.

The annual midwinter reunion and luncheon of the Lasell Alumnae, Inc., was opened with a social hour at the Hotel Vendome on Saturday, February 10, 1940. One hundred and ninety-one guests sat down at the luncheon tables in the Empire Room, bright with the red and white colors of St. Valentine's Day; a very gay and colorful group exchanging greetings prefaced by the most popular question of the day, "—do you remember when—"

The meeting was formally opened by the Vice-President, Mildred Strain Nutter '17, the very efficient organizer of this reunion, who welcomed the largest number of "old girls" ever to attend an annual luncheon. A roll call of states revealed that Massachusetts had the

largest representation; Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New Jersey and New York had their share of representatives, and from the far distant state of Oregon came Josephine Holmes Foster of the Class of 1904.

The meeting was turned over to Miss Lillie R. Potter '80, our very special toastmistress and the founder and propagator of the international female flock of "L. W. D's." Our First Lady L. W. D. promptly took us all under her wing and made us feel that once again we were all very close to Lasell's Dovecote. Miss Potter introduced Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22 as both Journalist and Alumnae President, for she has added this first title to her name by the publication of a very interesting article in the November 1939 issue of the LEAVES, recounting her recent trip to California. If you haven't already discovered this, read your *Personals!* Mrs. Shoemaker expressed her delight in seeing so many alumnae at the one purely social meeting of the year, and her pleasure in having such a large group from the Class of 1939.

The alumnae were glad to hear the interesting report given by Marion Ordway Corley '11, the seldom heard from but very busy Treasurer of the Corporation, who also brought to our attention a letter from Dr. Bragdon written in May 1908, containing many items of significance to collectors of "Lasell-iana".

As an indication of the progress of Lasell, Dr. Winslow recalled his first days at the school in 1898 when the student body numbered but 140 girls, as compared with the present enrollment of 480. He explained his feelings as very sympathetic with the "old woman who lived in a shoe" and quite wondered what to do with such a large student body. For the past seven years Lasell has gone steadily forward, but Dr. Winslow remarked that he didn't see how we could go forward much more for the present because of lack of additional classroom facilities, and the fact that all the resident houses were filled. In commenting on the many advantages of Winslow

Hall, he said he was tempted, in the presence of the great need for classroom space, to start working for another building. Preliminary plans for a building were passed around for inspection and Dr. Winslow suggested that perhaps in a year from now a campaign might be started to raise money for a one story building. Back in March 1939 Dr. Winslow visited in Michigan, Isabel Treadwell Towne '68, who at the age of ninety years is still interested in Lasell and recalls many incidents of her student days. Mrs. Towne spent one year in Vassar, earning her way by teaching piano, and then stayed out of college a year before coming east to finish her course, which confirms Dr. Winslow's contention that we were really a Junior College back in 1868. "The academic standing of Lasell grows a little more solid as the years go by", he continued, and mentioned the connection with two groups which have helped in that respect, namely the "American Association of Junior Colleges" and the "New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools". Of particular interest was the news that Priscilla Winslow '35 left for Washington, D. C., in January of this year to become secretary to Dr. Eells, Executive Secretary of the American Association of Junior Colleges.

Mr. Amesbury presented some substantiating figures for his opening statement that "the Secretarial Department is going over big this year", reporting one hundred and ninety student enrolled in the courses, of which number seventy-six are medical secretarial and one hundred fourteen general secretarial. He added that many of the suggestions received in answer to the questionnaires have been followed up; such as instruction in switchboard operation, addition of more office machines and the secretarial program supplemented by lectures and public demonstrations of speed type-writing and operation of various office machines. Mr. Amesbury took this opportunity to announce that "old girls" who can recall skating on Haskell's Pond will be gratified to know that this pond and surrounding property has been purchased by Miss Mabel T.

Eager '80-89 and Lasell Junior College for the purpose of improving the property and making it an enjoyable place for the students and the Auburndale neighbors. With the building of outdoor fireplaces and a small shelter, it is expected that this will be a favorite rendezvous for skating parties and picnics.

Alumnae were happy to meet Priscilla Sleeper, President of the Class of 1940, and through her to welcome in advance these future Alumnae of 1941. We look forward to sharing our titles of "old girls" with these 165 loyal Seniors!

The "up-to-the-minute" stories of everyday happenings in the life of the 1940 Lasell girls, as told by Dean Margaret Rand, brought back to each of us the vivid recollection of similar incidents in our own student days, strangely the same regardless of the length of the skirt or the date on the Blue Book!

We wish to take this opportunity to send cordial greetings to the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club through their representative Helen Saunders '17, and to express our appreciation to her for bringing us the very latest news of that active group.

Miss Potter presented Miss Grace Irwin, Mlle. Jenney Le Royer and Priscilla Alden Wolfe '19, from whom we were happy to hear greetings, and Mrs. Statira P. McDonald who announced to us the birth of a daughter Jean to Marjorie Winslow MacCuspie '28 on February 4, 1940. Best wishes and congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Norman MacCuspie and the distinguished grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow.

To Mrs. Winslow, our toastmistress gave the honor of being the "best for the last". Mrs. Winslow told us of having watched many girls climb the hill to Bragdon in the morning and came back down the hill at night to their various dormitories, and always she has wished that each and every girl may have a happy journey up hill and down hill through life and her pathway lead often to Lasell.

This very enjoyable afternoon was brought to a close with the singing of the Alma Mater and many promises to meet again in 1941.

Signed: LILLIAN G. BETHEL '28

Recording Secretary.

TO THE ALUMNAE:

Naturally you read the Personals first. They are your closest bond with Lasell. But you will want to give more than a glance to the first part of the LEAVES. For this issue holds unusual interest for you. There are baby pictures of the faculty to rouse your curiosity. You will be guessing who's who till the August issue, when the names will be revealed.

In this issue there is a section called "They Are Succeeding," which contains letters from graduates whom you may know, who are launched upon successful careers. Also, the Harvard students who acted in the Lasell Dramatic Club production of *Stage Door* were kind enough to send us personal letters telling how they came to be interested in acting.

Be sure to look at the baby pictures! How many can you identify? If you can't wait till August for the answers, send for the June issue of the *Lasell News*, which will also contain the answers.

Editors of the LEAVES

Open Letter

Continued from Page 19

thing. Three of us slept in two beds—or tried to. We talked until two-thirty, and got up at four. We were so afraid it wouldn't sound right. Then came the first few breathless notes, and the seniors were taking cap and gown. The breakfast at the Barn was fun, wasn't it? I drank one cup of coffee, and ate three milk-of-magnesia tablets because my stomach hadn't got over the excitement.

I'll remember our room, and the curtains we made out of last year's bedspreads; and how we used to listen to "Obediently Yours" with bated breath while Charlie McCarthy held forth next door.

I'll remember Lasell when spring comes—crew on the Charles, bridge tables out in the sun, Bragdon lawn in its spring attire, the neighbors and their "tender croppies," sun baths on any roof at all, Class Night, Commencement, farewell tears.

These are the things I'll mean when I write, "Love, Kay."

Catherine M. Buckley

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BACCALAUREATE

The baccalaureate sermon for the Class of 1940 was delivered by the Reverend Boynton Merrill, D.D., on June 9. Dr. Merrill is the pastor of the Second Church in West Newton. He selected for his theme "Inner Resources."

After a prayer exhorting God to lead us to a higher meaning of life, Dr. Merrill presented his definition of the word "commencement." In the final analysis, it is the end of one experience and the beginning of another; a time when the proof of the value of higher learning is to be shown. The book of life is in our hands, and we are to fulfill God's favorite virtue, namely gallantry of heart, by lifting the inner resources of mind and of soul into the light.

In the great struggle and turmoil of the world today, all of our outer or material might can be turned into a furious and devastating energy, but it is for education to determine what is worth fighting for. Dante sagely stated this thought when he said, "When one comes to a place as steep as this, he must spread the wide pinions of great desires." The greatest heights are ascended by means, not of physical, but of moral and mental strength.

In order to reach God and so lead a more noble and worthy life, we need a certain amount of "narrowness." That is, a few minutes, hours, or days spent in solitude and deep thought from time to time. It is the tendency of Americans to look for wide and changing horizons, but thoughts true and deep are more often to be found within the confines of a narrow room. To illustrate this point Dr. Merrill used the example of a narrow garden. "But," he added, "look how very high it is."

God puts strength into the hearts of those who will not doubt. For them beauty, goodness, and hope always remain. Judge not mankind entirely by the ghastly deeds of today, but recognize the beautiful and noble things of the past. Finally, before your name is written in the book of life, have a garden, narrow, but so very, very high.

Betty Danker

COMMENCEMENT

Leonard Carmichael, Ph.D., LL.D., President of Tufts College, gave the commencement address for the class of 1940 on June 10.

The subject of Dr. Carmichael's address was, "What can society legitimately expect from education?" Mental, not physical growth is most important to the human race; and in order to bring about this condition in the world, education is a necessity.

It is difficult to trace the origin of formal education. However, the Orientals, the Greeks, and the Romans were among its earliest exponents. In America, New England was the foster-father of higher learning. Here the principal idea was to prepare a boy for the ministry. In the South, education was not considered essential until much later. Milton's theory of education was, "to teach a boy to perform the magnanimous duties of peace and war."

The aim of education has changed to a great extent in the past few decades. Its true purpose now is vocational and highly specialized. Indeed, it has been definitely proved that we must not only know "how," but also "why." Still knowledge must persist in giving the student an understanding of the basic values of life.

After graduation the education so well begun must continue. This is the underlying meaning of the word "commencement"—to be capable of carrying on without the guiding hand of a teacher. We are now in a period of educational renaissance. The demand for knowledge increases yearly.

There are no longer frontiers to conquer in America as far as new land is concerned, but open to all are the great frontiers of literature, science, and art. To conclude, Dr. Carmichael asked that this day be made the commencement of a new intellectual program in one of these fields, and that this program be fulfilled whatever the blessings or disappointments of fate.

Betty Danker

Prizes and Certificates, June 1940

Winning Crew—The Junior GREEN Crew won. Members of this crew receive an "L".

Junior GREEN Crew—Marvine Weatherby, Captain. Natalie Ashton, Beatrice Grant, Jeannetta Jahn, Shirley Lyons, Polly Irvin, Louise Johnson, Susan Paisley, Jane Gray.

Archery—The winner of the Archery Tournament is Mildred Baldwin. She receives an individual trophy given by the Athletic Association. Her name is engraved on a cup that remains at the school.

Badminton—Priscilla Sleeper, winner of the Badminton Tournament, receives an individual trophy given by the Athletic Association. Her name is also engraved on a cup that remains at the school.

The Athletic Shield—Won by the BLUE team. Presented to Nancy Bailey, leader of the Blues. This is the closest competition for the shield we have ever had. The Blues are winning by just two points. Blues 291; Whites 289.

Special Awards to Outstanding Athletes—A small gold shield is awarded to: Mary Mathews: Won L in Dancing, Basketball and Hockey. Priscilla Sleeper: Won L in Hockey, Soccer, Basketball, Tennis, and Baseball. Nancy Bailey: Won L in Hockey, Soccer, Basketball, Tennis, and Baseball. Jeannetta Annis: Won L in Soccer, Basketball and Dancing.

Special Dance Awards—Marian Butler, Janet Brown, Lora Green, Lorraine Harrison, Lucille LaRiviere, Barbara Ann Smith.

Secretarial Course

Typewriting—Priscilla Stall Aiken, Lucy Catherine Albro, Katharine Evelyn Annino, Doris Leontine Barry, Priscilla Hope Chapple, Pauline Angelica DiTullio, Beulah Elizabeth Ellis, Jayné Ann Evans, Estelle N. Friedstein, Lillian Margaret Grace, Jane Johnstone Hutchison, Sally D. Knight, Mary Kulos, Sibyl Lander, Edith Cavell MacDonald, Dorothy Macomber, Mary Catherine Makes, Marjorie Millard, Ruth Montgomery, Lois Newton, Laura Pechilis, Barbara Rita Peterson, Flor-

ence Jeanette Ross, Mary Frances Sawyer, Helen P. Sellas, Priscilla Ann Sleeper, Patricia Charlotte Taylor, Madeline Dorothy Vivian.

Accounting—Grace Arline Austin, L. Jane Bartlett.

Shorthand—Reba Campbell, Sylvia Curtis, Janice Chiles Donovan, Dorothy Sears Farnum, Eleanor Flemming, Mildred Jones, Helen Eldora Kirton, Mary-Carolyn Porter, Barbara Evelyn Waters.

Typewriting and Accounting—Mary Alice Houghton, Barbara Anne Richardson.

Shorthand and Typewriting—Jean Baldwin Adams, Ruth Gertrude Dean, Marion Elizabeth Gray, Edith Lorraine Harrison, Virtue Bowerman Hatch, Margaret Estella Kuhns, Virginia Ball Kull, Marie Christine MacGregor, Dorothy Mae Sherwood.

Secretarial—Nancy Cooper Bailey, Portia Elizabeth Kieser.

Medical Secretarial—Marguerite Marie Bird, Beverly Proctor Burkhardt, Helen Clement, Miriam Gertrude Cross, Barbara Eleanor Donohue, Helen Ann Hathaway, Marjorie Elizabeth Midgley, Katherine Mary Ricker.

Home Economics Course

Foods Major—Norris Beakes, Barbara Rogers Fales.

Foods and Clothing Major—Elizabeth Hall Carlisle, Etta Eldredge, Dorothea A. Karnheim.

Academic Music Course

Organ Major—Eleanor Louise Goulding.

Piano Major—Elizabeth Dickinson English.

Merchandising Course

Jeannetta Annis, Carol Birdseye, Elizabeth Jean Birkland, Norma Rhodes Booth, Ruth Alma Bowman, Jane Elizabeth Jones, Mary Rittenhouse Mathews, Mary Sophia Mauroyenis, Priscilla Miller, Marjorie Blackford Minchin, Betty Sue Smith, Evelyn Mae Spaulding, Barbara Evelyn Wilband.

Journalism Prize

The prize for excellence in Journalism is awarded to Patty Kieser. Her writing is original, accurate, prolific, and full of zest.

Prize for Expense Account

Awarded to the student who has kept the best budget for the year. Awarded to: Gertrude Elizabeth Fischer.

Sewing Prizes

Honorable Mention: Priscilla Miller, Elizabeth Carlisle.

Awarded to: 1st—Jeannetta Annis. 2nd—Etta Eldredge.

Food Prizes

Honorable Mention: Elizabeth Carlisle, Dorothea Karnheim.

Awarded to: 1st—Barbara Fales. 2nd—Etta Eldredge.

Lasell Coats

"One girl out of a hundred." The "all-round" Lasell girl with a high standard of character, and possessing in high degree the qualities named below is awarded a Lasell Coat.

Scholarship, loyalty, cheerfulness, consideration of others, sportsmanship, and leadership.

Three jackets are awarded each year.

Awarded to: Nancy Bailey, Priscilla Sleeper, Mary Mathews.

Scholarship Prizes

Honorable Mention: Barbara Richardson, Jean Adams.

Awarded to: 1st—Mary Mathews. 2nd—Barbara Donohue.

Youth

A pale pink rosebud, bathed in glistening dew;
Green ivy rambling o'er a vacant house;
A little child with silken hair of gold,
And eyes of deepest blue, to match the skies;
The clouds which drift so lazily on high;
The laughter of the wind which gently blows;
A bubbling brook which runs so gaily on;
A fledgling gathering strength to try his wings;
A graceful fawn, which frolics in the sun.
If youth be this, I marvel at it all,
So simple, easy, light, and gay it seems.

But wait—another image comes to me:
A blinded boy, who wanders o'er a road
That's dark and lonely, strewn with tears and cares,—
A road that may be steep and hard to climb,
A twisting road,—Who knows where it may end?

Ellen Visscher

Summer Symphony

Far across the lake in the distant, clear blue sky, darkness spread with slow but persistent progress. Slowly it spread, and then faster, until finally the whole sky was covered with ominous black. Tiny cotton-like clouds which had been floating silently overhead now scurried away and disappeared in the direction of fairer skies. The blue of the water vanished as rapidly as the clouds, and beneath the whitecaps and choppy waves, became a mysterious, angry green. Winds, quiescent until now, came from unknown retreats and tore through trees whose leaves shook angrily at being thus disturbed. Rumbblings, first only a quiver of sound, became a threat. Suddenly large drops fell swiftly, letting no obstacle deter them in their anxiety to reach their goal. Some of them hit the water and became quickly absorbed, making almost no impression on the already disturbed surface. The taller grass bent with the wind, in first one direction then another, as if trying to escape the inevitable. The drops came smaller now, soaking the dirt road, and in the little hollows formed puddles. The leaves became shiny green ornaments, and even the dull brown bark of the trees added a sparkle as it changed from dry to wet. A vivid blue-white streak cut through the blackness of the sky, and an instant later the sharp explosion of thunder cracked out and made itself master of all the noises of the storm.

Catherine M. Buckley

Robbing Oneself

I might have marked in solitary hours
How cowering close to form a lilac cluster
Are many minute clover-leaflet flowers.

I might have. . . . Yet the time I failed to muster
To rent it cheaply out, lest I forget
Magenta tinted dusky bluish luster

With waxy topaz centers deep inset,
And scent that spade-like leaves had not obscured
My casual flippant glance still sighs regret

For lazy, dulled perception, rusty-blurred
For tones once played so clean that I have slurred.

Jean MacNeish

FICTION

Betsy Dennis and Her Dilemmas

Listen, Sis, you just have to help me. Mother has some insane idea of putting a piece of lace in the throat of my new gown. She thinks it's too low. Sis, can you see me with a piece of something stuck there? You just gotta help me. Mother didn't even think of it until Aunt Cora thought it was a wee bit too low for modesty . . . even after Aunt Cora said that Mother still thought it was o.k., but when Aunty's similes started to get larger, and her eyes with them, Mother thought perhaps a small piece would help. . . . Oh, Sis, help me please.

The gang will choke with laughter if there is so much as a scrap there. It isn't too low, honest . . . it isn't immodest . . . just enchanting. Please, Sis, go up and talk to Mother before she absolutely ruins my new gown. . . .

* * *

Mother, may I have a key to the front door? What for? So I can use it the few miserable nights I go out. Sally got one yesterday.

Oh Mother, Mrs. Northrup is modern—she keeps up with her children—Susan isn't fast . . . she's peppy. It would be so nice to have a key. It seems so childish having to ring the bell.

Personally, Mother, it sounds as if you don't trust me. What's the difference between ringing the bell, and using one's own key? I'm not shouting. I'm simply trying to discuss this matter sanely, but you're so old fashioned. . . .

I'm sorry, Mother, but please can't I have a key? I'll be discreet about it . . . oh ppleaseeasse? OH—well I suppose if you won't give it to me, you won't. At least I'll have something to look forward to when I'm 19 or 69!

* * *

Daddy, I know that you realize that I am a sixteen-year-old girl. A responsible, capable person . . . my ability has never been doubted. . . . I . . . well, what I want is my driving license. Certainly I can drive. Peter has been



Betsy Dennis

teaching me. Peter is 17 years old and very capable . . . well, all right, he's 16 and $\frac{1}{4}$ How about it?

If you feel that you would like to give me a few more pointers, it's oky-doke with me.

What car will I drive? Our car of course. Jack has been having it every Friday and Saturday night for the past three years; so surely I can start now. Not every Friday and Saturday night, of course, but just when the gang needs a car to bring the cooking supplies over to the Grove on nights when we have a roast. . . . Peter usually takes us over in relays. It would be nice if I could offer to help.

Wait a few months . . . sure . . . wait a few months for you, and I'll be waiting a few

years. I honestly believe that Mother and you are in cahoots. Can't have a key, can't get my license, have to have my dresses patched up. If you ask me, 16 isn't as sweet as people would like to believe!

* * *

"Sally, as I was saying . . . Peter, besides being homely, is dumb. He's the kind of man who refuses to be refused. Some girls think that's being masterful, but I think it's being dumb.

"But for all Peter's faults I like him . . . so you can imagine my chagrin when that fish-eyed Susy Lou literally blew in from St. Louis, and parked herself in Leeport. Haven't seen Peter since.

"Her vocabulary doesn't even have a scent of no in it. You should hear her talking to my Peter. 'Yes, Peter, I'd love to, Peter, of course, Peter. How divine, Peter. . . .'

"I'll divine her all right . . . I'll divide her in two if she doesn't stop rolling those fish eyes of hers at him.

"Sally dinner's ready . . . see you tomorrow. . . . Bye."

Lillian Grace



Do Unto Others

One friend's "thank you" for another's favor.

The hot air hung like a shroud over the counters piled high with flannel underwear, yarn, and bolts of red, yellow, and purple muslin. The door squeaked as a lone customer sauntered in to chat with Mr. Billet, the well-rounded proprietor who leaned heavily against the roll-top desk, his blue shirt damp, and his shiny trousers unhampered by even the slightest sign of a crease.

When Mr. Billet was safely engaged in conversation with the newcomer, Kitty Tipton leaned over to her co-worker, and muttered angrily, "Did you hear the latest? 'Simon Legree' over there wants me to stay after work

tonight and help get things ready for the sale tomorrow. Of course he didn't bother to ask me what I thought of the idea. Just said I was to stay. And what could I do? After all, I need my job. But let me tell you, I haven't been this mad in years. You know Mr. Weaver, who came here to live from Chicago several years ago. Well, his nephew, Tom Weaver, is here visiting, and he was going to take me driving this evening. Mrs. Weaver asked me to go as he doesn't know anyone here. It isn't every night that I get a chance to go out with somebody new. And they say he's wonderful. But I have to give up a chance like that to work in this oven for that slave-driver. Honestly, I'm so disgusted that I could scream, but—"

Martha Montgomery interrupted her tirade. "Maybe I could stay instead. I really haven't anything important to do. I was just going over to my sister's, and I can do that any time. I shan't mind a bit."

"Oh, I couldn't let you—" Why couldn't she? "W-e-ll, if you're sure you don't mind, I'd certainly appreciate it a lot. And I'll make it up to you somehow. You see, Tom Weaver's visit is the most important thing that's happened here in Jonathan's Corners in simply ages. You're sure you don't care now?" she asked in a way that made possible only one answer.

"Glad to do it!" Martha answered as she mopped her forehead with a wilted handkerchief. Martha wasn't the cool, trim girl that Kitty was. Her generous figure was swathed in a rumpled check dress, and her tiny, red-rimmed eyes peered through thick, finger-printed glasses. Her flushed face was haloed in damp black hair.

When closing time came, Kitty threw the muslin sheets over the counter, grabbed her purse, and flew out the door, pausing only long enough to call a hasty goodbye to Martha. "Thanks a million! It's swell of you to do this for me. I promise I'll make up for it some way. See you tomorrow!"

"It's all right!" Martha called to the banging door as she turned her attention to the task at hand.

* * *

Jonathan's Corners was one of those sleepy little towns that dot the midwestern prairies. Seldom anything happened to change the complacent villagers from their usual occupation of minding each other's business. Whenever it did happen, it was certain that the whole town would know it almost simultaneously with the persons involved. Before the week was up, everyone knew that young Tom Weaver was interested in Kitty Tipton, the doctor's daughter. They all knew that he was delaying his return to the city just so that he could see more of Kitty. By the time he left, everyone agreed that he and Kitty were "made for each

other." They all thought it was a shame when he was called back to Chicago. However, having once found the way to Jonathan's Corners, he travelled it quite often in the months that followed.

Each day as Kitty worked in the drab little dry goods store she was flooded with questions, some subtle, some direct. "Three yards of white dotted swiss? All right, Mrs. Barker. That'll be—"

"What's happened to young Tom Weaver, anyway, Kitty? He hasn't been around for quite a spell, has he?"

"He'll be here Saturday afternoon," Kitty answered, trying to appear calm.

"Well, I declare! Ah—he seems to be here a lot in these past few months, doesn't he?"

"Mmm—"

"Nice boy, Tom."

"Mmm. Anything else today?"

"No, that'll be all. You know, Kitty, I was saying to Mr. Barker just the other night on the way home from choir practice that you and that Weaver lad make such a nice couple that—"

"That'll be sixty-nine cents. You'll want it on your account, of course?"

At that point one of Mrs. Barker's fellow-parishioners saved Kitty from further questioning.

One morning Kitty came to work looking particularly happy. When she took her place behind the counter, it seemed that she would burst if she could not talk to some one. Mr. Billet soon went to the basement to unpack some new stock. Almost before his back was turned, Kitty ran across the narrow aisle to Martha and held out her hand. The diamond was modest but perfect.

Martha assumed a surprised expression, but it is to be doubted whether she was really taken unaware. "Why for pity sake! It's beautiful! I had no idea that you and Tom—" Her voice trailed off wistfully.

"I'm so happy I could cry. It all seems too good to be true; I can't believe it altogether yet."

"It's wonderful, simply wonderful!" said Martha as soon as she recovered herself.

"Martha, I want you to know that I appreciate all that you did for me."

"What I did?"

"Yes. I mean the night you worked for me so I could go out. That was the night I met Tom, you know. If it hadn't been for you, I'd never have even met him. He'd have gone back to Chicago the next day just as he planned. What I want you to know is that I realize how much I owe to you, and that I'm going to make it up to you somehow. Honestly, if there's ever anything that I can do for you, I'll do it. Anything."

Summer came again with its unbearable heat. But this time Kitty didn't mind. She was going to marry Tom soon, in August, and nothing else seemed to matter. She worked all day under the watchful eye of Mr. Billet, but even his eccentricities failed to ruffle her. Dazedly she endeavored to serve the few ladies who were brave enough to leave their shuttered parlors and venture down Market Street.

Only when the counters were shrouded, the awning raised, and the door locked for the night, did Kitty actually come to life. She dashed home heedless of the oppressing humidity. At home she spent her evenings planning her trousseau, her wedding, and her new home. One evening when Tom was busy in the city, she and her sister were sewing busily while they talked over the plans for a bridge party.

"Who all's on the list now?"

"Let's see," Kitty said, counting on her fingers and mumbling through a mouthful of pins, "there's Grace, Nell, Mary, the Zimmerman twins, and—who else?"

"What about Martha? After all, we ought to have her here some time."

"Martha? Martha who?" Kitty wanted to know.

"Martha Montgomery, of course. After all, you've worked with her for several years. And if I were you, I wouldn't forget that if it hadn't been for her generosity, you'd never have even met Tom."

"Oh," reluctantly. "Yes, but how'd she be with those other girls? She really hasn't anything in common with them."

"Nonsense! She went all through school with the twins, and she knows the rest pretty well. Anyway, what else can you do with her? You have to work her in some place."

"All right, all right! I'll speak to her the first thing when I get to work tomorrow. I'm tired. Let's stop and fix some lemonade before we go to bed."

When morning came, the sun beat down on the little town more mercilessly than ever. Martha came to work, worn out after a sleepless night in a stuffy room. Her dress was damp across the shoulders before the first customer had arrived; and before the third had left, she had rolled her stockings below her knees.

When Kitty went home to lunch, she found her sister reading on the front porch. "Hello, Kit. Is Martha coming Friday night?"

"Well, she—I—it just wasn't—"

"What's the matter?" Suspiciously.

"Honestly, Sis, I simply couldn't ask her. She looked so—so—dirty." *Cynthia Davis*

A New Recruit

But not so green that she didn't know the rules of Flirtation Walk.

Down along the great Hudson at West Point is a path, famous for its romantic atmosphere. Flirtation Walk wanders along the river, lit by the sun or moon tangled in the branches of the trees. In addition to this path is an upper path, also called Flirtation walk. But one would desire to take the lower path. For the upper path is for L. P.'s (unattractive girls); the lower is for Pro girls (outstanding in looks and personality).

Cadet Willis, a young man from Georgia, reminded one of outdoor life, so clean cut was he. He had the ready-for-anything air which girls often find so attractive. He may have been casual, but he had definite ideas about girls.

Ann, although she had not dragged (dated) at West Point before, knew about the two

paths of Flirtation walk. "I must make a good impression," she thought. "I must make that lower path; my dreams will be shattered should he not lead me to that path. What can I do? What can I say? How should I act?"

Grant Hall, the cadet visiting building, has had many such people enter its doors, and from then on the girls are on their own; for this is where neophytes meet their cadet blind dates. It is a common occurrence at the Point; so don't think harshly of our Ann.

Ann, with her girl friend, was sitting in one of the many luxurious chairs in Grant, with her eyes watching for the entrance of her cadet for the weekend. A tall cadet came in, caught Ann's friend's eye, and came toward them.

"I'm glad to see you, Bill. This is Bill Willis, Ann Singleton."

A pause. "Would you like to go for a walk?" questioned Bill.

"Uh—Yes."

They made their way through the crowd in the hall, and soon they were out on the street called 10th Avenue. That name is tradition, even though there are not nine other avenues. Cold, grey stone buildings flanked the street—first the museum and then the Academic buildings. Ahead stretched the plain, the scene of many parades.

"Where are you from?" The usual question, thought Ann dispiritedly.

"Georgia." Pause. An officer's car went by, and Bill saluted.

Another pause. "Where are you from, Ann?"

"New Jersey."

By this time they had strolled by the old library and were passing the hill that led down to the riding hall.

Oh dear! Why should I feel this way? My heart is thumping madly; if only I could interest him!

"This is the officer's mess and the next building is Cullum. That is where the hop is being held tonight." Pause. "Here are the bachelor's quarters." Bill was beginning to wonder if he was dragging an L. P.



In silence they made their way to the turn-gate leading into Flirtation, and turned left. All around, the trees bent questioningly over the path; even the birds seemed to feel the suspense and dismay in Ann's heart. If *only* I could make him pay some attention to me, she thought.

Bill's interest was wandering toward the distant blue hills and the muddy colored river. Heck, she hasn't any pep; she isn't natural at all. I'll have to go through the weekend anyway, I guess. Well, at least I can take the upper path of this darn walk.

"Well," she smiled, "we seem pretty quiet; but I can tell you this place affects me that way. I had visions of super men who demanded entertaining girls; so I guess that leaves me out. To tell the truth I'm more interested in writing than in talking. Nineteen years ago I was born with a pen in my hand, and ever since I've *written* what I wanted to say, and left *talking* up to other people. After *this* I'll stick to writing."

With a quick turn of his head and an awakening smile, he stared at Ann. A grin spread over his face.

"I have a B-ache (a complaint) to make. I've at last met a femme who is interested in the same thing I am, and you didn't let me know till now." He beamed, took her hand and together they turned into the lower path.

Frances Tavenor

December and June

Medville, in southern New Hampshire, is a thriving example of a one-horse town. Metropolis Street, which extends from one end of the town to the other, is the center of activity. There is a building of some kind occupying every available frontage. On one corner is the post office, next to that is Gardiner's Grocery Store, then comes the barber shop with its pertinent stick pole always keeping guard, then Campbell's Dry Goods, a filling station, and the bank. Of course the town hall mustn't be forgotten, or even Joe's Pool Parlor.

The residential section is but a short distance from here. In one of the many large, rambling farmhouses lives the town's favorite son, Grandpa Hubbel. He has lived in Medville all his days. Before the years made him inactive in a permanent job, he was postmaster and the best fire chief ever to sit atop a hook and ladder.

After Grandma died, he went to live with his daughter, Ellen. He and his grandson, Peter, had become almost inseparable. Whenever one saw "Gramp," one inevitably saw Peter not far behind. Why, at this very moment the two had taken advantage of the good weather to go rabbit hunting.

Early that morning when the light was still grey, Gramp padded softly into Peter's room.

"Wake up! It's time we were up and off."

"What? Oh yes, I'm coming, Gramp," groaned Peter lazily as he stretched his strong, lean body as far as it would go.

"How about it, Cap'n Custard? When you're dressed and ready, come down to the kitchen. And be quiet." After Gramp left, Peter lay on his back with his arms over his head. For a moment he forgot what he was going to do today. Rabbit hunting with Grandpa! Yes, that was it. With a sudden spring he was out of bed, into his clothes, and downstairs before the chilly air even had a chance to give him a slight nip.

"There, Son, eat some cereal and drink your milk while I see about the guns."

In half an hour they were off into the woods.

"Gramp! Take shorter steps so you can catch up to me."

Peter had run on ahead and found a spot where he thought the rabbits lived. He called back excitedly to his grandfather.

"Hurry up, Grampa! 'Cause if you don't, the bunnies will all get away."

"I'm coming, Son. Don't worry about me. You just tend to yourself."

"Here, sit down and watch that clump of bushes over by that tree."

Grandpa sat down with a relieved sigh, and pulled out his pipe. He filled it leisurely, all the time keeping his eyes glued on the designated spot. Just as he was holding a match to the tobacco and drawing in deep breaths of smoke, he saw Peter move closer to the rabbit runway.

"Here they come. Get ready! Come on, Gramp, we can catch a whole lot," yelled Peter, poised ready to jump on the first rabbit brazen enough to stick his head out.

"I'm right with you, Son, as soon as I finish lighting my pipe."

"Oh, Gramp, they got away," wailed Peter. "That old pipe is always in the way."

"I'm sorry, Boy, but I couldn't drop the match without starting a whopper of a fire."

"Well, all right. But next time you better be ready 'cause those rabbits don't wait for nothing."

In about an hour's time, Peter was practically dragging one foot after the other.

"Let's go home, Grandpa, and see what Mother has for lunch."

"That's a fine idea! Maybe she baked a pie out of those apples Aunt Milly gave us."

That evening after supper Ellen and Grandpa were sitting in the living room. Dirk, Ellen's husband, hadn't come home from Stanton, where he worked in one of the mills. Grandpa was sitting in an armchair reading the newspaper. His long, wrinkled fingers rested gently on the paper. Suddenly he put the paper down.

"Ellen, I declare I don't see how the people of this town expect to raise the money for the new schoolhouse."

"What do you mean, Father?" replied Ellen measuring the sweater she was knitting.

"They don't have any system about it. All they do is talk about it and do nothing."

Getting no reply from Ellen, he took up his paper again. He had just found something of interest when the doorbell rang.

"I'll go, Father," said Ellen dropping her work onto the footstool.

"Oh, come in, Doctor Andrews. Father is in the living room reading."

"Good evening, James. How do you feel tonight?"

"Hello, Doc, how are you? Here, sit in that chair."

The Doctor lowered himself into the chair, with a painful grimace in his face.

"There we are. Now, James, how about a little game of checkers?"

"That suits me fine, Doc. But first, Doc, tell me about your rheumatism. Is it any better?"

"Oh yes, now the warm weather is coming, it'll be fine."

Ellen had set up the card table and laid the checker board on it, giving the red discs to Grandpa as usual.

"I guess we're ready, Doc. And you know something? I feel lucky tonight and I think I'm going to win."

"Wait a minute now, James. Don't get excited. Remember your heart."

"Remember my heart! Don't be silly; my heart is as good today as it was fifty years ago."

While the two men were talking, Ellen heard the front door click sharply.

"Hello, Dirk. What makes you so late?"

"Hello, dear. We had some extra work to do, and I figured I'd stay and do it tonight instead of in the morning."

"You must be awfully hungry. Come out in the kitchen, and I'll fix you something."

Grandpa and Doc were still playing. Neither of them had said a word for five minutes. Grandpa was hunched over the table with his hands fingering the board. After four games

were played and there was a tie, Doc pushed back from the table.

"Take care of yourself, James, and I'll see you again soon."

"You bet, Doc. Drop around again soon."

After Grandpa's guest left, he decided to go up to bed. All the way upstairs he mulled over in his mind the Doc's words.

"What does he mean by telling me to take care of myself? Why, there's nothing the matter with me. I'm as fit as ever! I'm good for another ten years. What nonsense! I think it's Doc who had better look out for himself. He's an old fuddydud." Even after he turned out the light, he lay there thinking. "My life has been full of great happiness and great sorrow. I have Peter to thank for a great deal of the joy. He's going to be a fine lad." The last few thoughts were interrupted by long yawns, and Gramp didn't even turn over before he was sound asleep.

The next morning there was much excitement running all through the house. The Fourth of July had finally come.

"Dirk, hadn't you better go down to the village and buy the fireworks for tonight's celebration?" asked Ellen, pricking tiny holes in the pie she had just made.

"Yes, dear. I'll go as soon as I finish putting together this trough for the sky rockets."

"On your way out will you ask Peter to come in here? I think he's in the barn doing something with Father."

Peter and Gramp were sitting on a couple of crates in the center of the barn. Gramp was writing figures on a scrap of paper.

"Gee, Gramp, we should have a big celebration if everyone brings what they should," said Peter, carefully whittling a bit of wood.

"Yes, Son, I think you're right; according to these figures, there should be about two hundred pieces of fireworks."

"And then we're going to have a feed after that. Gosh, I can hardly wait!"

When it was dark enough to get the full benefit of the fireworks, the whole town was

gathered in a wide open field. A great heap of branches was piled in the center ready to be lighted. Peter, Gramp, Ellen, and Dirk were standing near a box containing the fireworks.

"Gramp, when are we going to begin?" asked Peter, poking a curious finger into the colored tangle of firecrackers, sparklers, and rockets.

"We're going to begin in just a minute, Son, as soon as Judge Kinney gets here."

The Judge rattled up in his '32 Ford ("best car on the market," says the Judge). Everyone could see his tall silk hat long before they saw him.

"Well, folks, I guess we're already to start. Now, James, I want you to set off the first sky rocket."

"Thank you kindly, Martin. Everybody stand back 'cause I've been waiting for this all day. Now then, here she goes!"

"Oh boy! Look at it go," exclaimed Peter, craning his neck so as not to miss a thing.

"Yes, sir, that was a cocker. Let's stand over here so we can see the rest."

About eleven o'clock that night, the box of fireworks was empty, the people were full to the brim with baked ham, mashed potatoes, apple and blueberry pie, and coffee, and they had all gone home to bed.

"Well now, Boy, did you have a good time?" inquired Gramp as he and his grandson walked slowly upstairs.

"Did I! Gee, I'll say so. I can hardly wait for next year. Good night, Gramp. I'll see you in the morning, and don't forget we're going fishing over in Wilson's Creek tomorrow."

Nine o'clock the next morning found the two sitting on the bank of the creek, holding their fishing poles in the water.

"Remember, Gramp, don't light your pipe right at the most exciting moment," warned Peter, looking at his Grandpa with a twinkle in his eye.

"Fiddlesticks! That pipe never scared those rabbits. And besides, they weren't very good ones anyhow."

"Oh! Grandpa. I think something's tugging

at my line. You better help 'cause I don't think I can do it alone."

"Right with you, Son," replied Grandpa laying his pole carefully on the ground. "Take it easy and you'll be all right. I'll just—bend—over you and help—steady—the line—Oh! Darn that pain!"

"Gramp! What's the matter? What did you do?" screamed Peter as he felt his grandfather lurch against him and then fall. "Gramp!"

"It's all right—Son, just a—pain in my—"

"I'm going to get Dad. I'll be right back," cried Peter running up the path.

* * *

Dirk carried the old man to the house and laid him in bed. Gramp lay there without moving, his hand still held over his heart. Downstairs Peter sat in a chair facing the window, and looked out with a bewildered expression on his face. He heard the door of his grandfather's room close softly, and ran to the foot of the stairs. Doctor Andrews stood at the top, his head down, his whole body limp. As he came downstairs, he raised his head and saw Peter. There were tears in his eyes as he said, "Gramp told me to tell you that you probably had a whale on the end of your line, and that's why you couldn't lift it."

Jayne Jewett

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

1940 - 41



Left to Right: Janet Jansing, President; Ruth Mattson, Vice-President; Marjorie Williams, Secretary; Lorraine Harrison, Treasurer.

THEATER

Before the Beginning

A stage-fright preview of the first curtain call.

A friendly spring breeze gently played havoc with her ash brown hair as Chris sat in her favorite spot atop her favorite hill. Whenever she had any important thinking to do, she would climb to the summit of the bluff and perch on the big rock under the solitary old oak tree, and meditate. This afternoon Skipper had followed on her heels, but the rollicking energy of such a frisky wire-hair had carried him off to some distant rabbit haunt, leaving Chris alone with her thoughts. Only the earth and sky and distant sea bore witness to her melancholy. The wholesome solitude of such a retreat appealed to her nature; and it made her feel—so great and yet so small.

Today a wrinkle of worry seemed to draw a line across her forehead. She was glad she had worn her piqué dress today, for the sun was warm. Contentedly she snuggled into a comfortable position. A fluffy cloud passed over the sun, and bathed her in shadow. She became serious. Her thoughts circled with anxiety around a marriage to Tory Peterson, wealthy socialite from New York, whom she had met at her cousin's tea.

The vision of her life as Tory's wife formed a disturbing picture in Chris' mind. How could she, simple Christopher Dorn from a tiny Connecticut village, become a successful Mrs. Torrence Peterson? Could she capably manage the large Greenwich estate and become a gracious and loved member of the revered Peterson family? As she tried to brush away an approaching insect, her confused mind dispaired at the adjustment she would have to make. She was afraid. Tory's aloofness frightened her. Perhaps it was merely her imagination that told her his quiet dignity was just an outlet for boredom. His poise, the very thing she should admire, was also alarming.

Why should it be? Had he not told her he loved her, asked her to marry him?

The night Tory had proposed was not exactly a happy memory. Chris was down in Greenwich spending the week-end at the Peterson home. Saturday night was the huge party.

The large house was filled. Chris felt lost. All these people were new to her and rather baffling. She could not feel at home. The din of voices rising against each other was nerve-racking. "What a divine gown, Bette!" Chris' cotton print, in comparison, looked as though she had borrowed it from someone's kid sister. "Did you hear about Joel's accident? Car simply smashed to bits. Had to bring the Packard tonight." Chris had learned to drive in Pop's old Buick four years ago; and she was still keeping in practice with the same old car. "Rae's singing at the Stork Club—just for the glamour, you know." Talk grew competitive. The party was in full swing.

More people were arriving, if there could be more people. Everyone seemed polite to Chris, but dutifully so. She could not tell of any trip of hers to Europe, for she had never been. Too bad Penelope Brent couldn't lend her one of her trips; she had been four times. People soon became bored with her, and Chris would find herself left alone with some kinder soul probably doing his good deed for the day. The routine seemed to be: "Say, there's Mart. Have you met him? Mart, may I present Miss—eh, is it Dorn?" Following the introduction would be a three-way conversation for about four sentences and then a hasty "Pardon me, I must see Harry about the tennis match tomorrow."—And Mart would be the victim.

Chris felt herself rapidly acquiring an inferiority complex. Must Sheila Curtis look her up and down so appraisingly? Was her make-up smeared, her dress mussed? Why didn't Tory come to her rescue? He wasn't keeping an eye on her, and she wished he would. Every once in a while he would drift

over to her, but he seemed curiously reserved. She felt uncomfortable. She was not making a hit. Her smile was forced and painful. Her throat was tight and dry. All she wanted to do was get off by herself—away from these strangers. No one would miss her. With the party at its peak behind her, too obviously casual she climbed the stairs to the spacious guest room.

The sound of an automobile horn awakened her. Chris jumped up, looked at her watch, and hastily dabbed powder on her nose. She started down the stairs. The last guest's "Goodnight" still echoed through the empty first floor as Tory's disturbed face turned toward her. Many regretted things were said in the scene that followed. Tory's "I'm ashamed of you" broke down her defenses. Chris found herself crying on his shoulder. And then it happened. It was all so simple. "I love you, Chris. Will you marry me?"

Skipper's saucy bark brought her back to reality. A quick glance at her wrist told her it was 5:30. Dashing down the hill, she almost fell in her haste to get home to get supper. But Peter was there ahead of her—quiet, easy-going Peter who had been so patient through all this. He waited in the doorway for his young wife. His deep brown eyes, shining under dark wavy hair, were eager. After supper he would help Chris with her lines, and drive her to the Little Theater Club where she would start rehearsals as Mrs. Tory Peterson in the new play.

Nancy Brown

Maurice Evans Presents Shakespeare's King Richard II

Over three centuries ago in 1597 Shakespeare wrote a play about a king who was deposed—Richard II of England. It was published in abridged form, and never produced for political reasons until after the death of Queen Elizabeth. Since then it rarely has been played; for the rôle of a weak, youthful monarch was not popular with actors of the school of Kemble, Kean, and Booth. It has

remained for Maurice Evans to reclaim Richard II from the neglect of the past, and to make it known to the twentieth century as one of Shakespeare's greatest dramas.

In his presentation of the play in Boston, Maurice Evans gave a powerful interpretation of King Richard. From the opening scenes in which the young king, secure on his throne, is petulant, vain, foppish, and cruelly flippant by turns, through the change which comes with the realization that his crown is in danger, to his final supreme act of abdication, the characterization is convincing. The beauty of the verse, the swiftly moving drama, and the pathos of the climax create an effect almost surpassing the tragedy of Hamlet.

Among the subordinate characters, Bolingbroke, the usurper, and John of Gaunt, the king's powerful uncle, are played with understanding. Few of the other characters are important apart from furthering the action. There is no one of these in whom the interest centers, as in Ophelia or Polonius in *Hamlet*. Shakespeare seemed mainly interested in developing the king's character. Through suffering and grief we see Richard grow from weakness to strength, strength which makes him utter,—“O, that I were as great as is my grief, or lesser than my name,” and again, “I give this heavy weight from off my head and this unwieldy scepter from my hand.”

Art plays an important part in the setting of the stage. A raised platform of three steps, and three arched openings form the basic elements of the design for all scenes. By different treatments of the space within the arches, a hall within the castle or the ramparts outside is indicated. The position of the players is carefully worked out to form a balanced composition at all times. Color plays an important part. The rich reds, green, blues, yellows, and purples are worked into a brilliant pattern. In the earlier scenes, Richard's costume is yellow, typifying his youth. In later scenes it changes to sombre black, and outshines any courtier in red satin. Owing to Shakespeare's art, and acting of Mr. Evans and his company,

neither the costumes nor the language date the play. They even contribute to the impression of the play's being a great modern drama.

Who is this Maurice Evans who has been called by critics the best male actor on the English-speaking stage today? Until 1925 he held the position of assistant cashier in a music publishing firm on Bond Street, London. During this time he was engaged in amateur theatricals. It was not until 1926, however, that he was persuaded to enter the professional stage. For some years he played small parts in contemporary plays, the opportunity of playing leading roles in Shakespearian drama not coming until 1935, when he appeared as Richard II at the Old Vic in London. There he gave notable characterizations as Napoleon in *St. Helena*, the Dauphin in Shaw's *Saint Joan*, and Caesar in *Anthony and Cleopatra*. His Hamlet was so outstanding in 1938 that Guthrie McClintic decided to bring him to this country to play Romeo in *Romeo and Juliet*. In America he has repeated his former successes.

As I listened to the recent performance of *Richard II* in Boston, I felt that I was seeing a great play greatly done. An excellent actor and a keen student of human nature portrayed Richard II with the simplicity and naturalness which must have been close to Shakespeare's original conception of the character.

Barbara Gorely

The Dancers

Lights were low, and a yellow spot light played on the cleared dance floor. The people at the tables around the edge of the floor faded into darkness. Their laughing conversations stopped, and nothing except the occasional clink of ice in the glasses broke the silence that came with the first deep, exciting throb of music. The room took on a different air. There seemed to be the faint strum of guitars and low throaty laughs in the dark corners of the room. Two people, sleek, dark haired, glided onto the floor. Their movements were slow and careful, but there was something electrical

and exciting about their subtle dance. Each beat of the music was matched by a move from those two with perfectly immobile and expressionless faces. Their way of showing expression was with their hard yet smooth and fluid bodies. They twisted slowly and glided gracefully, never missing a beat, oblivious to everything except the throbbing, warm music of Spain. As the tempo increased, they moved faster. Her steps flowed into his—never missing a step or a beat. The room was charged with feeling; the feeling of people holding their breath in wonder. Still the two danced, unconscious of anything but the increasing tempo of the music. Faster and faster they moved—their eyes grew dark and their breathing unsteady. The music grew louder, louder, louder and the tension of the audience grew almost unbearable. Still they danced and still the orchestra played—the tempo increasing always. An almost savage look was on the faces of the dancers as they twirled and twirled about the room. The orchestra followed the dancers now, and slowed down when they began to glide quietly towards the exit. The lights came on; and after a few seconds of stunned silence, the audience realized that the dance was over. Waiters moved about taking their orders. Emotions were almost down to normal, the musicians were playing the current swing pieces, and the tension was forgotten.

In the dressing room sat two young Latins, both spent and weary. They danced once in an evening, and people flocked to see them. They put their all into their one dance, and it took them all evening to relax, calm their nerves and regain their normal balance. Carlos and Carmen were young, and they loved their music and their dance.

Marju Fraser



THEY ARE SUCCEEDING

Letters from graduates of the Merchandising Course, and from two of their employers.

Dear Miss Hadcock,

I have been in the comparison office for about a month—shopping ready-to-wear; it is really fascinating, and I enjoy it immensely—the office itself is much like the chapter in the "Buyer's Manual" on Comparison Office—with approximately the same procedure.

We check ads, displays inside and out, and watch competition in every department.

All of these things help you to know your own merchandise as well as merchandise in other stores, and of course anything new is reported and examined.

Recently I have been poring madly over the "Buyer's Manual," and I find that much of it is what we, as a store, live by, and that more of it is what we hope to achieve. In other words, it is really an important manual.

Our anniversary sale is on now; so we—the girl who shops home furnishings and I—were asked to sell in the afternoons. I love this racket, and of course I think G. Fox the best place in the world.

Sincerely,

Ruth Bull

Dear Miss Hadcock,

Things have happened so very fast since I saw you at Lasell. The day after I arrived home I received a call from Porteous, Mitchell, & Braun Company to report at the store at 8:50 Friday, November 24. In short, I have been working in the hosiery department on the street floor—full time. I like it very much; there is a great deal to learn about hosiery; and as I had never sold hosiery before, it came rather hard at first to remember the different threads, type of heel, stretch top, run stops, etc. But I am happy to report that yesterday (we had a rather slow day in the store) I sold more and had a much better total than *three* of the regulars and one extra. I am keeping track of my daily sales.

Already I am very sure that this store is the one in which I wish to learn more about selling. There is a fine system to everything that is carried on in the store, and such a good opportunity for an interested person to find what is best suited to her.

Everyone in my department is very nice to me, and so willingly helpful—it means so much when you start in a strange place.

Every morning we check over our stock and fill in with new sizes, etc. from the stock room.

If you have any suggestions that would benefit me, please let me know.

Sincerely yours,

Parthena Whipple

Dear Miss Hadcock,

My work is becoming more and more fascinating every day. I spent last week in New York buying. It was certainly an enjoyable and valuable experience, and made me realize more than ever what an interesting and versatile field retailing is. I spent most of the week with Mr. Emmons buying coats and suits, but also did some buying by myself. I was thrilled with the wholesale end—and came back bursting with enthusiasm for my work. I am still writing advertising copy, and it is becoming steadily more difficult for me to decide whether it is in advertising or buying that I wish to specialize.

Sincerely,

Betsy Bassett

Dear Miss Hadcock,

I have so much to write you about that I don't exactly know where to begin.

I am no longer a sales-person in Hahne's toy department, but rather I am one of their four comparison shoppers, with a big desk all to myself. I was laid off from the toy department, and I felt terribly discouraged, but realized that the department had more people than it could stand and that I was the newest employee there. For two weeks I did contingent work, averaging three days a week. Then Miss Murphy called and asked if I would be inter-

ested in being interviewed for this opening in comparison shopping. Miss Bowman, the head of the latter, interviewed five girls; and although my age was greatly against me, I got it and a *raise*.

I shop for the following divisions: notions, drugs, infants' and children's wear, corsets, toiletries, stationery, books, and art embroidery, men's clothing, hats, shoes and furnishings. I have to shop for all ads a day before they are to run, and do all the copy for the ads in these departments. It keeps me very busy, but I like it. It is necessary to have arguments with the buyers all the time, and I can't seem to get used to the idea of being superior to a buyer.

My greatest regret is that I was unable to take the course in Textiles at school. If you can think of any books that I could read to help me with judging fabrics, I would appreciate it if you'd let me know.

I said that there were four of us in the bureau, but one girl works only part time, and the head also shops. We are very amused with the Macy vs. Bloomingdale fight now going on.

I shop Bamberger's and Kresge's every day,
Hurriedly,

Mary Irish

"I feel that we owe you a great deal for having sent Miss Bassett to us. She is very able, very industrious, and of an attractive personality. She is doing unusually well at her work and I think there are good opportunities here, if she continues. Whether it be here or elsewhere, I am confident that she is a girl who will be successful."

Harry G. Emmons
Emmons' Dry Goods
Concord, New Hampshire

"Miss Pierce is generally alert, and shows evidence of having had excellent training as a background. While we have made no attempt to fill in the Service Rating card, be assured that if she is to be accepted as a typical Lasell graduate, then we'll say, 'Three rousing cheers for good old Lasell and your fine work,' as we

would heartily welcome more material just like Miss Georgia Pierce."

L. L. Stearns & Sons
Department Store
Pine, West Third and Laurel Streets
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

"The Next Twenty Years"

"The Next Twenty Years of the Junior College Movement" was the title of an address given by Dr. George Zook in Columbia, Missouri, at the Twentieth Anniversary of the American Association of Junior Colleges. Dr. Zook was foremost in organizing the Association in St. Louis in 1920.

The real achievements of the past twenty years are the phenomenal increase in the enrollment and teaching staff of junior colleges, and a change in public opinion. The teaching profession and the general public have been educated to the acceptance of several concepts which are a sound basis on which to build American education:

(1) The first two years of the four year liberal arts course represent the completion of a general high school curriculum. (2) Terminal curricula beyond the high school to fit young people for vocational responsibilities have been made necessary by the increasing complexity of modern life. (3) Universities should confine themselves to advanced and professional education, leaving the first two years of the curriculum to the colleges and junior colleges.

Junior colleges should conceive of their field of effort as including the entire youth population, especially those who are 18 and 19 years of age. Alongside the traditional course leading to the completion of an A.B. degree should be terminal curricula in various vocations. Such junior colleges, supported from public funds, should be connected with the secondary school so as to represent a natural extension of high school education. Programs of part-time education and part-time work should be organized.



JUNE QUEEN AND HER ATTENDANTS

Left to Right: Beatrice Crosby, Janice Donovan, Priscilla Sleeper (Queen), Terry Akeson,
Dorothy Schneider, Gage Titcomb.

A special sense of responsibility should be laid on the teachers of junior colleges. They deal with young people at the most critical period in their lives. But if a good proportion of the junior college faculty have never come in intimate contact with the critical points where citizenship problems are settled—the city hall, courts, etc., how can they turn out good citizens?

There are now three and a half million people between 16 and 24 who are neither at work nor in school. People live longer and are in competition with youth, or a burden on the government. The traditional four year college will take care of a small proportion of the youth population who want and can afford to work on for an undergraduate degree. But the bulk of the youth problem lies squarely in the junior college field.

Condensed by Pat Kieser

Names and Numbers of Baby Pictures in *Leaves* for May, 1940

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Jean C. Marion | 21. Alice P. Paul |
| 2. Helen M. Miley | 22. Dorothy E. Weston |
| 3. Margaret Dunham | 23. Anna Eichhorn |
| 4. Elizabeth Jewett | 24. Ruth L. Wilmot |
| 5. Marian M. MacDonald | 25. Mary E. Williams |
| 6. Mary Blatchford | 26. Elvia S. Davis |
| 7. Ruth Goodwin | 27. Margaret Rand |
| 8. Harold Schwab | 28. Ruth Emery |
| 9. Lois E. Nelson | 29. Russell E. Waitt |
| 10. Eleanor B. Paddock | 30. Clara A. Winslow |
| 11. Nellie E. Wright | 31. Madeleine Marsh |
| 12. Editha Hadcock | 32. George S. Dunham |
| 13. Karin I. Eliasson | 33. Ebba A. Hallberg |
| 14. Esther M. Andros | 34. Margaret E. Gamble |
| 15. Paul Bauguss | 35. Mira L. Sawyer |
| 16. Elise L. Jewett | 36. Natalie E. Park |
| 17. Walter R. Amesbury | 37. Earl H. Ordway |
| 18. Helen L. Beede | 38. Catharine Beatley |
| 19. Emilie L. Berkley | 39. Elizabeth Livingstone |
| 20. Guy M. Winslow | Eleanor S. Perley |

(page 20)

Childhood Ambitions of Lasell Faculty

"None, except play and eat"—J. Le Royer.

"Be a secretary. Swim the English Channel. Own a palatial swimming pool and a stable of fine riding horses"—Helen M. Miley

"To be a nurse."—J. C. Marion

"I have never had time to wonder!"—H. L. Beede

"First I wanted to be a dietitian, but soon changed my mind when I entered high school. Then I wanted to be a Physical Education Instructor, and here I am."—M. Sawyer

"1. A mother. 2. A singer. 3. Teacher of gymnastics. 4. Nurse."—Marion R. Leonard

"Criminal lawyer."—Ruth L. Wilmot

"My childhood ambition was to be a store-keeper. The shelves always fascinated me."—Sarah W. Root

"Believe it or not, my childhood ambition was to be a wash-woman or the head of an orphan asylum; and now that I am married and have three children, I have had a chance to put my childhood ambition into actual practice."—Dorothy Ellis Weston

"To play the violin."—Anna Eichhorn

"My maiden name was Helen Cowell, and I had a very definite ambition as a child. In fact, I only gave it up when I married. I wanted to be a composer of music. With this in view I studied (through my High School years) with Professor Haesche of the Yale Music School. Then at Wells College, I took the degree of B.M. In Paris, I studied composition further at the Schola Cantorum under Vincent d'Indy. The following year in Vienna I gave up the study of composition to spend more time on the study of the cello under the first cellist of the Vienna Opera orchestra, Professor Buxbaum. The following year, upon returning to Paris, I married. Finis—musical composition!"—Helen C. Bailly

"Nurse or doctor."—E. B. Paddock

"My childhood ambition was to work in my father's store and sell things. The candy counter seemed most attractive. A general store in a small town seems wonderful to a child."—Mary E. Williams

"To be very wealthy, and travel."—Ebba A. Hallberg

"To be a boy so that I could be sure of entering into all sports."—Muriel R. McClelland

"To be a mounted police officer on Beacon Hill."—Ruth Goodwin

"So far as I remember, my childhood ambition was to be a teacher; I sometimes repented after I began."—G. W. Irwin

"Opera singer. Doctor."—Margaret E. Gamble

"At ten years I was asked the same question at school, and I remember writing a composition on the subject. First I wanted to be a famous artist, and secondly to own and run a candy store. I know that I mentioned that, owning the store, my children could have all the candy they wanted—free."—Esther M. Andros

"To sweep through marble halls, gowned in lustrous silk trimmed with yards of lace, and having a long train."—Catharine Beatley

"I am not sure, but as I recall, I desired to be a great singer."—Sally E. Turner

"To own a steam yacht. . . ."

"To be athletic in order to be healthy and strong."—Eleanor S. Perley

"To be a clergyman."—N. C. Hannay

"To be treasurer of Lasell Junior College."—Walter R. Amesbury

"To be a school teacher."—Annie M. Strang

"To surpass older brothers in skill in sports and games."—Mary W. Blatchford

"From my earliest years—as early as five years, for example, I wanted always to sing. And I began to sing loud and long at about that time! I think that has been my chief interest in life."—Helen Goodrich

"To run in the Marathon race; also to be an artist, and a lion and tiger trainer."—Alice Paine Paul.

"The Raven"

Product of the mind and genius of Edgar Allan Poe, "The Raven" has found a place among the immortal poems of the world. Despite critical assault, its strange, weirdly beautiful lines stand, secure in their power to impress themselves upon the mind and heart of the reader.

Poe once said, "Events not to be controlled

have prevented me from making, at any time, any serious effort in what, under happier circumstances, would have been the field of my choice." These happier circumstances apparently made their appearance at some time in his life, for by the end of the summer of 1844 "The Raven" was complete. Four years before, the seed of the idea had been planted in Poe's mind when he reviewed "Barnaby Rudge," in which the raven is found. Inevitably the seed sprouted, and the roots took firm hold in the wealth of ability and vigor which were Poe's birthright. Determined to compose "a poem that should suit at once the popular and the critical taste," he put into play both his skill—developed to the point of perfection by thought, patience, and endless self-correction—and his sensitive power of perception. Then, too, Poe was endowed with a dreaming instinct which made myth-making comparatively easy and unstrained.

Over a long period of four years there went into the composition of the poem an imposing amount of critical thinking and artistic analysis. The result was a work of art depending for the rhythm and melody upon unique rhyming and alliteration. Written some years after the death of a beloved friend, the poem is a final ode in memory of her tenderness and sympathy which brought so much comfort to his anguished mind. The poem weaves a spell wrought largely by sensuous effects of color, sound, and gloom—a gloom somehow made more intense by lurking but unshaped suggestions of mysterious meanings. "The ghost of nothing had been endowed with memorable form."

Poe was often asked why he wrote "The Raven." He answered by writing "How I Wrote the Raven," a perfectly reasonable essay, but one which evaded the question. Actually, he had to dodge the issue as to why he was drawn to select the type of material he did, in order to keep from facing the realities of his own pitiful condition. For behind a glittering front of aristocratic writings this slender man with the wavy brown hair and the tragic

grey eyes was possessed of a personality characterized by disintegration and loss of contact with his environment. "I dwelt alone in a world of moan," is his keyword. "The inner man, the tortured subconscious mind which perceived only too fatally how hopeless was the struggle, appears in those haunted melodies out of time and place which are his poems." He was always seeking for some balance to hold him from the pitfalls of insanity. Alcohol was not a sedative to him, but an exaggerated stimulant. The final refuge was poetry. In writing his poems he could unveil his inner self before the public. "There he could occupy himself with that longing for the peace which he had never known."

Only by considerable patience, judgment, and labor can a true estimate of Poe be arrived at. In the practical affairs of everyday life Poe was frequently a complete failure. He wrote at a time when what he had to say and his way of saying it were little appreciated. In his youth, he was subjected to devastating influences, and was continually handicapped by poverty and disappointments. There was about him a certain charm coupled with a power of antagonism which made him loved by few, hated by many, and memorable to everyone. Poe as a man was abnormal and as a genius, unique. James Russell Lowell said of Poe in 1845: "As it is, he has squared out blocks enough to build an enduring pyramid, but has left them lying carelessly and unclaimed in many different quarries." The task of reclaiming these blocks has been an arduous one. Yet, because Poe's work is a living reminder of the genius that was his, we shall go on with the task of gathering and interpreting such masterpieces as "The Raven."

Peggy Foster

SKETCHES

Vignettes

My fellow passengers en route to Europe, 1939.

Helen Hayes, dainty, demure, and friendly, holding me in her arms as the boat lurched, when we and our partners were thrown against the velvet ropes around the dance floor.

Ramon Navarro, posing beside the swimming pool, but with a searching eye to count the number of his audience before going into the water.

Eric von Stroheim, vehement in his declaration that he was now a French citizen; always glowering, glum, and belligerent.

Robert Montgomery, asleep in his deck chair, needing a shave, his mouth a bit open, but handsome as ever.

Bill Tilden in the inevitable English sweater, always turning his profile in case his public had their cameras handy.

Don Budge, his red hair unruly; always with a smile, stopping to play with the children on the boat. A beautiful dancer, and can he play the drums,—at 3 A.M.?

A United States Senator's daughter boarding the boat at Havre, wearing grey slacks and shirt, and wearing the same outfit every day and evening,—to gala dinners and the Captain's dinner, and always looking as though she needed a bath, or at least a shampoo.

Mr. K., from Philadelphia. Jovial, florid, expansive. A diamond merchant on his way to Amsterdam, with three sons who were extra good dancers.

Dr. O., from New York. A dentist sailing for Paris "to go native." He started his back-to-nature movement by donning merely a beret and trousers and mingling with the steerage passengers.

Schiaparelli's secretary,—suave, sleek, and assured. Coming to New York to find work. Always in black with white accents.



Thomas Mann's daughter,—always reading, reading,—but very human in her conversation.

Ambassador Kennedy's wife,—always the perfect lady. Very retiring. Perfectly but plainly dressed, and looking as though she needed a rest.

The friend of the Captain,—a widow with a son at Yale, and yet, with the aid of beauticians, looking in her thirties! Four fur coats and beautiful clothes. She slept in her sequin gown one night!

M. & Mme. L., French-born but American citizens since 1892. Married 42 years and still in love. Incidentally, it was his factory which supplied the gorgeous draperies for the *Queen Mary*.

A group of heavy-set men with shaven heads and thick necks who always sat in the smoke room, whispering and making notes. Stewards on the boat said that they were German spies!

A group of Mormon "missionaries" in Tourist Class who would occasionally steal upstairs and dance (which is forbidden by their church laws). Fine, clean, intelligent boys.

The South American girl,—beautiful as a magazine cover,—skin like alabaster, hair like a raven's wing, mouth like a Cupid's bow, eyes like slumbering volcanos, clothes galore, figure divine. Could not speak a word of English until one night a steward stepped on one of her flounces and tore it, and then—"Lookit what yuh done. Yuh big bum."

Jeanne Walsh

To Kill Your Product—Advertise

"What kind of a husband is yours? Dead-to-the-world Dick — George-the-grouch — or Didn't-sleep-a-wink Sam? Every home needs a Westclock." With this startling, not to say presumptuous, questionnaire, one is urged to buy a "Big Ben." This is an example of an average, common (in more than one sense),

advertisement which appeared in a widely read magazine. Some of the most astounding statements appear in connection with a product. Woodbury announces with apparently no qualms that "Romance hovers round the deb who takes a Woodbury Facial Cocktail." Upon inquiry one discovers that a facial cocktail is merely washing the face by rubbing soap in with the hands instead of with a washcloth, and rinsing with warm water. All unsuspecting I have been following this ritual for about fifteen years. Perhaps if I say the magic words "facial cocktail," this daily practice of washing my face will become not a task but a means of beauty. On the next page we find: "Bad breath almost broke up my home." A somewhat pathetic looking woman with a baby in her arms is pictured, and seems to be the author of this statement. One wonders what kind of a bounder her husband must be to desert a wife and child without at least hinting that if she used Listerine, the dark clouds which seem to have gathered over their home would be dispelled. I, myself, get so involved in their marital problems that Listerine becomes of secondary importance. Mum tells us "It's no fun to be alone," with the obvious, if somewhat ridiculous inference, that everyone who is lonely need only use Mum to obtain, at once, a circle of admiring friends. A prominent liquor ad tells us that "Life holds more for the moderate man"; a statement which contradicts that picture in my own mind of a too frequent customer of their product. One of the most fatuous of their advertisements read "Lady, Lady! It's not *you* but gap-osis that keeps a man tongue-tied—dries up his compliments. Get rid of that untidy placket—get a Talon slide-fastener—quick!" With one sweeping statement the makers of Talon infer that one can no longer receive compliments without a Talon slide fastener.

The good advertisements are definitely in the minority compared to the type mentioned above. Campbell soups present an attractive poster. The colors are bright and "soup-like." Steam rises from the contents of the bowl;

the caption states "One good soup deserves another." A simple, direct statement is given under a plain but explicit picture, a rare thing in advertising today! The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company heads its allotted space with "Mice and Men against pneumonia." This is followed by a technical but comprehensible explanation. A clear shining glass filled with bright yellow liquid and Dole Pineapple Juice presents their product with no hint that one glass will patch a broken romance. Ads like these impress me the most because of their clearness, beauty and simplicity of statement and idea. They are all too few.

What is the matter with advertising today? Most of it seems designed with the idea that the average reader has the intelligence of a six-year old. Actually it would take unusual capacity for knowledge to excavate the product from the cluttered mass of illustrations, confused, absurd, and often misleading statements. The pictures often have nothing to do with the main idea. Too many phrases, most of them ridiculous, clutter up the page. It seems to be an indication that Americans can only be appealed to through lurid overstatements and bad art. Manufactures of Ovaltine tell us to drink their product for a clear-eyed morning. For a clear-eyed American reader and better advertising might I suggest a little product of my own,—Constructive Criticism?

Catherine M. Buckley

Our Forlorn Kitten

Spattie was the most forlorn kitten you ever saw. She was nearly starved, and so bruised that she yelped at the gentlest touch. A particularly rough group of children had found her that morning, and Spattie had served as a doll, a football, and a plaything all day. When supper time came a battle over the possession of the little kitten took place.

"It's my kitty!" the oldest girl cried. "I found it," she said, squeezing the kitten harder.

"I saw it first!" The smallest one grabbed a tiny black and white leg and pulled hard.

"I saw it too! It's as much my kitty as it

is yours!" The third girl said, squeezing another leg.

That was when I stepped in. The little girls got a severe talking to, and I took possession of the tiny kitten. Not that I wanted one—no, the fact was I most definitely didn't. We had Mac, the scarlet Macaw; Lileth, the monkey, and a canary, and more fish than anyone could count. A cat was certainly not wanted in our house at this time, but I decided I'd help the creature until a good home was found for her.

At home, while I was rummaging in the kitchen for food for the kitten, Spattie was at loose in the living-room helping herself to the largest and finest goldfish in the bowl. Woe is me—and to think I was trying to do a good deed—but, after all, if I had been as hungry as Spattie looked and acted, I, too, probably would have found myself eating goldfish. (P.S. Please remind me not to get *that* hungry!)

Lileth hadn't been considered at all by me. But, when she took one good look at the poor little battered, scrawny kitten she decided that she had wanted a kitten for a long time—and this one seemed so very helpless. She rocked Spattie to sleep and did all that she could to make her a monkey. Lileth was a lonely monkey, too; she really did need a friend.

Then Mac decided to stick a paw in the affair, for he also liked the kitten. Poor Mac, he seemed so formidable to Spattie—big as he was, dressed in feathers of scarlet and blue and yellow. The first time he said "Hello," Spattie jumped half way across the room. It was quite plain that she had never encountered a parrot before, let alone a macaw. She arched her back and spat. But Mac just giggled and waddled over closer to Spattie. Spattie, too frightened to run or fight, stayed perfectly still—her back still arched high. Then she realized that Mac was trying to be friendly, but in his own clumsy way, so unfamiliar to her.

After that, they were friends—the two of them. So, I sighed with great relief and hung the canary's cage higher.

Spattie wasn't our kitten. No, Mac had a

cat and Lileth had a cat. They didn't share her at all. But Spattie knew just how to divide her time between Mac and Lileth so that each was satisfied. Yes, she was a smart kitten, as small as she was.

Lileth mothered Spattie, and Mac taught her how to play. Yet, it was always Mac to whom Spattie turned for comfort when she had been scolded or had gotten into trouble.

Spartie's age is six now and her rule is supreme over this heterogeneous court. New goldfish have long since supplanted the original ones, and the songs of the canary have faded with age. But Lileth and Mac, mellowing by the years, still continue to look with dignified pride upon their foster-child.

Bettie Ellis

Stop, Look, and Listen

We managed with difficulty to park the car behind a long line of other cars, opposite the gymnasium. I, for one, hardly waited for the car to stop, as I hopped out of the rumble seat. Wasn't this the big basketball game of the season to which we were all hurrying? Without looking to the right or left, I stepped from behind our parked car and started to walk swiftly across the short distance to the other side. But not before I heard the mad screeching of brakes, applied too suddenly, and the frantic screams of all those standing near.

When I came out of the temporary daze I was in, I found my two hands resting lightly on the top of the front fender, my legs and knees touching the front wheels closely. My foot, on the inner side of the wheel, having been run over, was beyond feeling. The physical effects were short-lived, but the mental shock is still with me. Before walking into traffic, I never fail to stop, because cars never do; I never fail to look, because drivers never see; and I never fail to listen, although they rarely blow their horns.

Grace Roberts

Norumbega

Lasell crews have been stroking up and down the Charles River past the amusement grounds of Norumbega Park and past the old, field-stone Norumbega Tower. Some girls have climbed the circular stairway, and from the battlemented top seen only a winding river rimmed by trees. Where are the "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" of the lost city of Norumbega? Like the Fountain of Youth, this phantom city lured the early explorers who hoped to have one glimpse of its dazzling turrets before they died. They searched in vain for it along the northern coast of New England. It is said that Captain John Smith believed it to be somewhere along the Charles River. An English sailor claimed that he had actually seen Norumbega, and described it as gleaming with gold and precious stones.

However, when New England was finally settled, it was by a stern band of people seeking God, not earthly splendor. Norumbega was forgotten until Eben Horsford, Professor at Harvard, started to study Norse history. In 1884, he announced to the world that he had discovered remains of the lost city on the banks of the Charles between Riverside and Watertown. He believed that the Vikings, led by Lief Ericson, had settled there and built the fabulous city. Norvega or Norbega meant Norway, and the great river, always mentioned in the old Norse sagas, was the Charles. Various Norse relics were dug up, including sword blades and a helmet. Later it was found that these relics were missing from the Peabody Museum, and that they had been buried by the Professor's students. Professor Horsford, however, never relinquished his idea. He built the field-stone tower to commemorate his discovery of the location of the lost city, which today has been entirely discredited.

No, we do not see "gorgeous palaces" near Norumbega, but outdoor fireplaces, benches and tables for picnics, and the Lasell crew stroking on the river.

Barbara Gorely

PERSONALS



LILLIE R. POTTER, '80

Dean Emeritus

The joyous company of Lasell's brides and grooms increases. Our heartiest congratulations to these happy couples:

May 3—E. Louise Mueller '27 and Mr. Hans Fritz Schweickert at Brooklyn, New York.

May 18—Jeanette White '33-35 and Mr. Dexter Joseph Eaton at Needham, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Eaton are now living at 111 Newall Avenue, Needham, Mass.

May 19—H. Virginia White '35 and Mr. Harry I. Wardell at Middleburgh, N. Y. The young couple now reside at 13 Cambridge Road, Albany, N. Y.

May 22—Elizabeth Mary Page '32 and Mr. Neil Udell Flemming at Skowhegan, Maine. Elizabeth was attended by her sister, Margaret Page Reuben '36, and Eleanor Swett '38, bridesmaids. Her new address is 22 Bush Street, Skowhegan.

May 25—Dorothy W. Charlton '35 and Mr. James W. Greely at Wellesley Hills, Mass.

May 25—Kathryn Virginia Bartlett '38 and Mr. Jack Stanley Mosher at Wellesley Hills, Mass. Kay's bridesmaids included

her Lasell classmates Margaret Jones, Martha Sill, and Elizabeth Yuell.

May 31—Ruth M. Keyes '36 and Mr. Henry Wendt, Jr. at Somerville, Mass. The bride's sister, Dorothy '38, was maid-of-honor.

June 1—Nina Keppler '32-33 and Mr. James Saye Dusenbury, Jr. at Newton, Mass.

June 1—Barbara Hamilton, '35 and Mr. Edwin Fred Putnam at Worcester, Mass.

June 5—Eunice Andrews '30-32 and Mr. Brian Brooks at New York, New York. Eunice's attendant was her twin sister, Bette '30-32.

June 6—Roberta Morrill '35 and Mr. Joseph John Celi at Boston, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Celi's address, after October first, will be 190 Morton Street, Stoughton, Mass.

June 8—Joan Pratt Johnson '28 and Mr. Elmer Stuart Doriot at Indianapolis, Indiana.

June 14—Priscilla Louise Hay '36 and Mr. John Wellington Nichols at West Newton, Mass. Members of the bridal party were Dorothy Ell '36, maid of honor, and Deborah York '36, bridesmaid.

June 14—Irene Harriet Dreissigacker '37 and Mr. Potter Brimlow at Mamaroneck, N. Y. Dorothy Forsstrom '37 was Irene's honor attendant.

June 15—Miss Madeleine Marsh (Lasell faculty 1935-40) and Mr. Harold De Wolf at Boston, Mass.

June 15—Ruth Winslow '31 and Mr. William Paul Neulieb at Webster, Mass.

June 15—Catherine Lois Walsh '35 and Mr. Charles Robert Rudd at Lexington, Mass. Jeanne Walsh '41 was one of her sister's attendants.

June 15—Ruth Rice '35-36 and Mr. Lambert Henry Bigelow at Gleasondale, Mass. Ruth's bridesmaids were Evelyn and Marjorie Raitt '35-36. Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow will be at home at 29 Warren Avenue, Marlboro, Mass.

June 15—Ruth E. Brayman '36-37 and Mr. Victor C. Westfall at Middleburgh, N. Y.

June 20—Hildegard Baxter '36 and Mr. Raymond Perkins at Bucksport, Maine.

June 21—Dorothy Morgan '35-36 and Mr. Philip Cleveland James at Malden, Mass.

June 22—Olive Chesser '35-36 and Mr. Henry Walton Proffitt at New York, New York. After October first, Mr. and Mrs. Proffitt will be residing at 55 East 72d Street, New York City.

June 22—Ruth Evelyn McLean '36-37 and Mr. A. Elliott Abbott at Portland, Me. Ruth's new home address is Rochester Street, Westbrook, Me.

June 22—Persis Bevin '37-38 and Mr. Curtiss Bacon at East Hampton, Conn. Drucille Bevin Vose '30-32 was her sister's matron of honor, Ruth Conklin '39 and June Conklin '37-38 were maids of honor, and Betty Foxwell '37-38 was one of the bridesmaids.

June 29—Barbara Lucille Briggs '35 and Mr. Leigh Stanton at Newton, Mass.

June 29—Dorice E. Twigg '33-34 and Mr. A. Richard Ellis, Jr.

July 3—Maida Cardwell '35 and Mr. Howard N. Atwood, Jr. at Auburndale, Mass.

July 6—Jean Randall '38 and Mr. I. M. Dockham at Springfield, Mass.

July 7—Jeanne Siff '36 and Dr. Irving B. Tapper at Akron, Ohio.

We have had word of the recent marriages of two former Woodland Park students. On May 25 Nancy Harrington (W. P. '24-26) became the bride of Mr. Poinsett Nowell Littlefield. Nancy's new address is Wynnewood Park Apartments, Wynnewood, Penna. Varner James (W. P. Jan.-June 1920, 1928-29) is the recent bride of Dr. K. George Tomajan. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. F. Kenneth Morrison (Muriel James '20).

Engaged: Jeannette Allen '28 to Mr. Robert Love; Ruth Oppenheimer '30 to Mr. Leon L. Gildersgame; Barbara J. Erickson '33 to Mr. Arthur Verne Rogers, Jr.; Natalie North '34 to Mr. George Frederick Hinchliffe; Mildred Birchard '38 to Mr. William A. Pentheny, Jr.; Elizabeth Jackson '38 to Mr. Vincent H. Dunning, Jr.; Carola Dutton '37-38 to Mr. Stephen

C. Kortlander; Shirley Shields '39 to Mr. James A. Feeley, Jr.; Alice Carolyn Smith '38-39 to Mr. Alan Gordon Hanford; Mary Carolyn Porter '40 to Mr. William Kenniston Morison; Marie MacGregor '39-40 to Mr. Walter A. Woodward; June Grace Paul '38-40 to Mr. Charles M. Strosnider.

In one of the humorous sketches of that professional merry-maker, Bob Burdett, he tells of witnessing in a western railway station the agony of a distracted mother over the momentary loss of her child, who had failed to follow her when she alighted from the inbound train. Sympathetic women, strangers to the heart-broken parent, were trying to assuage her grief when suddenly a brakeman appeared, leading the recovered offspring to his mother. "To my utter amazement," added Mr. Burdett, "the mother seized her angel child and proceeded to chastise it vigorously—I suppose for being lost and found." The reporter added, "Certainly the ways of loving, devoted mothers are at times, to my mind, past finding out."

It was many a lonesome day—yes, even years, since some of our homing doves reported in person to their Alma Mater. But in the gladness of our hearts we are not moved to seriously call them to account. Instead we would place them on a special roll of honor. The list on Class Day would be too long to even mention! Again and again we recognized faces, but did not even have opportunity for personal contact. Perhaps Doris Jones Hayes '35 might head the list of those whom we met for she arrived a little in advance of Commencement weekend, giving us opportunity for a coveted visit. Doris has a class of music pupils, and also assists her husband, who is head music master at Culver Military Academy, Culver, Indiana. She is homemaker and housekeeper, and yet in the face of her full schedule, looks prettier than ever. A note just received from Doris reports that she is stopping en route home to take an advanced music course at Northwestern University summer school.

A Portland Lasell friend reports for us an outline of Caroline Lindsay Haney's ('20) du-

ties as president of the Portland Parent-Teachers Association, a member of the committee for censoring the movies, is active in church and civic affairs and, most important of all, mothering two college-bound sons and a little daughter—an honor student in one of Portland's fine schools. We are waiting for an opportunity to ask Caroline's secret for keeping so young and vivacious while carrying such a heavy program.

Among the 1400 people who at Commencement time crowded Winslow Hall, we were constantly contacting some dear old student whom we had not seen in years. For example one member of the Class of 1910 greeted us with, "Don't you remember me? My name was Aldrich and you occasionally called me T.B. I supposed you saw something in me that reminded you of the author, but to my surprise you one day said, 'No, no, I always think of you as Touch Beyond Aldrich'."

And there was Gladys Wilkes McCutchen '16, her ministerial husband and their charming daughter Jean, who came all the way from Texas for their sake and Lasell's. They remained long enough for a real visit and so gracious was the Reverend McCutchen that the Class of 1916 adopted him as their honorary member.

Katherine Rice Brook '20 is a born leader. This year as always she brought a goodly company of Lasell girls of her time to answer to the roll call in person. We could hear the voice of Eloise Carey Wadley '20 leading her classmates in the singing of their Cap and Gown Song and other 1920 favorites.

In the crowded hall at Bragdon we ran across our "little Rebel", Mary Elton Remig '36, formerly of Jacksonville, Florida, but now safely located in Manchester, Connecticut. Mary received but passing attention for she was exhibiting a picture of her lovely baby boy. We are quite sure our old South Carolina "Mammy" would have said, "Mis' mam, dat's an ang'l-chile, sho' nuf."

Miss Lucy Curtis '80 was unable to join her classmates at the college in June, but sent a

note filled with the old-time spirit, and as usual enclosed a flower. This child of nature, as we called her in our schooldays, was a faithful pupil of the great teacher, St. Francis of Assisi. She was our nearest neighbor in Bragdon, and from over her transom sounded again and again the plaintive song of a southern spiritual, filled with childlike faith which heartened her rollicking classmates and sent them not to their knees, but back to their school tasks with fresh courage.

At the Alumnae Meeting on June 8th a member of the Class of 1880, Annie Kendig Peirce, the outstanding scholar of her class for four years, observed to her collegemate, "Don't you think it rather unusual: I was born in 1860, registered at Lasell in 1876, was sixteen years old and there were six girls in our class. Our graduation was June 6th and today we are celebrating our 60th anniversary." Mrs. Peirce's classmate was impressed with the unusual data and asked, "May I add one six more to this line of 'Gay 60's'? This bit is added by Dr. Bragdon, a life long advocate of free speech when it came to correcting tender youth. Having discovered me in a recent prank, he exclaimed, 'L., I do believe if you live to be one hundred, you will always act like *sixty*'."

One is indeed led to resolve bigger and better service for Lasell when a modest gift calls forth such a gracious acknowledgment as was recently received from Antoinette Meritt Smith '23, corresponding secretary of the Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

"To the Class of 1880: It is with real appreciation that the members of the Lasell Alumnae, Inc. say Thank You for your most generous gift to the Building Fund. Your continued interest and spirit of loyalty mean so much to the Alumnae, and it is such gifts as yours that make it possible to increase the Building Fund for the future. It was a great privilege for all to be present at the Alumnae meeting to join you in celebrating your 60th anniversary. With best wishes for the Class of 1880."

The Class of 1880 deeply appreciates this gen-

erous expression of Godspeed from their Alma Mater.

Evelyn C. Schmidt '14: Lasell's Ace Insurance Promotor. It is with pride and pleasure that we republish the following excerpt from a newspaper report just received from the Luce Press Clipping Bureau of New York: "May 4, 1940. Star Woman Producer Places \$6,000,000 Case. Evelyn C. Schmidt, of Equitable Life Society, Takes Top Group Honors in Company Ranks. Joining the Equitable in 1935 after several years as a specialist in dental health education, Miss Schmidt qualified for the \$200,000 Corps the next year, and for the Century Club the year following. Continuing her production of ordinary business in 1938 and 1939, she has now entered the ranks of leading group underwriters by installing group hospitalization and surgical benefits for about 2,000 employees of the Melville Shoe Corporation and their dependents, with approximately \$6,000,000 in group volume credit. This makes her the No. 1 group producer in the Equitable for the first four months of 1940. Employees in more than 660 retail shops operated by the corporation in over 330 cities throughout the country are protected by the coverages.

"Miss Schmidt's business success has recently brought her further recognition. Active for several years in the New York League of Business and Professional Women, she was last month elected president of that prominent organization for the ensuing year. Educated at Lasell Junior College, and following a course in dental health at the Forsyth Dental School in Boston, Miss Schmidt devoted a number of years to lecturing before state and national dental organizations. At one period of her career she was Educational Director of the American Dental Association. She has traveled extensively in furtherance of her activities, her outstanding trip being to Labrador with Sir Wilfred Grenfell."

Our Frances King Dolley, now of Western Reserve University, returns seldom to Lasell, and what a privilege it was to have her with us during the recent Commencement weekend.

Louise Paisley '09 and Julia DeWitt Read '10 were our nearest neighbors during these Commencement days. It was just as well for we could keep our eyes on and lend our ears to the lively celebrations which lasted sometimes far into the night. We are not writing a full account of the visit of this special group as they promised to send their own write-up.

From her Vermont home Mrs. Bertha Hooker Willey writes: "You will soon be in the midst of Commencement. I always feel homesick to see the Old Girls whom I knew so well and also the dear people who meant so much to me and whose kindness I shall never forget."

Dear Friend: We too have not yet become wholly reconciled to your absence. We are grateful for this expression of appreciation from one whom Lasell still holds very dear.

It would have been joy enough to have a real visit at Commencement time from Gwendolyn McDonald Black '18-28, but to have as her escorts two charming little sons increased our joy four-fold. We miss the children's laughter in the halls, and even this unexpected question addressed to the Dean Emeritus by three-year old Laurence: "Do you use lip-tik? Gentlemen never do." We are still laughing over this unexpected shock but forgave the dear questioner promptly.

Close associates of Miss Annie M. Strang of our faculty have long known of her fondness for flowers, but have never realized her special gift in arranging them. For the past two Commencement seasons Miss Strang, her sister, Miss Agnes Strang, aided by Miss Sally E. Turner of our faculty, have shown exquisite taste in decorating Winslow Hall. We are glad of this opportunity to acknowledge their artistic contribution to our Commencement program.

Seldom do we hear direct from Martha Hazelet Crooks '10. However, the most recent word from her home city, Williamsport, Penna., gives evidence that she and her family are following the example of their forebears, doing their share in assisting with relief for

the needy. The Williamsport paper announces that those appealing for help should send their message direct to Mr. William D. Crooks, Martha's husband, who is chairman of the relief committees.

It was our misfortune to miss the recent call of Catherine Kendrick Cole '02 and her husband. Fortunately they had a long visit with Mlle. LeRoyer who proved a good guide to the old haunts, but did not fail to overlook Lasell's latest improvements.

From Marion Ordway Corley '11, our national efficient treasurer, comes this note: "The newest Life Member of the L. A. A. is Mary Jane Selby '35. Her mother gave her the membership as a birthday gift this June." What a generous, unsolicited giving this! And is there not here a timely suggestion to other parents who may wish to present a lasting tribute to their daughter's Alma Mater a gift which may make it possible for some ambitious girl to share Lasell's unique educational program.

The late Miss Annie Payson Call, author and educator, was formerly an outstanding member of Lasell's faculty. Perhaps her book which has brought health and happiness to the largest company of her followers was her *Power Through Repose*. Her optimism, expressed by her life, she sought to impart to her pupils. Louise Dietrick '85-87, a student at Lasell during Miss Call's term of service, later became associated with this highly gifted educator in her work at the Mount Prospect School for Boys, and is also to be remembered as an associate hostess in their beautiful Waltham "house in the woods". Of Miss Call, this instructor writes: "Hundreds of despondent sufferers are now happy, useful and free through her inspired use of the practical principle of relaxing and rebuilding without strain. Her highly gifted and sensitive nature gave her a wide sympathy and humane understanding. Her deeply spiritual conviction that all religion is related to life and the life of religion is to do good. This showed in her unremitting effort not only to help others to their

freedom, but to look to herself to correct that needed strengthening. All who came in contact with Miss Call were stimulated to better and fuller living, heartened by her understanding of their difficulties and delighted by her rare sense of humor which gave her character an unusual poise and sense of proportion."

Distance does not prevent Hester Shaw '28 from her unflinching courtesy in remembering her friends at Lasell, especially during her delightful summer journeyings. She is at present on her way to Alberta, Canada, accompanying her father and mother, their objective being to visit the brother who has been in educational work for some time in this distant state.

Lela Goodall Thornburg's '08 objective on the occasion of her June visit to Boston was primarily for the purpose of locating her husband's neice in Lasell for the coming year. During her stay in Boston, she visited several times her close friend, Edna Thurston Follett '03-07, now a patient at the New England Baptist Hospital. If optimism can prove a panacea, we feel that Lela's visit must certainly have provided relief to this beloved patient and friend.

"Fair today followed by showers tonite" was not an uncommon weather forecast for early June days this year. And literally that prediction came true one evening soon after Commencement. The members of Lasell's official staff gathered at the Auburndale home of Mrs. Maida Hicks to celebrate a joint shower for her daughter, Maida Cardwell '35, and Mildred Birchard '38. Maida, who became the bride of Mr. Howard Atwood on July 3d, has been employed by the Liberty Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston. Since her graduation from Lasell, Mildred has served as secretary at the college, and recently announced her engagement to Mr. William Pentheny of Malden, Mass. We extend heartiest congratulations to these dear "family" Alumnae.

Never did "Well and happy", the old-time slogan of that apostle of good cheer, the late Mrs. Blanche Martin, apply to anyone more fittingly than to our Mary P. Witherbee '92,

who as a post-Commencement visitor was our principal's guest at Lasell. Miss Witherbee was en route to Orleans, Vermont, where with Miss Grace Irwin, they were beginning their summer vacation as guests in the charming home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl V. Willey (the former Mrs. Bertha Hooker). We appreciated the joy of even this touch-and-go visit of our esteemed Alumna. We wish for these valued friends a vacation filled with fair days.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van De Bogert, Jr. (Barbara Stover '33) made a friendly detour late in June in favor of Lasell. They are both devoted to outdoor life and when possible and the season is suitable, are oftentimes afield skiing, hiking and fishing. Never did Barbara look as well, and her husband (some six feet plus tall) is a fit subject for both work and play. They referred with appreciation to the Bangor Lasell Club and were especially enthusiastic over Charlotte Ryder Hall's ('08) beautiful new home. Mr. Van DeBogert's business takes him often away; this gives the young wife opportunity for philanthropic and educational club work which she enjoys.

Mary Packard Cass '89 has left her Dorchester home, which has been her residence for many years, and is now happily located at 20 Gilbert Road, Belmont, Mass. We trust Lasell girls in Mrs. Cass' new neighborhood will extend to her a real Lasell welcome.

"You don't know me, do you?" asked a bright young woman as she entered our office on a day early in June. Thirty-seven years had passed since we bade Godspeed to Mae Chisholm '03-04 as she started for China, her chosen missionary field. A bit older, to be sure, but her laughing eyes and gentle voice instantly betrayed her. Her call was all too brief, but during that coveted interview she spoke with just pride of her twenty-year old son, a university postgraduate, and other members of her happy family. Once again we bade Godspeed to our dear singing deaconess, now Mrs. Grow Brown, as she hastened this time back to California where she is superintendent of the Spanish-American Mission at

Gardena. The Pacific Coast Lasell girls would do well to contact this successful missionary. We know the acquaintance would prove a mutual pleasure.

It seems but yesterday that Alice Bevin Leewitz '13-14 contributed a bright report concerning her art activities. During her recent visit she repeatedly mentioned her dear mother, Grace Conklin Bevin '84-85. We regret to report the mother's recent home going. Lasell Junior College extends tenderest sympathy to Alice Bevin Leewitz, her daughter Betty '39-40, and to the former Lasell girls, members of Mrs. Bevin's immediate family: Ruth Conklin '39, June Conklin '37-38, Drucille Bevin Vose '30-32 and Persis Bevin Bacon '37-38.

In her recent letter to Mrs. Statira P. McDonald, Constance E. Blackstock '09 writes from Lahore, India: "The Norwegian and Danish missions are very hard hit, as well as the Germans. One of the most Christlike things I have seen done by missionaries in India has been the way in which they have rallied to the support of government missionary work. I believe that the government officials concerned have also done the same thing and some have sent money in answer to the appeal from the National Christian Council in India. These things are so heartening and encouraging. I am putting in a plea to the government to have English as an elective in our schools. If I get this one request through, I shall feel as though I had repaid this conference in some measure for their kindnesses."

The latest news from Miss Blackstock is always the best. God speed her in her most worthwhile service. She sends grateful greetings to the members of our college office staff, especially mentioning Sarah Hathaway's faithful messages.

Dorothy Ely Bigham '21, her husband, Dr. Reginald Bigham, and daughter, accompanied by Dorothy's aunt, unfortunately just missed our Commencement festivities. We readily recognized Dorothy for to us she looked as young and seemed as carefree as in the old Lasell days. The daughter we tried to inter-

est in Lasell, hoping she might feel moved to attend her mother's Alma Mater. It would certainly be a privilege to enroll this outstanding student in our college.

A deserved courtesy on the part of Ohio Wesleyan University was extended to Miss Amelia Watson, Lasell '80, at Commencement time. The University Women's Student Government Association dedicated their annual program to Miss Watson, "respected and beloved by all." A fine picture of this generous benefactor accompanied the dedication tribute.

It was a pleasure to welcome at Lasell recently Miss Eleanor Lewis, formerly of our science department. She is enjoying her new position at the Plattsburg (N. Y.) State Normal School and is proving her satisfaction in a very conclusive way for she, with two of her faculty associates, have purchased a home—stead not far from the school. They are enthusiastically remodelling this somewhat historic house preparatory to their occupancy of it in the fall. Lasell's best wishes follow Miss Lewis and her associates in this novel, co-operative venture.

Helen Gerrett '16 left her home, "The Meadows", Greenfield, Mass., and returned to Lasell not for any special reunion but just for a friendly call, which was appreciated by her former teachers. Helen's life is not by any means one of leisure. She is a member of the Republican State Committee, and vault manager of the First National Bank and Trust Company of Greenfield. She was in Boston attending the National Safe Deposit Convention. This combination of serious duties have not evidently told on her health or robbed her of her natural buoyancy. Lasell is proud of you, Helen Gerrett, and wishes for you God-speed in your worthwhile business career.

Roma Wilson '38 is in line for deserved congratulations for she has just completed her course at Brown University. Only an elegant announcement of her graduation from Pembroke College has been received, but we hope to have more than this formal notice later on.

During recent years the close friends of Mrs. Carlyle Willey and Helen Beede '21 of Orleans, Vermont, have listened to their affectionate "talking over" of their little niece, Dorothy Domina. Recently Dorothy was the guest for a day and night of Miss Beede at Lasell, previous to their flight to the New York World's Fair. We wish continued success to this dear girl, so gifted by nature and beloved by many friends.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. George Douglass (Frances Findlay '35) over the advent of their little son, Jeremy Findlay Douglass, on June 3d. From their new home, 2417 Lawndale Drive, Greensboro, N. C., they send this cordial, hospitable word: "Dear *Personals* Editor: News from a 'little White Dove' who has settled in the sunny south. We have just built a new home, so with that and a new baby, we expect a very busy summer. Not too busy however, to welcome any Lasellite to our guest room. Best wishes for all."

Never were Lasell's wee recruits more welcomed than today. With open arms we receive this our latest group of "toddlers":

March 23—A daughter, Karin Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Germaine (Natalie Hutchison '36).

April 26—A daughter, Joan Denham, to Mr. and Mrs. Milton L. Marchant (Constance Chase '29).

April 29—A son, Arthur Parsons, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Funk (Dorothy Day '33).

May 5—A son, Frederick Loring, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Gilbert Hills (Elinor Packard '29-30).

May 16—A son, Ellis Wilbur, to Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Huntington Dana (Christina Finlayson '28).

May 18—A daughter, Zoe, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Rawson (Marjorie Mayne '30-31). This future Lasell girl is named for her grandmother, Zoe Hill Mayne '01.

May 24—A son, Wendell Edgar, to Mr. and Mrs. Wendell I. Carr (Lucina Cummings '34).

May 29—A son, Robert Kneale, to Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Dockstader (Margaret MacNaughton '35).

June 3—A son, Jeremy Findlay, to Mr. and Mrs. George Douglass (Frances Findlay '35). Jeremy's grandmother is Vera Bradley '11.

June 5—A son, Peter Tiffany, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Brand (Julia Tiffany '29).

June 11—A son, James Peabody, to Mr. and Mrs. James E. Leshner (Dorothy Peabody '31).

June 15—A daughter, Patricia Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow W. Miller (Ann Robertson '37).

On the athletic field, June Day, we discovered Barbara Ordway Brewer '35 and Sylvia Morgan Williams '30, each mother being led about by a dainty witch of a child, whom they introduced as their daughters. It was a passing show for the little ones' objective was evidently, "Mother, let's stop going and go".

A very fine invitation from the Senior Class of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio announces their Commencement program. Enclosed was the card of Lee Shepard '38, which gave evidence that in her ambition for higher education this Alumna had persisted and achieved. Lasell's hearty congratulations to our Bernice Lee Shepard.

On May 30th Elsie Flight Wuestefeld '18 and her classmate, Ruth Newcomb held an informal Lasell reunion in the dean emeritus' office. The joy of this meeting centered largely around Elsie's most charming daughter Carol, a beautiful little curly-head whom we literally longed to have and hold indefinitely. Ruth's report of her own busy program we gratefully accepted.

Members of the Class of 1883 will be grieved to learn of the recent passing of their classmate, Lydia French Wadhams. She was especially active in Red Cross work, and a devoted member of her local Methodist church. Lasell's sympathy is extended to the bereaved family and especially to her sister Stella, her Lasell classmate.

Dr. Elizabeth Kingsbury of our faculty is never so absorbed with her chosen subject, science, as to fail to turn aside and show a kindness to a friend. Recently we were the recipients from her of a number of unique and lovely stamps issued by the Conservation Society, of which Dr. Kingsbury is a member. The picture represents a group of "beastees" and birds which are the special care of the members of this society. Across the skyline of the picture are a number of white doves. The sender adds "I thought you would be especially interested in these for they reminded me of you." Can any "Old Girl" imagine to whom she refers?

On the lower part of the stamp is the lovely verse:

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Since her return from Europe, Katherine Argersinger '33-35 has been a busy young artist, having served as soloist in a number of the prominent churches in our neighborhood. At her musicale, given at the Waban Neighborhood Club recently, she was assisted by Walter Scheirer, violinist, and Lucy Simonds, accompanist. Our congratulations to this former member of our Music Department; we wish for her continued success.

In addition to the fine report of the Southern California Lasell Club meeting, we have the unusual privilege of adding a personal word from at least a score or more of the Lasell "Doves" in attendance. Their president, Eva May Mortimer Riffe '25, writes: "Would love to be back East this June for our 15th reunion."

Florence Gifford Fleming '23: "Hello to everyone." And Florence, can't you hear the voice from Echo Bridge calling back: "Hello to each member of S. California Club"?

Mary Seaman '91-93: "I may be forgotten, but I still remember Lasell."

Harriet Holt Lee '29: "Best wishes to all Lasell!"

Mary Morgan Yarnell '31: "Hope to be in

New England and see my old friends this summer. Greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, Miss Irwin, Mrs. McDonald, Lillian Bethel '28, and a dozen more."

Ethel Kline '34-37: "It's wonderful to be with a Lasell group again. Greetings to all who remember me."

Mildred Fischer Langworthy '31: "Though we are many miles away today, we are thinking of you. It seems wonderful to be reunited with so many Lasell girls. Very best regards to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, Miss Hoag, Senora Orozco, and other friends."

Lela Goodall Thornburg '08: "Shall be seeing you all in September."

Elsie Crowell Bennett '19-20: "Sorry I missed you last year. Will try again some day."

Amy D. Phillips '18: "Hope the new girls are as law-abiding as the old ones."

Mary Hubbard Wood '20: "Greetings to the Class of 1920—this is our reunion year. Special greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, and others who may remember me."

Bertha Gray Richards '87-88: "An antediluvian". The *Personals* Editor will be willing to antedate this dear antediluvian if she could be sure of writing such a clear, youthful hand. Maudie Stone Chapman's ('88) modern chirography also attracted our special attention.

A host of folk appreciate a courtesy but not all return to give thanks. Referring to the recent notice in the *LEAVES Personals* concerning her success as an author, Hilda Knowles Blair '90-92 writes to Dr. Winslow from Hermosa Beach, California: "Was I thrilled when I saw the little notice in the Lasell *LEAVES*! I went back through the years to the girl who went to Auburndale from the then 'wild and wooly' West. How happy she would have been if she could have known that some day a kind gentleman would put that notice in the college magazine. What I have written has been under the pen-name of Jean Xavier Bonneau, but my stories are not worth commemoration. They have been published in 'All-Story', 'Short

Story' and, in fact, in the *Pulps*. I so well remember my teacher Miss Tappan, very quiet and unobtrusive. But in all the faculty, she is the one who stands out. Perhaps her influence is not yet over and when my works appear in the *Slicks*, I'll be proud to acknowledge it."

We are holding in tender, sympathetic remembrance at this time Elizabeth Robinson Breed '06-07, whose devoted husband, Mr. Francis S. Breed, passed away recently. To Mrs. Breed and her son, Lasell extends deepest sympathy.

Those of us at Lasell who were privileged to meet and greet Inez Viles Wilson '35 and Denise Gile Arnold '35 at the time of their May visit to the college declare these young "old girls" were as enthusiastic over their husbands, homes and Denise's little daughter as they were in their college days over a Dartmouth prom or a Yale football game. Make a quick return, you dear L. W. D.'s. Your enthusiasm left me keyed up to a delightful pitch.

Our attention was recently called to the following news item which appeared in one of the Boston daily papers: "Frances A. Haley, who is a student at the Richmond Professional Institute, College of William and Mary, Richmond, Va., has just been honored by being elected secretary of the senior class of 1941. Miss Haley was graduated from the Somerville, Mass. High School in 1937 and is a member of the Class of 1939 of Lasell Junior College. After a brief vacation at home in June, she will return to Williamsburg, Virginia for special summer courses." Congratulations to you, Frances, and Lasell wishes for you a most successful and happy senior year.

It is seldom that a mother acts as an amanuensis to a perfectly well daughter, but such was the case when Mrs. Gertrude Pierce, mother of our Eleanor '38, in a friendly note wrote: "Eleanor is now happily employed in the First National Bank of Medford, Mass." An added item of pleasing interest was that Eleanor's Lasell classmate, Eleanor Skinner '38, is employed in the same bank.

Mildred Hill Richards '28-29: Your exceptionally welcomed letter was so much enjoyed we cannot resist the urge to share it with your host of Lasell friends. It finely illustrates what a girl can accomplish when using native ability plus the opportunity within reach:

"I have just spent a very enjoyable hour reading my Lasell LEAVES. I don't need a magazine to bring back memories, for every detail of my year at Lasell is vivid in my mind. Should certainly appreciate your sending me the married names and addresses of Katherine Fitch Chesley '30, Clare Hightower Moore '30, Mary Kemper Gunn '28-29, Janice Whittaker Sandberg '30 and Margaret Con-trell '29.

"Here I sit, looking at the picture of the *Personals* Editor, and eleven years does seem a long, long time ago—perhaps these years have been so full. After leaving Lasell, I attended Western Reserve University, where Miss Frances King Dolley, formerly of Lasell's faculty, was one of my instructors. Then on to Miami University and back to graduate in 1932 at Western Reserve. With my marriage in August 1932, the birth of my daughter two years later, life began all over again.

"I spent three years working part time at the Cleveland Y. W. C. A., teaching business girls home economics, and serving on advisory boards. About a year ago we bought an English cottage in suburban Cleveland, and devoted ourselves to remodeling, gardening and feasting upon the glories of God's out-of-doors. The Chagrin River is in our back yard, and is an endless source of interest. In the summer there is swimming, boating and fishing, and in the winter we either ice skate or watch anxiously to see whether or not the ice will 'move out' successfully. Wild ducks in our yard is something really new to us. Now we are awaiting the first spring flowers, the plentiful wild grapes and berries, and best of all—meals on the porch. This is our idea of ideal living—there isn't a store or public transportation facility within three miles, and yet we are only fifteen minutes by automobile

from Cleveland. So you see, my life has been very ordinary but very interesting. The tragedies, the joys, and the people who have come into my life have made it well worth the living.

"I was so interested in the news of Miss Blackstock's work in India. My memories of her are very precious. This letter seems to be full of I's. My justification lies in the fact that if none of us write, none of us will hear.

MILDRED (BILLIE) HILL RICHARDS

Horseshoe Glen, Route No. 1
Willoughby, Ohio

1880

The Class of 1880 celebrated their sixtieth anniversary at Winslow Hall, June 8th, with one-third of the class present. Don't be misled—the original number was six. The names of two of the members were placed on the Honor Roll some years ago. For the past eight months one member has been confined to her room and bed, but sends this message: "As it nears the time for our sixtieth anniversary, I am thinking of the gladsome years spent at Lasell and the pleasant friendships made there. I can visualize Dr. Bragdon at morning chapel; Miss Carpenter as she would give out the letters (letters in those days were censored), asking, 'Who is this letter from? The postmark is not on my list.'; Miss Blaisdell with her short, crisp way of speaking, and the spelling class for seniors where I missed Cincinnati, my own Ohio city. What pride when our names appeared on the Honor Roll, then the Self Governed list, when we were allowed to go to Boston unchaperoned. I shall not be with you to celebrate but enclosed find a little remembrance for the Alumnae Fund."

Amelia Watson enclosed a generous check, representing a dollar for each year since graduation. Her note continues: "I have been ill for some time but life is bright and attractive. Friends and flowers have made for me many happy hours. Blessings on Lasell, her president, faculty and, as Dr. Bragdon would say, her 'young women'."

The fourth member unable to attend has de-

voted a part of her modest inheritance to furnishing comfortable homes for her underprivileged fellow citizens.

Another classmate, realizing the high privilege of motherhood, trained her daughters through precept and example for executive service in their home city, fitting them for conspicuous, unselfish devotion on behalf of the underprivileged.

The last member of the class group has discovered a joyous road in serving on the faculty of her Alma Mater, her service made successful largely through the sympathetic assistance of past and present principals and the friendly aid of a congenial faculty. She still includes the student body among her most valuable instructors. "In what department do you specialize?" asked an anxious mother of our Dean Emeritus. To which she replied, "Oh, just trying to mother a bit homesick or discouraged girls."

"The memory of a kindly word, for long gone by;
The fragrance of a little flower, sent lovingly;
The gleaming of a sudden smile, or sudden tear;
The cordial pressure of the hand, the tone of cheer;
The hush that means I cannot speak, but I have heard;
The note that only bears a verse from God's own Word;
Such things we hardly count as ministry,
The giving deeming they have shown scant sympathy;
But when a girl's heart is overwrought, oh, who can tell
The power of just such little things to make it well."

1915

The Class of 1915 had a glorious though small Twenty-fifth Reunion. Although many girls from the mid-west planned to join us, at the last moment they were obliged to send their regrets. It was a joy to see Irene Ball Sill of Massena, N. Y., Vilette Peck Crawshaw of Westerly, R. I., Susan Tiffany of Blandford, Mass., and Evelina Perkins of West New-

ton, Mass. Gladys Wilkes McCutchen, her fine Presbyterian-minister husband, and their daughter Jean of Sherman, Texas joined our happy group.

Besides the joy of seeing our classmates, it was such a privilege to renew friendships with the faculty and schoolmates of other classes. Reunion time is something we anticipate with pleasure half the year, and look back upon with perfect satisfaction the rest of the year. Indeed the happy recollections last on and on.

The girls lunched with me on Monday and we were delighted when Elizabeth Beach Bierer and her husband stopped for a brief chat. They were on their way to Wellesley College, where their daughter is a senior. We could not persuade them to remain for a real visit.

We only wish that the remaining number of our classmates could have been with us. Reunion weekend went all too quickly but what a joy it was to have had it. We will certainly count on our Dean Emeritus being with us again at our next reunion.

Nell Woodward Collins '15, Secretary

1925

Twenty-seven members of the Class of 1925 returned for Reunion. In the afternoon we reported at Winslow Hall for the Alumnae Meeting. It certainly was gratifying to see and hear about the great progress Lasell has made since our day. We were especially indebted to President Winslow for his optimistic report.

At the close of the meeting several of the girls came to my home to see my new baby daughter, and we later reported at Bragdon for Class Night dinner. It seemed like old times singing our Cap and Gown song, and joining in the college songs.

Edna Hart Hoyt '25 and her husband are now proprietors of an interesting inn, the "Hob Nob", Stowe, Vermont. If you want to know of a delightful place for either summer or winter sports, that's it.

Frances Finney Clark '25 is enjoying an in-

teresting course at the Lowthrop School of Landscape Architecture in Groton, Mass.—go to her with your gardening problems.

The other girls seemed to be “head over heels” in home and family responsibilities. We have decided to start another Round Robin Letter and are going to try to contact every member of our class. Certainly we should have plenty of news.

Au revoir until our Twentieth Reunion.

Martha Fish Holmes '25, Secretary

1935

The Class of 1935 had a grand Fifth Reunion this year—thirty-seven girls attended our luncheon at the Charles River Country Club on Saturday, June 8th, and several more classmates joined us for Alumnae Dinner at Bragdon Hall.

It was wonderful to see each other again, but our one regret was that Cindy King Haskins of Honolulu, our class president and life secretary, could not be with us. She remembered us with a newsy letter and cablegram. Best of all, Cindy sent a snapshot of her little daughter, Barbara Ann. The other proud mothers brought pictures of their babies and it certainly created a lot of fun trying to discover if Gail resembled Denny (Gile Arnold), and did James Duncan Ryan have his mother's (Anne O'Brien) black hair?

During luncheon letters were read from girls who were unable to be with us, and a dear message was sent by our class advisor, Karin Eliasson '31.

The day passed all too quickly and we parted, vowing to get together long before our Tenth anniversary.

Sincerely,

Barbara Ordway Brewer '35

1937

We are certainly indebted to Louise Tardivel for her valuable newsreel. In reply to our direct question, “Louise, what are you doing now?”, she answered, “I am working for a lawyer in Boston, and was fortunate enough to hear of the position through Mr. Amesbury.

A former Lasell girl, Esther Joslyn Gross '35, was my predecessor. I find the work interesting and educational.” Her report follows:

Lasell 1937 had their third reunion at the Woodland Country Club on Saturday, June 8th. This gay luncheon proved a great success with over thirty present. Rae Salisbury led the Cap and Gown Song, which always brings back many memories. The class banner was officially presented to Joan Betsy Ross, wee daughter of Corrine Gossweiler Ross. Flora Chicos and Helen Flint appeared sporting new diamonds, as did Dorothy Acuff. “Tap” read welcome news items from absent classmates, and also a much appreciated note from Miss Eliasson. There were more than forty girls of '37 at Alumnae Dinner and our Cap and Gown Song sounded as grand as it did in the good old days—perhaps it was because Rae had a new pitchpipe for the occasion.

On Sunday “Tap” again had Open House for all '37ers. Some of the girls attended Baccalaureate service and others remained at the Tardivel home for a social hour. Elinor Martini, as usual, kept the party lively—and she has a new car with not too many scratches on it. We missed our absentees, but want to thank one and all for their fine letters which made our reunion more interesting.

Now for some first-hand information concerning '37 activities:

Dorothy Abbott: Working in the Elizabeth General Hospital, Elizabeth, N. J. She is teaching Dietetics and Nutrition to student nurses, and in addition is taking three courses at Columbia University and doing regular office work.

Sara Gwen Davies: Public school music supervisor.

Adele De l'Etoile: Graduated from Simmons College last June.

Priscilla Greig: Recently announced her engagement to Mr. Howard S. Jones, and is planning an August wedding.

Eleanor Kenney: Now living at “The Whit-tier”, Burns Drive, Detroit, Michigan. Eleanor is engaged to Mr. William Henry

Barthold, Jr. of Peoria, Ill. She and her sister, Elizabeth '36, often visit Virginia Webb '37, Mary Kay Laffrey Stevens '35-36 and Jane Walton '35-37.

Mary Nicholson: Employed by the Phillips Petroleum Company. Inquires whether or not there is a Washington, D. C. Lasell Club, and is "very lonesome for some Lasell company".

Virginia Webb: On April 6th announced her engagement to Mr. Thomas C. Armstrong of Detroit and plans to be married in October. Over the Fourth of July weekend, Rae Salisbury was Ginna's house guest.

Celeste Watson: Teaching in Hudson, N. Y. Change of address: 130 Woodland Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

Catherine Laffin '35-36: Graduated from the University of Maine, June 1940.

Marjorie Westgate Doran: "Stitch" and her husband are planning to build their own home this fall.

Corinne Gossweiler Ross: The Class of 1937 were indeed happy to present their class banner to charming Joan Betsy Ross, born August 25, 1939. Corinne's present address is 104 Tenth Street, Woodbridge, N. J. (No such street in Woodbridge.)

Ann Robertson Miller: Now the proud mother of a little daughter, Patricia Jane, born June 15th, 1940.

Barbara Burnham Rice: Wrote such a nice letter telling of her new life. Babs was married February 23d, and had quite a Lasell company at her home wedding. Jane Eldridge acted as hostess to Tillie Parmenter, Weeze Visel, Betty Tracy, Billie Williams and Tap Tardivel. Babs is now living at "Dutch Gap", Chester, Virginia, in a darling little home they call "Hoot Owl Hollow".

Irene Dreissigacker: Renie became the bride of Mr. Potter Brimlow on June 15th. This lovely ceremony was reported by Alice Seidler '38 and Jane Eldridge. The bride's only attendant was her Lasell roommate,

Dorothy Forsstrom. Renie threw her bouquet, as is the custom, and Jane Eldridge just gave one of her many high leaps (a hand-me-down from Lasell basketball training) and captured the flowers.

Barbara Wheeler: Now one of the secretaries of the State Mutual Life Assurance Company of Worcester, and also serving the local Red Cross. Barbara had a little Lasell reunion on June 28th, with Betty Tracy and Tap Tardivel as weekend guests.

Ruth Buchanan: Graduated from Colby College, June 1939, and this past year attended the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston.

Eleanor Whiting Pitt: Now residing at 46 Pitman Street, Providence, R. I. Her husband, Mr. Gavin Pitt, is an assistant dean at Brown University.

Miriam Goff: We were indeed glad that Miriam had recovered sufficiently from her recent appendix operation to join us.

Countessa Wood: Connie is now society editor for one of Boston's largest papers. She has a complete page on Sundays in addition to her daily column. Connie is very loyal to Lasell and gives preference to its students and graduates.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

Lucille Huse: 123 Oxford Road, Newton Centre, Mass.

Isabel Wyatt: R.F.D. No. 1, Box 121 Portsmouth, N. H.

Florence Stetson Grower: 6 S. Lake Ave., Albany, N. Y.

Genevieve Hackett Bonner: 6 Perkins Court, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Evelyn Towle Blaisdell: 46 Newbury St., Newton Centre, Mass.

Elise Rougeot: 78 School Street, Belmont, Mass.

Marjorie Hills Buffington: 66 The Fenway, Boston, Mass.

Dorothy Forsstrom: Dietitian in one of the Hartford hospitals.

Dorothy Coffin: Graduated from kindergarten training school in 1939, and has been teaching in Boston this past year.

Edythe Cummings, Rae Salisbury, Meredith Johnson, Nancy Edmonds: Serving at Filene's, Boston.

June Rogers: Serving at Stowell's, Boston.

Secretaries of the Class of 1937:

Gertrude McEvoy: N. E. Telephone Company, Hartford, Conn.

Elinor Martini: Andover Academy.

Meredith Tillotson: Insurance Office, Hartford, Conn.

Betty Tracy: Travel Bureau, Federal Reserve Bank, Bridgeport, Conn.

Doris Connington: Newton Girl Scouts.

Alice Dohoney: West Newton Savings Bank.

Doris Carlson: Deaconess Hospital, Brookline.

Marian Sleeper: Boston law office.

Virginia Gately: Mass. Unemployment Compensation Commission.

Lois Small: Real estate office.

Marjorie Gilbert: Social secretary in Wellesley, Mass.

Louise Visel: New Haven Bank.

Elizabeth Wisdom: Children's Hospital, Boston.

Virginia Wright: Newton Hospital.

Billie Williams: New Haven Bank.

Virginia Tarbell: Newton travel agency.

Miriam Goff: Doctor's assistant and secretary.

Jane Eldridge: New York Recording Company, New York.

Lucille Huse: Secretary to advertising manager of one of Boston's newspapers.

Priscilla Parmenter: Secretary for tree surgery company.

flowers. Lasell banners were on the walls. Much to everyone's delight, Eva May Mortimer Riffe '25, had procured a life-size replica of a white dove, which had its place of honor at the head table and vividly recalled Miss Potter's term of endearment.

President Eva May Mortimer Riffe '25, welcomed all present. The secretary of the Club, Ann Hendee Sheehan, '24, read the roll call, and each member present responded by rising and telling news of interest of Lasell and its graduates. The following Lasell girls were present: Bess Mattison Behr '08-09, Elsie Crowell Bennett '19-20, Mabel Bavier Bunker '24, Bess Campbell '00, Laura Chase '02, Maudie Stone Chapman '88, Isabelle Bowers Church '00-01, Jean Church '36-39, Jean Humbird Dickason '10-11, Marguerite Miller Eggers '11-12, Florence Gifford Flemming '23, Florence Wilber Heckler '98-00, Nettie Dannheim Herbert '02-03, Betty Schneider Johnson '38, Ethel Kline '34-37, Rachael Field Kuhulee '12-13, Mildred Fischer Langworthy '31, Martha Dale Loomis '06-07, Harriet Holt Lee '29, Elizabeth M. Lum '01, Ruth Straight Mock '17, Amy D. Phillips '18, Kate Wheldon Plumb '02, Myrtle Hewson Parker '99, Irene Vedder Reighard '10-11, Bertha Gray Richards '87-88, Mildred Melgaard Rees '22, Eva May Mortimer Riffe '25, Mary Seaman '91-93, Ann Hendee Sheehan, '24, Lela Goodall Thornburg '08, Doris K. Wilson '25-27, Mary Hubbard Wood '20, Louise Whitney Weaver '90-93, Ellen Chase Wood '02, Mary Morgan Yarnell '31.

New England was well represented by visitors at the meeting, Edith Wilson Alsins '23-24 of Newton Centre, Mass., sister of our member Doris K. Wilson; and Alida Walter Johnson '00-01 of New Britain, Conn., guest of Bess Campbell.

Maudie Stone Chapman '88 and Bertha Gray Richards '87-88 represented the oldest class present, and Jean Church '36-39 was the most recent student at the college. The "bride" of the club was Betty Schneider Johnson '38. Doris Wilson '25-27, a recent visitor at Lasell,

The Southern California Lasell Club

The annual luncheon-meeting of the Lasell Club of Southern California was held on April 2, 1940 at the Beverly-Hills Hotel, Beverly Hills, California.

The tables were decorated with spring

spoke of the changes and improvements there and of her happy visit with members of the faculty.

The President called attention to a box containing a collection of pictures and mementos of Dr. Bragdon's. It was suggested that these properly belonged to Lasell, and a vote was taken that they be sent to Miss Potter for safekeeping at the school.

The Secretary read a delightful letter from Dr. Winslow; also a letter from Miss Potter, who retains her charm and humor.

Ellen Chase Wood, Mildred Melgaard Rees and Elsie Crowell Bennett were appointed to serve on the Nominating Committee for the election of officers. The Committee reported that the following had been unanimously elected officers for the coming year: President, Mildred Melgaard Rees '22; Vice President, Lela Goodall Thornburg '08; and Secretary-Treasurer, Jean Church '36-39.

The minutes of the first meeting of the California Lasell Club were read, and seven members who attended that initial meeting in 1909 were present at the luncheon. They were Elizabeth Lum, Isabelle Bowers Church, Kate Wheldon Plumb, Laura Chase, Louise Whitney Weaver, Ellen Chase Wood and Bertha Gray Richards.

Florence Wilber Heckler was the winner of the door prize, two tickets for "Gone With the Wind", and Elizabeth Lum captured the raffle prize, a very lovely miniature rock garden.

During and after the luncheon, good old Lasell songs echoed and re-echoed. The hilarious play, "Life With Father", was read by Edna Stearns Dayton of Los Angeles, and Miss Milais of the Settlement School of Music sang several charming selections.

Submitted by:

Ann Hendee Sheehan '24, Secretary

The Buffalo Lasell Club

The annual luncheon of the Buffalo Lasell Club was held on June 15, 1940 at the Town Club, Buffalo, N. Y. Those present included:

Dorothy Tiffany, Secretary Marjorie Keller Mayer (Sept.-Dec. '29), Janet Shepard Alles '27, Betty McKee Driscoll '31-32, Helen Heath '07, Doris Boviard Hoddick '20-21, Aline Paull Ireland '31, Audrey Kaiser '29-30, Joan Kennedy '34-35, Lillian Doane Maddigan '21 and mother, Mrs. J. E. Doane, Mary Moss Tiffany '30, Gertrude Merritt '19-20 and Betty Olson '37.

After a delicious luncheon, Lillian Doane Maddigan showed movies taken at Lasell this June. At a meeting held at her home in January, we elected the following club officers: President, Dorothy Tiffany; Secretary, Marjorie Keller Mayer; and Treasurer, Jessie Taylor Kellner '27-29. In February, over twenty club members with their husbands enjoyed an evening's entertainment at the Buffalo Athletic Club.

We gathered at the home of Julia Tiffany Brand '29 on March 19th to discuss plans for a "house warming" party at "Pinkie" Puckett Neill's ('23) new home in Hamburg. The group were entertained there for tea on Saturday, May 18th. Betty Olson has invited us to her Lockport home for a late summer bridge party, and at that time Lillian Doane Maddigan will show her Lasell movies. We were all interested to see the pictures and the new improvements at the college looked grand!

We would love to have you visit us whenever possible.

Submitted by:

Marjorie Keller Mayer, Secretary

Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

The annual meeting of Lasell Alumnae, Inc. was held at 3:30 P. M. on Saturday, June 8, 1940, in the auditorium of Winslow Hall. The meeting was called to order by the President, Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22, who welcomed the Alumnae to their second reunion in the new building made possible by the generosity of so many Lasell's "old girls".

The report of the meeting held on June 10, 1939 was read by the Recording Secretary, and the minutes were accepted as read.

The Secretary was asked to read the report of the auditor, Mr. Walter R. Amesbury, and to place it on file with the audited statements of income and expense. Marion Ordway Corley '11, Treasurer, read a report of receipts and expenditures for the year, referring to the auditor's statements for the itemized record.

As Chairman of the Scholarship Committee, Jane Ford Amesbury '01-03, announced that a loan of \$200 and four loans of \$100 each had been made available to members of the Class of 1941, and two gifts of \$25.00 each had been made to worthy Seniors to pay their advance registration fees for 1940-1941.

Susan E. Tiffany '15, read appropriate verses in memory of "old girls" and friends of Lasell who have passed on to a richer life during the past year. We bowed our heads in silent prayer and in remembrance of their happy days here.

Chairman of the Nominating Committee, Esther T. Josselyn '27, read the following slate of officers for 1940-1941 as presented by the Committee at the Board of Management meeting held on May 10, 1940:

- ✓ President: Mildred Strain Nutter '17.
- ✓ Vice President: Hester Shaw '28.
- ✓ Recording Secretary: Esther B. Sosman '36.
- ✓ Corresponding Secretary: Antoinette Meritt Smith '23.
- ✓ Treasurer: Marion Ordway Corley '11.
- ✓ Assistant Treasurer: Helen B. Perry '24.
- ✓ Directors: Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22, Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender '04-06, Dorothy Barnard '24.

Nominating Committee: Priscilla Alden Wolfe '19, Chairman; Celia Kinsley Percival '34, Marjorie Schaller Schoonmaker '29.

Scholarship Committee: Lillian G. Bethel '28, Chairman; Mrs. Statira P. McDonald, Ruth Emery '19-20.

The Secretary was instructed to cast one ballot for the slate of officers as nominated.

As the retiring President of Lasell Alumnae, Mrs. Shoemaker expressed her appreciation of the co-operation of Mrs. Nutter during her two years as Vice President, and spoke of the

efficiency with which she organized the Mid-Winter Reunions during those years. Mrs. Shoemaker also thanked the Alumnae for their helpful interest during her years as President and assured them that she had greatly enjoyed working with them and attending their Lasell Club meetings. Katherine Rice Brook '20 escorted Mrs. Nutter to the President's chair and Mrs. Shoemaker was presented with a corsage.

The new President signified her appreciation of the honor of being President of the Alumnae and her happiness in accepting the nomination. Mrs. Nutter commented on the coincidence of this being her reunion year and that just twenty-five years ago she was thrilled over her first Lasell Commencement, little realizing that she would be seeing her classmates at their twenty-fifth reunion.

At this time, Mrs. Nutter presented the names of the following as nominees for election to the Lasell Junior College Corporation, their term of service to be five consecutive years, beginning the October following their election:

- Helen Saunders '17
- Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22
- Priscilla Alden Wolfe '19

Standing Committees for the year were announced as follows:

- Membership Committee: Esther T. Josselyn '27, Helen Perry '24, Marjorie A. MacClymon '32, Esther B. Sosman '36, Priscilla Sleeper '40.
- Memorial Committee: Maude Simes Hard- ing '06, Lillie R. Potter '80.

June Committee: Jane Ford Amesbury '01-03, Virginia Johnston Loud '36, Myra Davis '95-97, Mildred Goddard True '13-14, Audrey Smith '36, Marjorie Bassett '36, Priscilla Parmenter '37, Florence Bell Merrill '17.

Garden Party Committee: Marion Rice Severson '23-24, Chairman; Priscilla Hay Nichols '36, Ruth Hills Livermore '23, Dorothy Ell '36, Doris Rogers Williams '20.

Every year the Alumnae dues have increased until the net amount for this past year totalled about \$715.00. Mrs. Nutter intimated that if each one who paid her dues could get one

friend to pay \$1.00, and thus double this amount, we would soon have a rolling stone that would gather many new members.

Dr. Winslow greeted the Alumnae by stating that:—"it is a great delight to have you come back and I hope that you have the lift I have in coming into this fine building. I wish that you might be present at some of the activities here during the school year. The teamwork has been good and there has been a fine spirit." Dr. Winslow called attention to the new projection booth installed for the showing of movies and remarked about the fine community orchestra, under the direction of Mr. George S. Dunham, which had given several excellent and well attended concerts in Winslow Hall. Dr. Winslow cordially invited everyone present to have dinner at the College and to remain for the Class Night Exercises, stressing the fact that the Alumnae body had grown so large that next year he would have to make plans whereby the College might know how many guests to expect. He emphasized how much pleasure it gave him to hear from time to time the fine reports of the school given out by "old girls" to prospective students, and to read the letters accompanying applications of the real missionary work some of the graduates are doing. Dr. Winslow brought with him a collection of mementos which had belonged to Dr. Bragdon and which were turned over by Eva-May Mortimer Riffe '25 to the College for safe keeping. In commenting on the value of this album, he expressed the wish that some day the writing of the history of Lasell might be undertaken.

I am sure a direct quotation of Mrs. Winslow's closing words will convey the warmth of her welcome to Lasell—"No matter where you are or whether you can come back, you're part of us. Your personalities and accomplishments will always be a part of Lasell Junior College."

Alumnae who knew Miss Margaret Rand as a former teacher, and those who have just made her acquaintance as Dean, felt the sincerity of her greeting in her few opening

words—"How very glad we are to see you all!". Priscilla Sleeper, President of the Class of 1940, thanked the Alumnae for their help in making the June Fete a success, and assured us that we could depend upon her class to do its part in the future.

This was a very important moment in our meeting for the Class of 1880, celebrating its sixtieth reunion, with our own beloved Miss Potter and her roommate, Annie Kendig Peirce, were present to receive the fond tributes and best wishes of their many Lasell friends. They also brought greetings from Amelia Watson '80, who was unable to be here with them. Josephine Woodward Rand '10 and her sister Nell Woodward Collins '15 presented the honor members with flowers and Mrs. Collins expressed the feeling of all Lasell girls by saying that Miss Potter is, and has been, the devoted mother to many hundreds of Lasell children. Miss Potter thanked the girls, not only for this special thought of her but for their many loving thoughts and kindnesses all through the years.

Mrs. Rand continued the roll call of reunioning classes with response from member of 1899, 1900, 1901, 1910, 1915, 1920, 1925, 1930, 1935, 1937; the members of 1899 and 1900 being Alice Jenckes Wilson and Katherine White Wolfe, respectively. The Classes of 1880 and 1915 announced that they had gifts of money to be turned over to the Lasell Building Fund.

Mrs. Rand made the splendid suggestion that the Alumnae consider the matter of purchasing an American flag for Winslow Hall, and this recommendation received hearty support from the members present.

The meeting was closed with the singing of the Alma Mater, a pledge of loyalty to Lasell for those happy days in the past and through the bright years of her future.

Signed: LILLIAN G. BETHEL '28

Recording Secretary

Lasell Junior College
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ALUMNAE SECRETARY

Vol. 66, No. 1

NOVEMBER 1940



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LASELL LEAVES STAFF FOR 1940-'41

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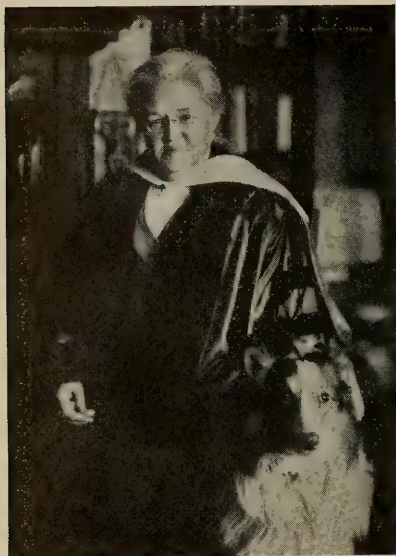
ELAINE SULLIVAN

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RECOLLECTIONS OF KATHARINE LEE BATES



Miss Katharine Lee Bates, author of *America the Beautiful*, with her dog, *Hamlet*.

Most people know Miss Katharine Lee Bates as the author of *America the Beautiful*; a few have known her as a teacher; but I recall her as a little girl's friend.

Her home was on a hill in Wellesley, surrounded by oaks and laurels and outcroppings of ledge. Miss Bates had a name for the house just as she had a name for everything around her. She called it "Scarab," and visitors were always shown the stone beetle which was attached to the wall above the fireplace. It was an interesting object to me, but I was a little awed when she explained that it was the sacred Egyptian symbol of immortality. It gave a kind of mystery to the big, dark-shingled house where I often visited with my parents.

The ringing of the door bell brought a volley of short, quick barks from a collie dog inside. A smiling housekeeper, Mrs. Reddin, would open the door and there would be the dog wagging his tail. I loved to pat his soft hair, but the least little sound that he could not account for might suddenly send him fleeing into the inner regions of the house. Miss Bates said he must have seen a ghost and so she had named him "Hamlet." Usually, however, he would trot ahead of us into the study where his mistress would be waiting. I remember seeing her standing by the fireplace, a stout, white-haired, elderly woman with a sweet smile and eyes that twinkled behind glasses.

After shaking hands with each of us, she would send me to hunt for something. Sometimes it was a dish of candy, and she hinted by "cold" or "warm" the stages of my progress. During the search, the objects in the room were impressed upon my mind. There was a sofa well filled with pillows under the front windows. Beyond it and at right angles to it was the desk where she did most of her writing, with its roll top pushed back, disclosing many papers. Beside it was a small typewriter and bookcases with glass doors. Opposite the sofa was the fireplace with the green stone scarab and the mantelpiece, holding shells and curios gathered on her travels. Everywhere were books, books piled up and scattered, which provided good hiding places for the candy.

Once found and passed around, the candy would be forgotten and she would send me to the "haven," as she called the room behind the study. This time I was to find a game. A favorite was a circular board with holes holding colored glass marbles. This game had belonged to her father. The object was to remove all the marbles by jumping one at a time until there was only one left in the center. The grownups, who had started by discussing poetry, usually ended by playing the game with me. Miss Bates declared she

could tell fortunes with it. The white marbles she called saints, the others—poets, princes, scholars, and statesmen, according to the color. There was a definite pattern to follow in making the moves, and each had to master it. I was very happy when my moves left a “princess” in the center. Miss Bates had a saint; mother, a poet; and father, a statesman, fortunes which seemed to delight Miss Bates.

Another time she made up a guessing game. I well remember the low, musical quality of her voice as she told about “an Eastern merchant who gave his two sons each a fortune with the order that they buy something that would fill the room. One bought rugs and rare objects of art, but he could not fill the room for there were always spaces and crevices no matter how he crowded the treasures. The other son gave all his money to the poor save one penny but with that penny he bought something that did fill the room. What was it?” The answer was a candle which, when lit, filled the room with light.

Always she had a whimsical twinkle in her eye. It was there when she sent me to the garden to get a spray of pinky-lavender physostegia. When I brought it, she demonstrated how its blossoms could be turned on the stem and stay in the new position, and how, for this reason it was called an “Obedient” plant. “Obedience,” she said, “is a good name for a child!” The twinkle was there when she gave mother some narcissus bulbs to plant in our garden, because she said “the marbles foretold that mother was going to be a poet and a poet should have poets’ narcissus growing in her garden under the birch trees.” To father she gave some seeds of the Spanish poppies which she had brought back from Spain, and to me, some feathers from “Polonius.”

Polonius was the parrot. Hamlet thought him “a foolish prating knave” indeed. To attract attention, the parrot would whistle. One time when I asked him his name, he promptly answered, “Apollo!” and, forgetting the dignity of the name, he crowed

like a rooster. Miss Bates said he was tired of being called for an old man like Polonius and imagined he was beautiful as a sun god. When he got too noisy, I had to carry him on a stick to his cage in the dining-room. He was such a big bird and I such a little girl that it was quite a feat.

Miss Bates died in 1929, but the poets’ narcissus and the Spanish poppies have bloomed each year since in our garden under the birch trees. On the table in our living room is the marble game which she taught us how to play, and in a box in a drawer there are some green feathers with glints of yellow and red. I can not throw them away, for they belonged to Polonius, that gay old bird which used to clamor for attention and scare poor Hamlet. Alas! the parrot is the mascot in a fire station now, where he probably has to content himself with being just “Old Pol.”

Miss Bates was first inspired to write *America the Beautiful* by the view from Pike’s Peak. When I sing *America the Beautiful*, I see the “amber waves of grain,” the “spacious skies” and “alabaster cities,” but I also see a fireplace with a green stone beetle, the sign of immortality, and a woman standing beside the fireplace, surrounded by books and papers, a parrot and a collie dog, a woman who is beaming down on a little girl and chuckling as she says, “Obedience is a good name for a child.”

Barbara Gorely

OVER FIFTY-SEVEN VARIETIES

There are more varieties of boys than there are of canned soups.

There is the boy whom you know to be most brilliant, on the Dean’s list at college, interested in everything—be it sports, the war, politics, automobiles, books, astronomy, or music, yet when he meets your family he is tongue-tied. It is, “Yes, sir. No, sir. I’m sure you are right, sir.” He sits on the only uncomfortable chair in the room and has the air of being interviewed by a Professor who is going to give him a poor mark. He contributes nothing to the conversation.

Then there is the boy who is so much fun at a football or basketball game, or at a beach party. He brings the great outdoors with him. He strides across the room, grasps your father's and mother's hands and gives them a hearty shake, makes a bright remark that Father is looking younger than ever and Mother as pretty as usual. After this he proceeds to take over the conversation, laughing heartily at his own little jokes, not noticing that a pet radio program has been turned off, and that Father still has his finger in his book.

We all know the boy whose Bible is *Esquire*. We suspect that he spends more time on his toilet than does a girl. His clothes are creased to a knife-edge sharpness, his tie is a most exquisite thing and tied with meticulous care. His shirt and handkerchief just shriek "Exclusive for De Pinna." You can almost see "Dunhill" stamped on his billfold and cigarette lighter. Labels mean more to him than value. He must always be seen at the proper places at the proper time, and of course the girl he escorts must not outshine him. To entertain him you merely look pleasant and listen to him talk about himself.

And the "casual" boy. He drops in at any time, without regard to your other engagements or household plans. Sometimes he delays dinner, sometimes he eats it with you; again, he finds you with curlers in your hair, or makes a fifth at your bridge party. He just "likes" your home and your family and "knows he is welcome any time!" He turns the radio on loud to the program he likes and then talks all through it. He seldom has his own cigarettes, and usually disposes of his ashes in a nearby vase or plant.

And do you know this boy? Loud maroon striped shirt, blue bow tie, plaid sport jacket, green trousers, soiled black and white sport shoes. He likes to read your latest movie magazines, asks YOU to play the newest record, and is disappointed that you haven't got the one he likes best.

Then the boy with hair that looks almost lacquered. His teeth are so white they seem blue. His shoes are so well shined that they

reflect like mirrors. His nails are so highly polished they glitter, but his conversation is just the reverse. He will call you up two nights before the dance and say "Wear something green Friday night. I am sending you a yellow orchid!" And green is your most unbecoming color! And of course you don't own a green dress.

There is the other boy. He finds himself the most squashy chair in the room, sits on the back of his neck with his crepe-soled shoes on your dainty needlepoint footstool. He always manages to be next to the nuts or the candy dish, the contents of which he proceeds to empty at an alarming rate, and has the attitude of "Well, here I am. Amuse me."

And there is the boy who calls and for two hours reads you part of his thesis; the boy who talks mileage, carburetors, grades of oil, spark plugs, differentials, etc.; the boy who knows all about every movie and yet never takes you to one; the boy who brings you a stodgy book to read and next time he calls interrogates you about it; the boy who tells you about the socks his mother is knitting and all the jars of jellies she has put up; the boy who calls on you but spends all his time talking with your mother or your father about world affairs; the boy who likes to read poetry to you before the open fire; the boy who brings you samples of cloth for his new suit and asks your opinion, and when you have given it you find he has already ordered the other material; the boy who is always late, and the one who is much too early.

Of course, there are other kinds, the boy who always asks what color you are wearing to the dance so his corsage will be appropriate, and the boy who brings you a funny soap figure or a tiny china dog for your collection, with the remark, "It's wonderful what you can get in the Five and Ten nowadays"; the boy who always compliments you on your new hair-do or hat or your dancing; the boy who makes sure you are comfortable in the car, who helps you in and out of the car; the boy who looks up a party before he invites you; the boy who treats you like a

sister; and the boy to whom you are something very precious.

How many more varieties do you know?

Jeanne Walsh

ODE TO A GLAMORIZED GOB

The middle is a creature of infinite renown
That magnetizes maidens from every eastern town.
That blue coat's made of burlap; and those buttons,
—how they shine!
He picks them up, ten cents a gross, at Woolworth's
five and dime.

"Drags" are dragged to dances, naively known as
"hops,"
And gath'ring's lacking Carvel Hall henceforth are
branded flops.
Taxpayers raise these creatures to patrol Columbia's
waters,
The creatures rise, and, in return, annex the payers'
daughters.

All hail then to the Navy! All hail then to the seal
But standing plaintive on the shore, I make one simple
plea:—

Deposit those same middies on a perforated raft
With half the Atlantic fore, and half the ocean aft.
Sue Strauss

DISTANCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER—

"How about the jam, Sue?" Henry said,
elbow-deep in the Ritz box. Henry's my
roommate,—her real name is Henrietta, which
is too long. A minute later she was starting
for the typing room, lugging two books and
some paper and our portable radio. (You'd
think she'd learn—last Wednesday night she
took it down to listen to Melody Mal, and
Miss Kanton caught her. Henry said she
was getting rhythm in her typing through the
music, but Miss Kanton gave her a demerit
anyhow.) Just when I was getting out my
bobby pins, in sneaked Anne-from-across-the-
hall-and-down-two-rooms, all smiles. She'd
just had a long-distance call from her man in
Mississippi, who was coming up week end
after next with two friends, and did Henry
and I want dates? (yes), and didn't our new
spread look smooooth! They ought to, after
our beds went spreadless for nine weeks.

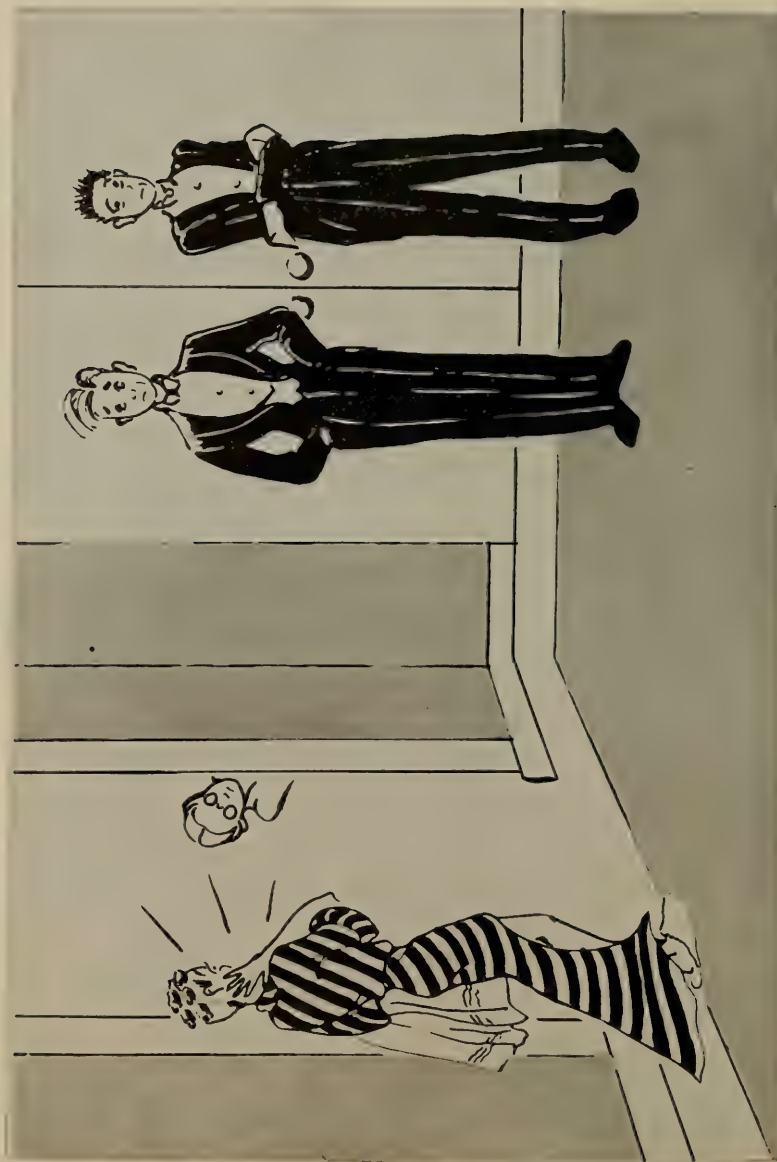
Pretty soon Anne left, still grinning and singing
—"Twelve full ounces; that's a lot. Twice
as much for a nickel, too.—"

Nine days passed, with Henry marking each
one off on her calendar that has the huge circle
around December 19, which is when we go
home for Christmas vacation and which she
has figured out the exact number of seconds
until. And then came the Saturday that
Anne had practically gone crazy waiting for,
the day her Pete was coming—with his two
friends.

After Henry's Chemistry lab, we walked
down to the post office to mail a birthday
present she was sending to a cousin she's
never seen; and then decided to wash each
others' hair. After lunch Henry fell asleep—
she looked so calm and gentle, which is unusual,
with her hair black against the blue
spread and her mouth open a little. I read
a long, deep poem until I almost fell asleep
too. Then I did.

At eight o'clock we were all ready and waiting;
about twenty past, they came. For a
minute things were all confused as Henry and
I met Pete, and Pete introduced his friends
to Anne, and Anne "how-do-you-dô'd" us to
them; and then everyone knew everyone else,
and we started out to the car, which was
rather mediocre except for the Mississippi
license plate that most people stare at except
Mississippians. Henry's Alan was huge and
handsome, and Hugh Somebody was left for
me because he was short and I'm not quite as
tall as Henry. We squashed into the car,
with Anne in front between Pete and Alan,
and Henry and Hugh and me unromantically
in the back.

"Where to?" said Pete. We just sat there
and argued around, and finally decided on
The Barking Dog, which we're all tired of
but usually go to anyhow. Just as Pete started
the motor, Miss Kanton came puffing out
into the dorm driveway and screamed that I
had a phone call. Everyone groaned, but I
decided I might as well take it. And who
should it be but my old flame Bud, that I'd
gone to school with since kindergarten until



PATRICIA ANN'S

GARDNER FRONT HALL

this year when he went to Tent University, which is way up in New York somewhere. He was in town unexpectedly and wanted to see me tonight. What could I say? After all, he's *the* man, and I hadn't seen him for seven weeks except in the big picture on the bureau and the small picture on my desk and the snapshot in the mirror. And besides, he'd come from some place about a couple of light years away to see me. So I told him to come on over to school, and went out to square things with Anne and Hugh and the others, who were surprisingly nice and understanding, and sounded as though maybe they didn't need me to make the evening perfect anyhow. And then Alan moved to the back seat beside Henry, and away they drove.

Bud arrived after a while; and, boy, we weren't sorry to see each other again! We sat on the red-leather and chromium couch in the smaller living room and talked about college, which we'd always planned to go to the same one of, but when the time came to go, couldn't quite get together, and how far apart we were—almost 200 miles, and about how much fun we'd have with the old gang Christmas vacation. Bud discussed the merits and demerits of Tent U., and said he's never heard of a course as hard and confusing as his, which is Pre-Medical, and I told him if he wanted to take a *really* hard course, he should try Secretarial at our place. We each decided that the other was working too hard and should spend more time relaxing and writing letters, even though we write nearly every day as is, and use up a huge number of stamps. At 10:30 Bud had to walk to the drugstore on the corner of Sixth and Woodlawn to meet his friend so that they could get back to Tent in time for some sleep and morning Chapel. I went over to Woodlawn with him, and on the way he asked me up for January Carnival, which made me feel glad, and said something that I tried to remember word for word to tell Henry.

Henry came in at 12:28, when I was nearly asleep waiting up for her, and said she'd had a super time and had danced with Hugh every

other dance; and that Alan was *wonderful* and she couldn't wait for his first letter. After we got in bed, I told her what Bud had said about how he had just joined the Delts, and that I could sort of be thinking about getting a little pearly something with a safety catch, meaning his pin. Which just goes to show that distance (even almost 200 miles) makes the heart grow fonder—and not of somebody else. And then Henry was hungry again; so we had some Ritz and peanut-butter. And Henry howled when she cut her thumb on "Stainless," which is our one knife that we use for cutting cake, if any, and spreading jelly and sharpening pencils sometimes. Poor Henry—

Pat Kieser

THE FLOWER OF LOVE

The ground lies brown, and bare, with no relief.
But wait! A sprout of green now pokes her head
Through frosty ground. A spark of love, belief,
Reborn again, of which I had thought dead.
We tasted it before. And now it grows
Until it blooms into a perfect love,
A mystic blossom, white, and pure as snows.
'Tis scented sweet, yet fragile as a dove.
Her snow-white petals now are fading fast.
Her slender stalk, which holds her proud head high
Is bent! And sways, as autumn winds draw nigh.
She was not strong enough, thus could not last.
Now 'tis a broken thing, and so it lies
In winters' snow, which shrouds it; thus it dies.

Ellen Visscher

LINES ON THE MELANCHOLY DANE

His father's dead; his mother's wed,
And he is quite digusted,
His friends are untrue, especially two,
And only Horatio's trusted.

Though his mind is sound, he acts mad to confound
And to keep from getting arrested;
But his true-love's drowned, and he'll never be
crowned,
Though the villain by him is bested.

"The play's the thing," in this vicious ring,
And by it King Claud's detected;
But all in vain, for to end his reign,
The Prince of Norway's elected.

Sue Strauss

THEY ARE SUCCEEDING

Two letters from young Alumnae, who specialized in Art at Lasell, and who are distinguishing themselves in that field.

(Do you remember the cover of the August LEAVES, with the graduates going down Bragdon Hill? That cover was drawn by Lydia Barnes, '35, who is now teaching in the Wellesley High School, and who writes this letter for our THEY ARE SUCCEEDING.)

October 25

If my experiences in getting a very satisfactory position will be helpful or interesting to any Lasell girl desirous of becoming similarly situated in the teaching profession, I am most happy to pass them on. I love my work and feel probably much as many others must,—that working with persons rather than things is the most interesting and challenging kind of work.

May I offer one piece of advice to girls who may be considering teaching as a profession? Don't go into it unless you have an unlimited supply of patience and understanding for people.

When I graduated from Lasell in 1935, I had no idea that on September 7, 1939, I should be meeting my first classes as teacher of art and crafts in Wellesley Senior High School. In 1935 the idea of teaching was farthest from my mind. I hoped to get into some sort of commercial art work.

During my second year at the Museum School, where I was fortunate to receive a scholarship upon graduation from Lasell, I decided that I wanted to teach. But I found it impossible to get a position, because I did not have a degree. During that winter and spring I wrote to all the private schools in New England applying for an art teaching position. But they wanted a degree and experience, as did the public schools.

In June, 1939, having finished my study of drawing and design at the Museum School, I went to Europe, hoping that when I returned, some school would have a place for me. How-

ever, there was none. Finally late in September I entered the College of Practical Arts and Letters at Boston University, because I knew that more than anything else, I wanted to teach art. At Boston University I was allowed credit for my two years at Lasell, and had to spend a year and a half there to complete the required credits and hours of Education.

After finishing in February I became a cadet teacher in the Melrose High School. It is interesting that two days before graduation from B. U., I had my interview in Wellesley. And on the day after I had received my long-awaited B.S. in P.A. degree, I was notified that I had been elected to teach art and crafts in the Wellesley High School in September, 1940.

The art work that I did at Lasell with Mrs. Kay Peterson Parker has been invaluable to me. I am teaching dress design and home furnishings based on the same courses I had with Mrs. Hudson. The crafts work that I had with Mrs. Watson made it possible for me to qualify for the Wellesley position.

Now, besides my regular school classes, I am teaching two nights each week in the evening school and taking a course in jewelry and metal work, all of which make my career very busy and pleasant. Of course most girls finish their teacher training in four years. However, although the six years seemed tedious and the struggle long, I am glad now for all the training. From each of the three schools I gained certain experience, attitudes, and ideals that I would have missed had I done otherwise.

Lydia Barnes, '35

The following letter was written by Lydia Parmelee, '32, who drew the illustrations for The Land He Loved, a book by Ellen L. Buell, recently published by Macmillan, and described at length in the N. Y. Times Book Review.

* * *

New York City
October 27, 1940

It is very nice of you to write and ask me about my work, and though there isn't a great deal to say and I'm a long way from "having arrived," I'll do the best I can.

After leaving Lasell, I spent four years at the Rhode Island School of Design in Providence, receiving my certificate in costume illustration. Very slowly, during my last two years there, the fact began to dawn on me that sophisticated ladies just weren't my line. So I began drawing children.

I spent the next two years after graduation doing a few free-lance jobs (very few), preparing a sample folio of children's illustrations, and gathering courage to visit the publishers of New York and Boston. I made frequent trips to both places—and nothing happened.

A year and a half ago when I came here for a week, I answered an ad in the paper, and, much to my surprise, I got the job. That first job was short-lived, however. I was working with an architect on a project that fell through after only three weeks. Liking very much my first contact with the business world, and finding that the best way to get things started was by being on the spot, I determined to stay and answer more ads. The success of my first attempt in that line gave me the misguided notion that the thing was a "cinch" but—I spent six months trying it, and again nothing happened. I felt like Mr. Micawber though; I was sure something would turn up, and it did. First I found a very good agent; then I found a permanent position with a large toy concern, doing illustrative work.

The first book came along last November, and I had another one in July.

Everyone with whom I have come in contact has been very pleasant and helpful, and that is something I didn't expect in New York.

I would like very much to be remembered to Mrs. Parker and also to Mrs. Paul; and to Natalie Park, who was in my class.

Lydia H. Parmelee, '32

Comments by the Head of the Art Department at Lasell.

Art is long, there's no denying, and I would not have it otherwise. No one can build a fire without first gathering some wood. No one can live deeply or fully without wide experience. But in these days of haste and quest of the easy way, it may make the graphic arts seem out of the question to read the experiences of these young women. The reader will note, however, that they changed their minds about what they really wanted to accomplish. A change of direction takes longer than a straight line of course. But these two young women have a preparation and background which makes them adaptable to changing conditions, makes it possible for them to fill their niche roundly; and if tomorrow is utterly different from today, they can reach back in their storeroom of experience and meet the change.

"But," I hear you say—"it is all very well for these girls to have taken all this time. I can't afford to do that." As a matter of fact, I happen to know that they earned their way for the most part. To be creative is to be resourceful, and the type of development that they were undergoing bred that quality in them. Artists do not spring from a background of ease. Softness is their destruction. Opportunities are no fewer than they have ever been. They are different, of course, but the great difficulty I fear is that people are different now. They are softer than they used to be.

Kay Peterson Parker

BOTH SIDES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS

A great actor once said that amateurs should always remember his philosophy, which was that the people attend the theater to be entertained. So do not disappoint them. To new-comers in amateur theatricals, that means simply this: that a fairly intelligent audience does not match for faults, such as missing a cue, having your slip show, or does not laugh at what you fondly hope is a tender love scene. Furthermore, it is up to

you to create such a mood that the audience will find themselves lost in their emotions.

When embarking on your great career, do not worry if before a play you find yourself feeling like a frightened baby. The sixty seconds before your first entrance will be either the most miserable or the most wonderful moments of your life.

In the theater, situations must not be too commonplace. They must be either a definite revelation of character and local color, as in "Miss Lulu Betts," or "They Knew What They Wanted"; or should instruct, as was the aim of Ibsen and Shaw; or they should deal with some unusual situation, as in "Strange Interlude," or "Death Takes a Holiday." An ordinary conversation heard on the stage would sound very dull and uninteresting. Conversation must have some unusual motivating force to add a freshness and spontaneity to it. Drama is not life itself, but the distilled essence of life.

The audience is a most important part of the drama. Therefore, the playwright dares not be too subtle, too intellectual, too literary, for his audience is interested in people rather than ideas or style; in emotion and action rather than thought. Victor Hugo said that an audience is made up of three classes: the crowd, which wants action; women, who want emotion; and thinkers, who want character. The audience cares little for subtle characterization, brilliant wit, delicate poetry, or constant logic if it is given the action and emotions which it craves.

The emotional response of one spectator reacts on the persons sitting around him, and so on indefinitely. So powerful is the contagious influence of emotions that everyone will remember having laughed or wept over a situation in a theater, which, had he read it in his room, might have bored him.

There are countless other things to do in the theater besides acting: stage setting and designing, costuming, play writing, lighting sets, and make-up play major parts.

Dorothy Stuhlberg



HARLES

"HOCKEY TODAY?"

"PORTER!"

He's strong as Sampson, dark as night,
Can lift five bags with ease.
It's Redcap number Three I mean—
"One dollah, if yo please."
He got my stuff from train to cab
In no time, which is fine.
But I sure hate to tip a guy
Whose bankroll's bigger than mine.

Pat Kieser

SNATCHES OF CONVERSATION FROM THE BARN

"I got a letter from Johnny today."

"You did! What does he say?"

Another girl in a catty undertone draws, "That man is more elastic than a rubber check. That makes the fifth Lasell girl he has bounced around within the last two weeks."

Her friend rejoins, "Well, he has a 1941 Buick with a radio!"

"I'll read you the nice part. Ahem. 'There

is a solitary maple that stands guard at the entrance of my Psych class at M. I. T.; and as I was hustling by it today, my careless foot crumpled one of the brilliant fallen leaves. I mentally noted that leaf, for it reminded me of your tawny tresses. And thinking of your lustrous hair, I thought how well it would go with my dinner jacket next Friday night at the Sigma Alpha Epsilon dance. Shall I call for you that evening at eight?"

Enviously, "Gee, isn't that neat?"

The feline chatterer murmurs, "Shall I tell her now that Johnny is known as 'the one-date heart-smasher'? No, let her find out for herself! Besides, I want him to drop her so that I can take him to the Christmas dance."

A new flood of girls comes in, intent on getting their mail, drowning and obliterating the talk of girls to whose conversation we have just listened. The boisterous and raucous now rule supreme, shouting above the din for a fourth at bridge, a cigarette that someone owes somebody, or commanding a terse, "Quiet! The telephone." Talk becomes muffled. Everyone listens to the conversation.

"Hello. Jack? I don't know any Jack. Am I sure? You have nerve. What? . . . Of course I remember my friends. You? No. Would I like to go to the Army-Navy game? Oh, I remember you *now*. (A long pause filled intermittently with very dulcet feminine yeses.) All right, I'll be expecting you Saturday after classes. Good night, Jack!"

Half a dozen girls blaze green-eyed upon their happy member. She walks away, heedless of their stares, floating in ephemeral dreams. Ah, college is a wonderful place.

Elaine Sullivan

THE FOG

All day the rain-drops have been breaking their hearts upon the unfeeling roofs or dashing themselves on the pavements. Now heavy trucks and drays rumble furiously over the cobblestones, spattering brave pedestrians unmercifully. Cacophonous horns of impatient drivers completely drown all street cries. Limp awnings flap helplessly, and unilluminated

signs stare blankly down. A few sparrows bicker in a corner over a sodden crumb, while a pigeon picks a frugal meal along the gutter. The grayness settles into gloom, the gloom imperceptibly into darkness. One by one a thousand neon eyes appear, blurred and blinking stupidly in the mist. Then up from the river moves the fog. It muffles all sounds and casts a ghostly shroud around each building. There is no partiality; nothing escapes it. It even seeps under doorsills and dampens the spirits of whole families gathered around cheerful fires. Pull the chairs a little closer. The fog will be gone by morning.

Barbara Gorely

IF TO-MORROW COMES

"I have only told your husband, Mrs. Jefferts, that he must get you away from New York city. The country will do you both good."

"I know, Doctor. We'll think up some way to manage it. But please don't ever tell Scott that I——"

"He knows you have heart trouble. What more is there to tell him?" The doctor continued in a solicitous tone, "Now there's nothing to worry about. You know as well as I can tell you that people live on for years. There is no reason why you shouldn't."

"No, of course not. Thank you for all your kindness. I shall see you when we return," Diana said, extending to him a grateful hand that met his in a warm, firm clasp.

"It's so easy to tell most of my patients that there's nothing to worry about. But not this young Diana. She would grow old so beautifully. I only hope she has the chance," thought the doctor as he watched her, a too slim figure in green, walk quickly from his office.

After leaving the doctor's office on the sixteenth floor and going down the elevator that led her out to the street, Diana continued walking down lower Fifth Avenue towards home, with her thoughts moving in a rapid tempo to match her steps. "I won't think about it. Anyone can die today; anyone can

live for sixty years. I'll live." Suddenly more than anything in the world she wanted to get home, home where Scott was. She was quite breathless after her hurried walk through Washington Square, and the climb of four flights to their tiny apartment on top. As she let herself in, she heard Scott whistling in the miniature kitchenette. For just a minute her glance swept around the living room, taking in all of Scott's beloved pictures on the walls. A sudden blur came to her eyes. "I don't ever want to leave this room," she thought to herself. "As long as I'm within these four walls with Scott, I'm safe. Nothing can hurt me, not even death."

A moment later she walked into the kitchen and said merrily to Scott, "Hello darling. Playing cook for tonight?"

"Hello Di. Where have you been?"

"Oh, out and around," she answered in a teasing tone.

"My dear Mrs. Jefferds, you are purposely avoiding the question. Please stick to the facts. Seriously, where have you been? I wanted you to pose for me while there was light enough."

"I stopped in to see Dr. Bell," Diana said quietly.

A thoughtful "oh" was all Scott said as he stepped up to Diana and put his arms around her. "It's funny how safe I feel all of a sudden," Diana thought as she gratefully leaned her tired head against the scratchy tweeds of Scott's shoulder.

"Guess what, darling. I have two surprises for you," Scott said in a sudden gay tone. "First, I want you to see *our* picture, before I send it on to the Foundation. I'll tell you the other surprise later."

Diana followed Scott into his tiny room. Had it been twice as large, it would have appeared crowded, and in its present size was cluttered to overflowing with easels on which rested half-finished works, not yet ready for commercial firms. On the walls were colorful oils, many landscapes and even more portraits. In one corner stood a large picture covered with a piece of discarded sheet that was beyond Diana's mending.

"Shut your eyes," Scott ordered Diana. "You know, you haven't seen this completed, and I want to see its full effect on you when I unveil it."

"What? No champagne to christen our masterpiece with?" Diana said smilingly.

"One, two, three, now you can look," Scott said, anxious to hear Diana's comment on this picture that she had never seen! He valued her opinion highly, for her criticism, whether good or bad, was always worthwhile. Scott tried not to dream of winning the first prize, but at the same time could not help it. Two years in Italy would mean much to them both.

Diana took a step toward the picture and stopped. So many thoughts ran through her mind. "It's the evening light shining through the skylight that makes it so real. If I move another step, the vision of me will disappear. How could Scott paint my soul! But he has." What she saw was her own girlish image, leaning against a birch tree as straight and supple as herself. The mountains, towards which she was facing, changed color with the last rays of the fading sun as it shone through the skylight on the picture. All the strength she possessed, all her hopes and dreams, were reflected in her face. Words, read long ago, came to Diana. She said them aloud to herself:

"The hills were shining in their samite,

Fold after fold they flowed away—

Let come what may, your eyes were saying,
At least we two have had today."

"The only reason I don't want you to win the Fellowship, Scott, is because I'd hate to give up the picture," was Diana's first comment.

"But darling, if we win and go abroad, I'll paint hundreds of pictures, thousands, any number—all of you and for you."

"Yes, but there will never be another of me like this. You put my soul in my face and all through my body. It can't be done twice." Diana broke the silence that followed by saying, "By the way, what's the other surprise you spoke of?"

"We're going to take a vacation," Scott

said to her impulsively, like a small boy out on a lark.

"But where, and why? What about your work? Besides, we haven't the money and—" Diana argued.

"You'd go on with 'and' forever unless I stopped you," Scott checked her with. "First, we're going to Grandmother's farm. Second, the rest and fresh air is just what Dr. Bell ordered for you. Third, I can paint and get my work done for the firms just as well up there as down here. Besides, living will be far cheaper than it is here in the city."

Three days later Scott and Diana were in hilarious spirits and on their way out of the city to Ridge Hill. "Why don't you take a nap, Di? We have a long trip ahead of us. You got up early this morning."

"I'm not tired," Diana said.

It wasn't long, however, before she fell sound asleep curled up in the corner of the car. Scott smiled to himself. At the end of two-and-a-half hours, they were at the end of their destination, except for a two mile trek up the mountain on a narrow dirt road. As he turned in the driveway, and the car wound its way through the old apple orchard, misted over with pink blossoms, he took a deep breath. "I'm home. How Granny would hate to see the place looking so unkempt—grape arbors broken down, the old well boarded up, the fruit trees so scraggly."

Scott stopped the car in front of the house and looked at Diana. He hated to wake her when she was sleeping so peacefully. "She looks so thin. I'll get you well while we're up here, Di, I promise," he whispered to himself. Scott gently shook her by the shoulder. She looked up at him and said in a sleepy tone, "Hello. Where are we?"

"We're here, Di."

They got out of the car and walked around the lengthy veranda that faced the mountains. "I feel as though I've come home," Diana said to Scott, "and I've only been here once before. Remember the picnic we went on before we were married?"

"Yes, wasn't it fun?" Scott laughed. "I re-

member you insisted on hauling a bunch of goldenrod to the top of the flag pole because we didn't have a flag."

"Don't bring up any more stories about me. Come on, Scott; let's go inside. We have so much to do before it gets dark. With oil lamps to work by, we can't accomplish much after the sun goes down."

Scott found even more than enough to keep him busy in the days that followed, for he painted a good part of each day. Diana was completely happy doing nothing, although for the first week she took leisurely walks in the woods. One day, however, she was stricken with a terrible pain and forced herself to lie down and rest on the mossy green of the forest floor. She couldn't relax, for her thoughts were in a turmoil.

"I won't get panicky. But when would Scott find me, if anything happened to me?" Just then she heard a call, "Diana!" She was ready to cry with the relief she felt when she saw Scott.

"Anything wrong, Di? Why are you lying down?" Scott asked, instantly afraid.

"No, darling, there's nothing wrong. The moss was so soft that I couldn't resist lying on it. Besides I like to count the leaves looking upside down," Diana said in a saucy comeback to keep Scott from worrying about her.

After that experience, she never walked beyond the edge of the woods. "I guess I'll dig in the garden this morning," she would say to Scott or, "the *New York Times* just came. I'll read it on the porch."

Twice a day when the rural delivery truck brought the mail, one of them tried to be at the house to see if a letter from the Foundation had come. Dreams of Italy were never far from Scott's mind. One afternoon he was sketching some distance from the house. "That letter ought to come any day now," he said to himself as he looked at his watch. "Gosh, it's after six o'clock. No it isn't either; my watch has stopped. Funny, it's never done that before. I'll have to get back; Di will wonder what has happened to me. Well, I accomplished a lot of work this afternoon."

He whistled merrily as he walked back to the house, knowing that Diana would hear his whistle before she saw him. "Right now I'm the happiest man in the world. Di and I have had so much fun up here. What difference does it make if I don't win the Fellowship? We'll be just as happy." As soon as he reached the house he jumped up the steps two at a time, and saw that Diana was sleeping. "Honestly now, did you ever see anything like it?" he asked himself. "As soon as I turn my back, my wife goes to sleep on me." Suddenly he saw a letter lying on her lap. On the top was neatly engraved THE MACPHERSON FOUNDATION. For a second he was afraid. Then, without looking at Diana, he took the letter and read it. "I can't believe it. Di, I've—." He never finished. He just looked at her. She looked so happy. He fell down on his knees beside her and buried his face in her lap. "Di, Di, you've got to wake up. We're going to Italy together. I've won."

Faintly he heard a whippoorwill sing its evening song; dimly he was aware of the color fading from the sky, even as all color was fading from his life. In the stillness of the night, he remembered Diana saying,

"Let come what may,—

At least we two have had today."

Grace B. Roberts

THE SURF

The snarling surf is crashing on the shores,

Obeisant to the tides that it adores.

Lavishing love upon the guiding moon,

It spends itself and dies away too soon.

Elaine Sullivan

WHY I HATE MY BRIDGE PARTNER

Dear Sis,

Life at Lasell, on the whole, is not bad. But there are times when I wonder if it is worth it. Don't misunderstand, I'm not unhappy—it is just that I played bridge this afternoon with three super-doopers. Sis, I'll never play with them again! They are to me the three reasons why good girls study. But let me begin at the beginning.

I walked into the Barn this afternoon, minding my own business, intending to get my mail and go back to my room to catch up on my "Phys," when I heard someone yell:

"How's about a fourth for bridge?"

Being the good sport I should never have been, I said, "Sure," and I was stuck.

The first thing that happened was right enough. We drew for partners, and I found myself playing with one of those glamor girls of the mahogany variety. I'd never met her before. So I introduced myself and sat down across from her. We drew again to see who would deal (you can see how unnecessarily orthodox some people are). Of course it was my turn. Now you know what a miserable dealer I am. Of course, it was my turn, and I couldn't make an exception, and everything was all mixed up to start with. I never realized before just how many nice things people don't say.

After we got the dealing all straightened out, the fun began. I had one of those helpless hands. So I passed. The next girl passed, then we all waited about five minutes for the mahogany rosebud to bid. After due consideration (you could see by the way she was moving her lips that she was counting), she gave me a stony glare and said "One no trump."

The girl on my right, a delightfully fuzzy blonde of the vacuum type, giggled squeakily, winked at her partner, and also passed. At that point I just about passed out! Pulling myself together, I once more perused my unlucky thirteen, and very apologetically said, "Two spades."

After no bid on my left, the glamor girl said, "Four spades."

Think of it, she double-jumped me! And there I was sitting with three spades to the king. Had the door been open at the time, I would have been through it. The sweet child, the vacuum, doubled my bid. So I had just sat back and was patiently waiting for the dummy to hit the board, when I heard my partner very deliberately redouble.



PARKING PROBLEM!

I pulled myself together and gathered my scattered wits. What followed I cannot bear to rehash. All I know is that I went down four. I felt so small, and to make it unanimous, the mahogany rosebud began to give me the old Harry for not making the bid. I can hear her now:

"I had six quick tricks sitting right here on the board." I'll ignore the rest of her remarks; they hurt to consider.

Now if I had been wise, I'd have excused myself then and gone back to my "Phys." But no. Before I knew it, I was diligently sorting another of those exquisite nothings multiplied by thirteen. Well, the girl on my left opened this time with a demand of two clubs. (She was a decent enough sort, a bit on the heavy side, but all right.) I gasped for a moment.

Ah, blessed relief, my partner relaxed in her chair and did not bid.

There's where the bickering began. The

fuzzy one kept bidding hearts, and the heavy one kept bidding clubs. Finally, however, the fuzzy one got the bid for five hearts. It wasn't hard to see that her partner should have had it for clubs.

It continued that way with the three of them arguing over honor counts and holding post mortems over a finesse that couldn't work, until my partner and I managed to take out a five hundred rubber. Thank heaven, it was time to dress for dinner. I couldn't have stood it much longer.

I'd like to be able to say I'll never play bridge again. But you know how it is around here, Sis. If you don't knit and play bridge, they think you're a bit off.

I remain

Your loving sister,

A victim of circumstance,

Suzy

Jane Bishop

GOSSIP

"Have you heard the story about Esmeralda Barnabus? It's terrible! Georgia Gray heard it at the Barn the other day. Why it's simply shocking! And she seems such a nice girl, too. And she wears darling clothes. Of course I don't believe it, but still—well, come close and I'll tell you what I heard."

Heads crowd together. Oh's and ah's abound. Eyes get round and astonished; yet each girl, having heard a little, is anxious to get away and tell that little—with perhaps a few embellishments—to another little group.

That is how gossip gets started. And by the time the story has been told a dozen times, it has grown a hundredfold and has lost all semblance to the original story.

And what was the original story? Esmeralda's father is a mortician—undertaker to you—and he "laid out" a murderer who had suffered the supreme penalty for his crime! Shocking? Terrible? Of course not. Her father had a perfectly legitimate business, but gossip picked up the words "prison," "laid out a gangster," "crime does not pay," "dead," "perfectly horrible to have to touch a dead person," etc., etc., and knit up a very reprehensible story which Esmeralda could not refute.

Imagine how poor Esmeralda feels when she finds the girls a bit cool to her, or just nodding to her and crossing the street in a hurry.

In this year of campaigns, let us have a campaign of our own. Let us campaign against gossip. Let us stop a minute and think before we say even a little mean thing. Let us try not to listen if gossip starts.

Every one of us has something which can be admired or praised. So let us campaign and find out the good things about our friends, and forget the disparaging remarks we could say. Before we know it, we'll all be so proud of ourselves that we shall want to live up to all the good things we hear about ourselves,—and others.

Jeanne Walsh

NO SNOW

A few sunbeams struggled down past the frame houses three families high and into Public School Number 53. Hermann sat by a window that had a paper wreath pasted on it. The clock on the wall showed ten after four, and Hermann's painting was almost ready to send to the newspaper contest.

It was done in ink and water colors, and was of a man standing by a Christmas tree and handing to a small boy the rope of a sled. The tree sparkled with lights and decorations, but far brighter shone the sled in its red paint. The man was the contest editor; the boy with the blonde hair was Hermann himself; and the sled was the coveted prize, to be presented on the day before Christmas to the boy ten to fifteen years old whose picture was judged the winner.

Hermann touched the tree stand to see if the brown water color was dry. Then he tucked the picture underneath the books in his desk, and ran down the school steps two at a time. Miss Maryland, his teacher, would mail the picture in the morning. No snow had come yet—it must have been waiting for Hermann to get the sled. Doubling his fists up in his darned mittens, Hermann skipped home whistling "The Bear Went Over the Mountain" a little off pitch.

On the day before Christmas, Hermann walked six blocks to find the postman, who crossly searched through late Christmas cards for a letter to the boy. Hermann knew it was from the contest. But he would not open it now. Tomorrow was Christmas, and there would be few enough presents to open at Hermann's house, the letter would be saved until morning.

Hermann slumped over the edge of his cot with the letter in his hand. "We are pleased to inform you that you have won Honorable Mention in our contest. Your name will be printed in *The Record* on December 26." The picture wasn't good enough. Some other boy had the sled. Hermann looked out the window. It wasn't snowing outside.

Pat Kieser



DEMOLISHING THE ESKER

IMPRESSIONS OF ROBERT FROST'S LECTURE AT LASELL

"From his rumpled white hair to his quaint high-shoes he is a "Vert from Vermont," as he himself declared. Though not an excellent speaker, Robert Frost kept his audience engrossed every moment because of his personality, wit, and charm. His complete naturalness and modesty made everyone want to be his friend."

"Ever so often he mumbled something to himself which the first two rows in the audience could appreciate with him, but which was to those of us in the back rows just a jumble of words. This particularly bothered me, for I had a feeling I was missing an exceptionally good part of the speech."

"He read his most well-known poems, stop-

ping every now and then to add what he had originally meant in writing them and what others had interpreted them as meaning. He seemed to be very much amused by the ridiculous meanings that have been attached to his works."

"It was as though he were sitting on the other side of a fireplace in someone's living room. He hesitated when he thought he could find a more exact word to fit his meaning, and often he would repeat a whole sentence so that he could replace one word with a better one. This style of address, in my opinion, did not add to the interest of the talk. Yet it was an easy talk to follow, interwoven with anecdotes and amusing quips."

"I enjoyed Robert Frost's readings very much, especially the one about the ant. But he took over three-quarters of an hour to get started reading, and I became rather impatient; I could see no particular point in what he talked about from 8:15 to after 9:00. His voice and poems ran along smoothly while he read, except for a slight hesitation and an occasional search for the word he wanted to use. Mr. Frost seemed perfectly at ease with the audience; the whole affair was almost too informal for so large a group."

"My chief impression at that time was that he would look much more natural in a pair of overalls, a straw hat on his head, and a long piece of field grass hanging from his mouth. When he began to speak, I found myself listening to a charming person. He seemed to have little trouble keeping the attention of the audience that so eagerly awaited what he had to say. I listened as eagerly as the rest, and felt that what he said was right and apt. But since I have had more time to ponder what he had to say and how he said it, I find myself feeling that perhaps Mr. Frost was trying a little too hard to be funny. He said what he had to say in a few paragraphs; then proceeded to say the same things over again, each time dwelling on the ludicrous side of the point. The reading of

his poetry left nothing to be desired. After all, there is no one who can properly read his own verse other than the author, and Mr. Frost proved to be no exception. I thought his explanatory remarks before, during, and after his readings were more than entertaining. They showed how simple a seemingly complex idea really is. On the whole I enjoyed Mr. Frost and what he had to say, and I feel that no one can be disappointed in a man who is really one of the greatest poets of the day."

A MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Once upon a time, as the fairy tale goes, lived a pure, most dazzling princess, Gwendolyn, who was courted far and wide by innumerable gallants. Her fame had sped like a snowball rolling down a hill, gathering men at each turn. Why?

This is the explanation. Gwendolyn had an attraction for men like sticky-paper has for a fly. Today we might call it anything from "s. a." to "oomph"; then it was nothing acquired, no thin veneer of sophistication, but rather an interest in everyday life.

After her admirers came to know Gwendolyn, they quite forgot her features—her crooked nose, uneven brows, etc. (She really wasn't as pretty as her lady-in-waiting.) When they thought of her, they remembered quiet hours by the duck pond watching the fowl, disturbed by laughter, whirl into the air; picking roses in the shady bower; eating sweet cakes in the fragrant garden.

She didn't study herself hour after hour in the glass and remodel her mouth to negroid size with black lipstick. She didn't reshape her eyebrows so that she looked perpetually like a scared rabbit. She wasn't a "glamour girl." (Heaven protect the man who invented that intriguing title for some emaciated girl with glassy eyes shaded by false fringe costing 98 cents in Hindleberg's basement.)

At the yearly tournament at Alfred's Green, Princess Gwendolyn reigned supreme. She was there not by virtue of her father's wealth, but because everyone wanted her to be there.

In our parlance, she wasn't nice to one man because he went to Yale and because he had a "smooth red convertible."

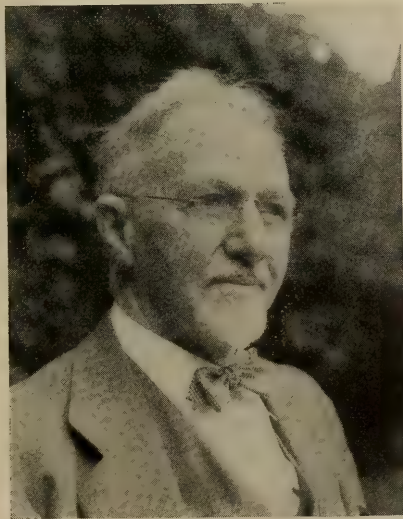
When Gwendolyn had reached the age of twenty, there came another man who instantly fell in love with her. She in turn loved him, and they lived, proverbially, happily ever after. Why? Because, my children, she didn't run from one bridge game to another, fuming cigarette smoke like the funnel of a boat, and reaching home to go out with a man other than her husband. She was a home body, thanks be.

The moral of this tale may be hidden, but I think if you aren't thick, you will find it.

Respectfully submitted:

Anonymous Man.

(Elaine Sullivan)



CHARLES LANE HANSON
Administrative Assistant

THE ACE OF SPADES

The pale moon hid behind the clouds. As darkness again covered the long, low mansion, a tall black figure slipped from the shelter of a lofty oak and crept stealthily across the lawn towards the house. At the balcony he paused, as though to listen for some expected sound. After a moment he went on over the balustrade to the French windows. Slowly he drew open the window; and as the moon again appeared to cast its white pallid light upon the earth, the insidious-looking figure slid inside.

The man closed the window softly and looked about him. From somewhere in the house an unseen clock struck twelve. When the low peal had finally died away, complete silence reigned. Quietly the man drew a flashlight from his coat and slowly cast its rays around the room disclosing a chair, a mahogany desk cluttered with papers, a closed door, a bookcase which ran full length at one side of the room, and a small painting where the light lingered and stopped. With long careful strides the man crossed the room to examine the picture. He tapped the frame gently and pulled it away from the wall. It yielded and opened like a door. Behind it was a round brass plate covered with figures and letters. With his skillful hands he twisted the plate back and forth to various points until it opened. A muttered exclamation of satisfaction escaped him. He thrust his hand into the dark opening.

Suddenly—"Hands up!" Dropping his light the man whirled around. An electric light was snapped on and he found himself facing a small man holding a revolver. He was about thirty and rather handsome, but his stern look of anger and command made the intruder raise his hands high above his head.

"So, trying to steal my jewels, eh?" The newcomer's voice, although calm, was deep and also had a tone of anger. He came up to the accused, whose face was a white mask of fear, and felt his pockets for a gun. He found none. "I'll see that you are taken care of,"

the short man said as he reached for the phone on the desk.

He never touched it, for he was stopped by a cry from the other: "Ace! You!" The man addressed as Ace stood stupefied. Then slowly a light of recognition gleamed in his eyes, "Nick, not Nick!" he faltered.

"Yes," replied the other. "I'd know you anywhere, Ace, by that scar on your left hand."

"My own brother, a thief," exclaimed Ace as he passed a hand over his brow.

"But Ace, I didn't know this was your house. Why, the name—"

"Of course, I had to change my name, I couldn't get anywhere with the name of Spades. My father's name. The name of a convict. And now you a thief!" Nick hung his head at the bitter words of his brother.

"As if your name wasn't black enough! I've worked hard for twelve years to be where I am now, Nick. Surely you won't spoil it all. Why don't you give up the racket and go straight? Go out of town where nobody knows you and start all over again."

"I guess you're right, Ace. I always did want to quit. I guess I didn't have enough nerve. Go out of town—yes, you're right. I'll go, Ace. And I'll never trouble you again. From now on I'm going straight."

Ace gave him a look of gratitude which told more than words, and he shook his hand. Nick walked slowly to the window and without a backward glance went out into the night.

When Nick was safely away, Ace threw off the dressing gown he was wearing and going to the safe he removed its contents, which he put into his pocket.

"Whew," he whistled, "that *was* close." He took a cap from his pocket, pulled it low over his eyes, and went out into the night.

Elizabeth T. Graham



A VETERINARIAN HAS TO KNOW

I think next time I am sick, I shall call on a Vet. At least he doesn't ask the animals what is wrong with them. I reached this decision some weeks ago when I had a "strep" throat. There I was, flat as the proverbial pancake, feeling very, very ill.

In walks the doctor, smiling, brisk, alert.

"Well, what seems to be the matter with you?" he asked. If I had had the strength, I would have told him that we were paying him to find out! And then the questions! Aches and pains? Nausea? Throat? Fever? Chill? Ears bother you? Cough? Hurt to swallow? Questions. Questions. Then orders, orders.

I wonder if Aladdin was happy with every wish he made on his magic lamp. I remember wishing so many things at one time or another. One wish was that I could have all the orange juice in the world to drink. Well, I had it—doctor's orders. Every hour a tall glass of that delicious drink would appear. The first three or four tasted so good. But when the number went into the dozens, I had lost my taste for orange juice.

I like to have my back rubbed. Perhaps that is the cat in me; but when I had an alcohol rub four times a day, I had had enough—in fact too much.

I used to envy people who had breakfast served in bed. Four trays a day, however, cured that envy. The trays were very prettily arranged with unique china and glassware and most intriguing tray cloths, but I missed the laughter and chatter that went on in our dining-room.

I have always said that when I had a home of my own, every bedroom should have at least one fresh flower in it. My friends remembered that, and everywhere I looked there were flowers in my room,—on the bureau, dressing table, night table, window sill, everywhere,—and what weird shapes they made on the wall at night when the street lights shone through them.

I once said that I should like a week in bed to relax and try all the new-fangled beauty aids,—creams, oils, lotions. I got that

wish too; but when you don't feel no good nohow, of what good are fascinating jars and bottles, hair ribbons, colored sheets and filmy bed jackets! Instead it was pills, powders, swabs, gargles, sprays, ice packs, and medicine!

I read with interest about these movie people who have everything done for them, but ten days in bed changed my ideas. It was—"Let me smooth your pillows. Want another pillow? Want more light? Less light? More air? Are you warm enough? Do you want the radio on? Let me read to you. Let me smooth your forehead. Here are magazines, papers, or the funnies. Let's put on a fresh nightie. Let me brush your hair. Shall I read your letters to you? Shall I answer any of them for you? Can you take just a bit more of this? Do you feel able to see So and So? Don't overdo. Let me hand you that. Is there anything you want?"

Jeanne Walsh

BY-PRODUCT OF THE OLD SOUTH

He's a weary, withered little old man. Nobody knows how old he is—and what is stranger, no one bothers to find out. He's ageless. Yes, Uncle Fred is one of those rare individuals who has "taken root."

To the other darkies on the place he is Mr. Biscoe—out of deference to his age and long association with "Miss Addie's place." To the "lil' white chile" he has always been Uncle Fred. And to the rest of the world he's just Fred.

Uncle Fred is one of the important landmarks in my childhood. When I was four, and he was still quick and light of step, he wheeled me about the grounds in his wheelbarrow. And it was Uncle Fred who taught me to sing my first negro spiritual. I can hear him now: eyes closed, brows puckered, crooning softly, in the way that only an untutored colored person can,—“Who's dat comin' dressed in black? Mus' be de hypo-

crites a'turnin' back. . . .” Shortly, lost in his own unselfconscious performance, his lithe little body would sway rhythmically to the uncharted tempo of his song.

Uncle Fred is a by-product of the old south. He has travelled the long road of kitchen boy to gardener, gardener to chef; and now that he is old and rather feeble, he draws a monthly check for sweeping the porches and watering the flowers.

At the beginning of every summer he has his head shaved clean. Cooler he says, and he'd rather have his head shaved than go without his hat. On warm days he goes fishing on the quiet St. Mary's River. Invariably he brings in a nice catch too, though *we* could fish in that same spot for weeks and never get a nibble! And at weddings, funerals, and for Sunday services, he rings the bell in the nearby chapel. You couldn't give him anything he'd like better than a new pipe and some smoking tobacco. And if you branch off to cigarettes or cigars, you're wasting your time; he crumbles them all up for pipe fodder. A donation of some of "Mr. Poatah's" clothes (a yearly occurrence) is the next best thing to heaven, and everybody in the family is thoroughly "God Blessed" for "bein' so kine to an ole' gentmun."

Just recently Uncle Fred developed a strange, and greatly overrated, eye trouble. In reality it's nothing more than old age. But according to him a good pair of glasses was the only solution. So Miss Addie took him to her oculist in Baltimore, and as prearranged, Uncle Fred was outfitted with an elegant pair of simple magnifying glasses in sporty tortoiseshell frames. He wears them tied on his head with a string.

Yes, Uncle Fred's as black as the ace of spades, and the dearest old colored man in the world. I can't imagine going back to Maryland and not finding him there. But he *will* be there, won't he?—I've already told you—he's ageless.

Mary-Carolyn Porter

NEWS FLASHES

- Sept. 12*—Registration for bewildered Juniors.
- Sept. 13*—Stunt night! The juniors do their stuff.
- Sept. 14*—Juniors invade Boston on a sight-seeing tour.
- Sept. 14*—Seniors register amid joyous shrieks of reunion.
- Sept. 14*—Flustered seniors introduce their junior sisters to the faculty.
- Sept. 15*—First Vespers—Rev. Carl Kopf enthusiastically urges us to work voluntarily for peace.
- Sept. 16*—School in earnest. Dr. Guy Winslow, president, welcomes students in Assembly.
- Sept. 19*—Mr. Pitt Parker fascinates Assembly with rapid-fire drawings on "Where do we go from here?"
- Sept. 22*—Rev. Boynton Merrill speaks at Vespers on "This business of life."
- Sept. 26*—Mrs. Lucy Sypher surveys the European situation.
- Sept. 27*—A picnic rewards the juniors for sufferings of Junior Week.
- Sept. 30*—Mr. Charles Hanson describes his friend Robert Frost in assembly.
- Oct. 4*—All-day trip to Plymouth.
- Oct. 7*—New senior officers announced at a formal dinner.
- Oct. 8*—Mrs. Philip Lane delights Assembly: "Folk Songs from Picturesque Lands."
- Oct. 15*—Snakes in assembly! Mr. John Ramon speaks about herpetology.
- Oct. 17*—Lexington and Concord trip. Curious girls see historic towns.
- Oct. 17*—Our New England poet, Robert Frost, holds the audience spellbound by his lecture and readings.
- Oct. 20*—Vespers—Rev. Vivian Pomeroy emphasizes that "people should hold fast."
- Oct. 23*—Open house at Carpenter, Cushing, Pickard, and Conn for junior sisters and other invited guests.
- Oct. 24*—Fun and no classes; the Salem-Marblehead trip.
- Oct. 26*—Winslow Hall sways under dancing feet at the Dramatic Club dance.

Elaine Sullivan



DRAPER HOUSE
Lasell Jr. College

LIFTING THE MASK OF DRAMA

In the summer time Broadway dons a straw hat and moves to the country. All over the east coast have popped up summer theaters where stars who have pursued their art all winter in New York or on the road turn to summer tours for various reasons:—to try out a new play, to develop their dramatic powers further, or to earn enough money to carry them through until they can get another part in the season to come. Some of the more famous actors, unable to find recreation in anything except their art, just fill their minds with more, and incidentally (but not *too* incidentally) their pockets with money.

One of the newest summer theaters is situated at Marblehead, Massachusetts, in the high school auditorium of that town, where they are still in the process of experimenting with summer trade. They opened their second season this past year in July, and carried on for a period of nine weeks. Some summer theaters are professional, others non-professional. Marblehead is the former. By this I mean that they employ actors and actresses who are publicly well known, instead of amateurs or persons whose experience is not sufficient to warrant the title of professional. The Marblehead theater is much larger than the average summer theater. Whereas most of the latter hold from 400 to 500 people, Marblehead holds 900.

The word *theater* is in itself somewhat of a magnet which draws thousands of young people every year who find out that a dramatic career is a much tougher game than it is fascinating.

This is not a confession article; that is, I haven't been lured to the footlights and been disappointed. Instead I have learned how to "take it," which, in my opinion, is the most valuable factor in the ambitious person's make-up.

Most summer theaters have what is called an apprentice group. They range from small groups of five and six, as in my case, to groups of twenty or thirty, which was true of the summer theater at Cohasset, Massachusetts.

Perhaps the readers are a little bit puzzled over what the exact work of an apprentice is. So are the apprentices, for they do everything from filling in maids' parts and covering upholstery to sweeping out the dressing rooms and skillfully handling a first-aid kit. In other words, they have to be a combination of Houdini and Sarah Bernhardt. My particular apprentice group was composed of four girls and one boy, who took more than his share of razzing for being the only living male apprentice. We were told when we filled out the application blanks that our work was to be regulated. We were to have a dramatic lesson in the morning and devote our afternoons to the welfare of the theater. I soon found out that we were devoting not only the afternoons to the theater, but the mornings, evenings, and any other part of the day I might have excluded. Each of us was to be assigned to a different department of the theater such as properties, publicity, workshop, or in actual rehearsal for the following week's show, for a period of one week at a time. Well, we didn't do that either. Maybe it was just as well, because after more than three days of the publicity department, you are ready for a straight jacket.

The organization is owned by a group of stockholders consisting of an ex-Dartmouth

Adonis, who handled the treasury; a New York woman, who was business manager; a tall, lean young man, who spends his days as a salesman in Boston's Filene's bargain basement; and two ex-Harvard men, one who had another job in New York and one who specialized in entertaining the actors and actresses with frequent parties and recording their voices for posterity. These people, together with two box-office girls, a public stenographer, and a New York publicity woman, who knew her way around in the theater game, made up what we referred to, as the "front of the house," because their offices were all up in the front part of the theater. At the back-stage end were seemingly more colorful personalities. The stage manager, who had a quick temper, was a man of about thirty whom almost everyone liked. He was typical of the Broadway "middies" who wear pencil-striped suits and can break out in a routine of song and dance from some show "way back when." He had a sharp wit and was a constant source of amusement. I used to stand in the wings with him so that we could laugh together over one particular scene in a show with Ezra Stone. He snapped at me one day for running across the stage just before the curtain went up. It almost broke my heart, but he was so sorry about it later that we both had to laugh. He had been over a year at the theater, and was efficient in every sense of the word. He filled in for lots of minor parts to save the company the extra expense of hiring outside actors.

Second to none was the property girl, who was filling in her summers with experience to further her education at the Yale School of Drama. The previous summer she had worked as assistant to the prop man. This season she was considered capable enough to take over the job alone, with a 1936 Ford which probably saw more use in eight weeks of prop work than a Mack truck sees in a factory in four years. If you think being property manager is a fly-by-night job, I mean to change your

opinion. It means acquainting yourself with furniture owners for a radius of fifty miles around. It means getting the props for next week's show a week in advance, to measure, so that the actors won't have to make any extra movements. It means getting up at seven in the morning, maybe earlier, and rolling in after midnight, so tired that you can't even turn over. It means being a cook and a furniture upholsterer. It means transporting furniture for miles and getting it back in the same condition. It means giving ten tickets in return for a demi-tasse cup. It means bargaining in store basements for material, and trying to make it look like satin under the footlights. I know. I lived under the same roof with the prop girl. If she goes back next year, it will be because some unknown force has driven her back, nothing else. And yet it's a fascinating job. You learn a lot about period furniture, people's dispositions, especially the director's, and you develop a fine muscle and a keen eye for things right off which could be used for next week's show. The prop department is an integral part of a theater (esp. summer), and don't forget.

Hardest working of the different departments was the stage crew, whose workshop was an ex-cracker factory, damp, dank, and leaky on rainy days, hot and sticky on fair ones. I spent a great deal of time there learning how to cover flats, painting and stipling them, and a little about carpentry from a German refugee named Hans, who preferred for us not to whistle the *Blue Danube*. He gave us lectures during the week on the technical end of the theater. Hans was clever, but boring after an hour and a half. The crew consisted of three Harvard boys, Hans, and the designer, a young man of twenty-three or four who had never been to architectural school, but could tear off a plan in an afternoon and reproduce a painting of Whistler's in two hours. I remember that once we drove into Boston on the hottest day of the summer and paid \$20 for six-dozen artificial leaves for the set of Shaw's *Captain Brassbound*, and then found we didn't have

enough. The stage crew used to stay up all night after a show closed on Saturday night to get the set up for the new show coming in. Try that some time when you think you can lick the world. About three or four in the morning your legs feel like buzz saws, and there's a curious ring in your ears, but somehow or other that set is always up for dress rehearsal on Sunday.

Now that you have a pretty good idea of the theater's set-up, I should like to give you glimpses of the stars who were there. Appropriately enough, Ethel Barrymore was chosen for the opening week in Richard Binsley Sheridan's *School For Scandal*. Ethel is a favorite with theater goers, although they are the only people who see her; we didn't back stage. She was always wrapped up in black veils. A wonderful actress, however, and a pleasure to watch. Her once fine voice has been recently impaired by rheumatism. She made a fine picture in an all-black period costume with a sweeping hat which showed off the great Barrymore profile to no small avail. Others in her company were pleasant, excellent character actors. I remember the costumes as being more vivid in that show than in any of the others. It was the general opinion that *School For Scandal* was a poor vehicle for Miss Barrymore, who played a young woman twenty-five when she is actually crowding sixty-five.

Margin For Error, the timely comedy by Clare Boothe, was the second play of the season, having as its star Otto L. Preminger, whom we had heard terrifying things about, but who surprised everyone by being most charming. As the German consul, Karl Bommer, he wore a scar on his left cheek which was the delight of our apprentice group. Two of the apprentices walked home from the theater one evening and scared passersby half to death with hideous scars applied by Mr. Preminger and his collodion. In the same show were Keenan Wynn, son of Ed Wynn, and his wife, curvaceous Evelyn Abbot who played the Jewish policeman and the German maid respectively. A very swell

couple. Mr. Wynn is a George Abbott player, and papa Ed, who journeyed to Marblehead for a performance of "Margin," was quite proud of his offspring. It was a delight to hear his laugh in the audience, and to witness his shenanigans back-stage after the show.

What a Life, with Ezra Stone, the Henry Aldrich of radio, moved in the third week with a greater part of his original company with him. We had lots of fun, as all the apprentices were in it and, for the most part, the cast was made up of people very near our own age.

Ezra, a small, rotund, dyed-hair Jewish boy, is a clever actor. He also knows his finance and can tell you the "window take" of most any summer theater he has played in. He gave us a two-hour lecture in his bare feet on acting and audience appeal. A little too aggressive, but most appealing on the stage as Henry.

Interesting and human was the story of Gil Stratton, a young boy of sixteen, who had been hanging around the stage door in New York when Ezra's show was playing there, trying to get a part. When one of the actors was late one night, he stepped in and has been there ever since. We used to sing a fine duet on *Indian Love Call* during the second act.

For the fourth week *The Greeks Had A Word For It*, a 1928 version of *The Women*, with Libby Holman as its star was presented. Also in the cast were Ralph Holmes, Libby's handsome husband, and Betty Hutton, Broadway's current dynamo. I had a small maid's part in the third act, but that was incidental to the work I did otherwise. Mildred Todd and Betty Hutton shared the same dressing room. I might say I did too, because I was in there most of the time helping them sew up clothes that had ripped at the last minute, lending make-up and clothes to both, and being a general Florence Nightingale for blonde Miss Hutton, who was doing her first legitimate show. Temperamental but clever, she was the hit of an otherwise flop with a

capital "F." Libby Holman, the notorious torch singer, was a fine trouser. She has a low, rich voice, and wears stunning clothes.

"Greeks" was a four set show and a pain in the neck all at the same time. I remember particularly a tricky neon dressing-table mirror that Miss Holman had, and tons of make-up she never used.

After the bawdy comedy of "Greeks," the more mature *Captain Brassbound* was slated to star Jane Cowl with the noted English stars, Arthur Margotson and Cecil Humphreys. Miss Cowl arrived the night of dress rehearsal with a dachshund and a secretary. We were all enchanted with her powerful voice and her masterful timing. One of the scenes in the second act of the play was a mob scene of blackened Moroccans, local boys who had to report an hour earlier for a special make-up applied by the apprentices. The sets for "Brassbound" were considered the best of the season. One was a lovely street in Morocco with a woven ceiling which cast a Moorish effect. The play itself, however, was a cut and dried affair and was a great contrast to those that preceded it.

Helen Claire, a sharp-minded Alabama girl, played the lead in *Here Today*, a comedy in three acts. A Phi Beta Kappa, Miss Claire surprised us all with her wondrous personality and her adeptness at learning a major part in one week. She had recently made a big success on Broadway in *Kiss The Boys Goodby*. I was personally disappointed in her interpretation of Mary in *Here Today*. Libby Holman played the same role at some other theater circuit in Massachusetts, and probably did a better job.

Most amusing was an elderly lady named Katherine Stuart. She came to rehearsal for *Here Today* every day, complete with make-up and theatrical clothing. Miss Stuart was stone deaf in one ear and very difficult to prompt. I know; I tried to. She fell on the stage three times during the week, and fluffed many of her lines, but we all loved her and admired her spirit at doing something she should have given up twenty years ago.

The play itself was the worst of the season, and the company lost money on it, but won it back on the following show, *Kind Lady*, starring Grace George. Wife of the producer William Brady, Miss George was a woman in her late sixties, but she gave an admirable performance which can't be overlooked. Nicest people in the show were two members of the original Broadway cast, Elfrieda and Clarence Derwent. They portrayed a pair of crooks . . . were just as nice off-stage as they were eerie on-stage. Both Britishers, the Derwents possessed a wonderful sense of humor. One of our apprentices had the part of a kleptomaniac in *Kind Lady*; we were most proud of her.

And now I come to my favorite show, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, which starred the incomparable Tallulah Bankhead. I was in the props department that particular week, and learned a great deal about Victorian furniture. "Tanqueray" had two of the loveliest Victorian sets you ever saw. We combed the antique shops for miles around, and found abundant lamps, clocks and furniture of that period. We needed a Victorian couch, and finally found one in an old museum in Salem, Massachusetts. But alas! It was a wreck. We covered it with turquoise blue sateen; when it was finished, it looked like the most luxuriant satin sofa one could imagine. Miss Bankhead played against this turquoise sofa in a chartreuse negligee. The effect was startling. I was more impressed by Tallulah Bankhead than any other star who visited our theater all summer. She is a superb actress, has a wonderful deep voice and cough, and wears a brand of perfume which permeated the whole backstage. After the show one night she came out on the stage where we were all sitting around eating the prop fruit, and singing songs around the piano which was used in the second act. Naturally we were all a little uncomfortable, but our self-consciousness was short-lived when she started to con-

verse with us in the most charming manner I have yet encountered. She chattered on and on about rich experiences. She commented on my hair, "When you get to be my age, you'll need other means than nature to keep it that blonde." She is about thirty-five, wore a stunning pair of gabardine slacks all the time, and has lost twenty pounds, which has done much for her appearance. We were all captivated by her friendly manner, and of course by her splendid interpretation of *Paula Tanqueray*. I personally hated to see that company leave.

The final show of the season was S. N. Behrman's racy *Biography*, starring Ina Claire. Actually over forty but looking twenty-five, Miss Claire is a clever actress, intelligent and lonely. Thrice married, she now lives alone with her mother and deplures world conditions, thinks this war will eventually kill everyone off.

These thumbnail sketches of the visiting stars are just brief attempts at a kaleidoscopic view of my experiences with celebrities throughout the summer.

Did I like summer theater? Yes, it taught me a great deal about a particular species of the human animal called an actor, and I'm a great deal wiser for it.

Would I go back and do it again? You bet!

Jean Bond

A PLEA FOR NINE LIVES

If there should be some word from heaven sent,
That time to me was not just merely lent;
I still could never hope to formulate
The thousand schemes on which I meditate.

Betty Danker

THERE ARE SO MANY PLACES

There are so many places left to see
That I could live right through eternity
And never feel a moment of despair,
Because I'll never have been everywhere.

Virginia Reynolds



POPULAR CLASS

SUBURBAN TRAINS

Among the happenings that stand out most clearly in my mind, along with birthdays and other special occasions, is the memory of my first few encounters with suburban trains. Included with the price of the ticket is of course that innocent-looking bit of paper, capable of weakening great minds—the time-table.

To complicate matters in the first place, arose that brain-child of some clever statesman, called Daylight Saving Time. Even so, the situation could have been smoothed out but for the mule-like obstinacy of the railroad company. I arrived that first morning at 7:30 M.T. (My Time) and argued with the station-master until 8:25, also M.T., when he shoosed me onto a train.

After disposing of my ticket, I settled down with the rest of the commuters like so many

chickens in a coop; a draft on my neck, the heater snuggled uncomfortably close on one side, the man in back of me smoking a foul cigar. I gazed rapturously out of the window—a thing never done, I later heard, by seasoned commuters.

Back yard followed back yard until just as she (feminine always applied to locomotives—wonder why) started to gather speed, we would stop. After four or five of these pauses I became accustomed to the rhythm, or should I say jog? of the conveyance, although after an unusually large breakfast, one has the sensation of jumping along the silver ribbons of track.

Can this be I, this poised and seasoned traveler of the suburban rails? Nonchalantly I sit and knit or read. Not even the return of Daylight Saving Time will phase me now.

Betty Danker

PERSONALS



LILLIE R. POTTER, '80

Dean Emeritus

The American Legion at their annual meeting in Boston this fall presented a most impressive, and—when off guard—spectacular processional. Lasell Junior College, falling into line, could not compete in numbers with these our national defenders, but the procession of brides and grooms which follows represents, in military parlance, a very precious “picked squad”:

June 29—Mary W. Smith '34-35 and Mr. David Kelly Auten, Jr. Agnes Savage '34-35 was a member of the bridal party.

July 20—Eleanor Elizabeth Smith '26-27 and Mr. Harry Smith Cutting at Shrewsbury, Mass. The bride's sister, Margaret '39, was maid-of-honor.

July 20—Marjorie Belle Jones '34 and Mr. Stephen Greene Hopkins at Waban, Mass. Marguerite Brandt Wilson '34 was a bridesmaid.

July 23—Mildred Condon '35 and Mr. S. Edwin Hart. Margaret Walsh '33-34 was Mildred's honor attendant.

Aug. 3—Laurana Wilson '39 and Mr. Richard

Wightman at Stafford, Conn. Her new address is 11 Crown Street, Stafford Springs.

Aug. 11—Janet Whitten '37-38 and Mr. Kenneth W. Smith at Cambridge, Mass.

Aug. 20—Dorothy Acuff '37 and Mr. George V. Stone. Mr. and Mrs. Stone now reside at 98 Federal Street, Springfield, Mass.

Aug. 28—Martha Riker Hume '36-37 and Mr. William Beckner Worth at Lexington, Kentucky. The bride is the daughter of Maria Riker Hume '09 and granddaughter of the late Martina Grubbs Riker '84-85.

Aug. 31—Marjorie W. Bassett '36 and Mr. Alexander Gordon MacMillan at Orleans, Vermont. Betsy Bassett '38 was her sister's maid-of-honor.

Sept. 1—Claudia Doris Hull '38 and Mr. Edward C. Lawson, Jr. at Balnew, Maryland. Claudia's classmate, Elaine Meiklem, was maid-of-honor.

Sept. 5—Mabel Esther Rawlings '22 and Dr. Engelhardt A. Eckhardt at Pittsfield, Mass.

Sept. 7—Lorraine H. Lombard '31 and Mr. Arthur Leon Roberts at Waterboro, Maine. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts will be at home at Lyman, Maine.

Sept. 7—Selma E. Swanson '35 and Mr. Carl Frederick Dahlberg at West Hartford, Conn.

Sept. 7—Marjorie Williams '39-40 and Mr. Millard Alfred Lovejoy at Hopedale, Massachusetts.

Sept. 8—Jeanette Allen '28 and Mr. Robert Love at Melrose, Mass. Jeanette's new home address is 3 Mount Vernon Street, Melrose.

Sept. 14—Alycye Johnson '34 and Mr. Charles H. Hellmann at Medford, Mass. Members of the bridal party included her sister, Louise '41 maid-of-honor, and Priscilla Seavey '32-33, bridesmaid.

Sept. 21—Muriel Ray '36 and Mr. Charles Gardner Hunt, Jr. at Newtonville, Mass. Marjorie Ray '42 was maid-of-honor for her sister.

Sept. 21—Mary Elizabeth Giles '34-36 and Mr. Harris Chandler Shelley at Newtonville, Mass. Barbara Heath '35 and Carolyn

Young Cate '36 were bridesmaids.

Sept. 22—Esther Lichtman '37-38 and Mr. Burton I. Doling at Syracuse, N. Y.

Sept. 24—Elizabeth S. Daun '31 and Dr. William George Kirkland at Cohasset, Mass. Dr. and Mrs. Kirkland are now living on Lawrence Road, Newton Square, Pa.

Sept. 28—Barbara Josephine Erickson '33 and Mr. Arthur Verne Rogers, Jr. at Arlington, Mass.

Oct. 6—Barbara Ann McNaught '35-36 and Mr. George Daniel Smith at East Walpole, Mass.

Oct. 12—Marjorie Elizabeth Knapp '32 and Mr. A. Russell Pound at Hamburg, N. Y. Marjorie's new address is 2930 Voelkel Avenue, Dormont, Pa.

Oct. 12—Mildred Birchard '38 and Mr. William A. Penthy, Jr. at Montpelier, Vermont.

Oct. 12—Elda Yaple '38 and Mr. Joseph Pantaleo, Jr. at Mamaroneck, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Pantaleo will be at home at the Glen-court Apartments, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Oct. 19—Aimée Claire Perras '39 and Mr. Edward Rockwell Kingman at New Bedford, Mass.

Oct. 19—Ruth Lillian Buswell '36 and Mr. Clarence G. G. Isaacson at Waltham, Mass.

Nov. 2—Mrs. Katherine Rand Washburn, niece of Dean Margaret Rand, to Mr. Peirce Fuller. The groom is the son of our Mildred Peirce Fuller '06.

We have also received notice of the recent marriage of Eloise Rhodes Lane '35-39 to Mr. George Mellen Rideout at Wellesley Hills, Mass.; of Nancy Peffer '29-30 to Mr. Ross Brown; of Natalie North '34 to Mr. George Frederick Hinchliffe at Waban, Mass.; and of Elma Jean Russell '36-37 to Mr. Paul S. Twichell at Gloversville, N. Y.

—Engaged: Helen How '36 to Mr. William O. Hewett; Sallie Alice Willison '35-36 to Mr. Robert Stadler Mathewson; Doris Connington '37 to Mr. Robert Francis Bryant; Lois Hein '38 to Mr. Herbert Leslie Cooper; Harriet Newcomb '38 to Mr. Gerald E. Stoughton; Audrey Slawson '38 to Mr. Alfred Wil-

liam Dickinson; Rosemary Pegnam '38 to Mr. Fred Johnson; Jean Church '36-37, '38-Jan. '39, to Mr. William H. Jahns, III; Marjorie Dietz '39 to Mr. Bertram Jacobs; Mary Elizabeth Lindemuth '40 to Mr. William Leonard Hodges, 3d.

In reply to the *Personals* Editor's request, Laura Hale Gorton '16 sends the following report of her varied interests which evidently leave no idle moments in the life of this versatile Alumna.

"Probably my most interesting work at present is as the only woman member of the Connecticut Council for National Defense. There are many problems which need keen minds and earnest endeavor at this time, and I am glad that the Governor saw fit to give me this opportunity to aid in their solution. Governor Baldwin has also appointed me to a special committee to investigate housing for defense workers in Connecticut. Here I am associated with many fine business men, and it is a privilege to sit at the Council table with them. I am still president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs and active in the American Arbitration Association and the National Consumer-Retailer Association, both in New York. I was a member of the committee which conducted Inter-America House at the World's Fair, and am to serve as chairman of hostesses for the New York *Herald Tribune* Forum at the Waldorf October 22nd, 23rd, and 24th. All this is in addition to being the mother of two active Lasell girls, so you can see that I have little time to get into mischief.

"I am delighted with my daughters' progress at Lasell and have such a comfortable feeling to know that they are in such good hands.

Affectionately yours,

LAURA HALE GORTON '16."

Maude Simes Harding '06 has generously contributed the following poem written especially for the fall issue of the LEAVES. For several years the poems of this gifted Alumna have appeared in the local anthology.

WHITE LILACS

"In the little town of Aalsmeer, in North Holland, white lilacs bloom in December, and at all times you may walk for hours amid flowers and perfume, until, becoming oblivious to war and the other ugly facts of life, you almost surrender to the illusion that all the world's a garden, and all the men and women merely gardeners."—*Boston Transcript*)

The song is there
and mine the will to sing it to a world
grown insecure.
My lilacs meet the wind and make a rhyme,
and as I look
on earth-grown radiance so chastely pure,
what would God do,
I wonder, if His children gave Him time.

No prophet's power,
no right to speak with those of nobler name
do I possess,
yet my dream-visions, more than reasonings
by men of fame,
seem truer than white beauty's transient hour.

Beyond the smoke
of writhing earth bemoaning what is left,
stars faintly gleam;
the waters of the lake cast back again
reflections grim;
and even love is frightened and bereft
by passion black
of little men who goad a world to war.

Mankind was meant
to love enough the beauty of the earth,
to be content
in tranquil cultivation of a land
where no man's mind
should labor in a blinding glare of hate.

I know the truth.
They would not hear, within the council room,
if I should go
to talk with them of lilac trees in bloom.
In embryo
my thought shall dormant lie, awaiting birth,
and only trust
in wonderment and faith the power of God.

A fall meeting of the official board of Lasell Junior College always brings together a representative delegation of trustees and also a select group of Alumnae. Nellie Woodward Collins '15 was accompanied by her fourteen-year-old son, whose unusual and active interest in aviation has been reported previously in the LEAVES. Irene Sauter Sanford '06 and

daughter, Mary Ruth '35-36, also reported at this meeting. Mary Ruth's school for toddlers is again in session and bids fair to be a success. Cornelia Hemingway Killam '22 was this time attended by her little son. If ever Lasell becomes co-educational, this attractive boy will enroll; at least, we hope so.

Katherine Wheeler '09 is still superintendent of music at one of the St. Paul, Minnesota, schools, and finds the work very congenial. She dropped into her old Lasell dorm, Bragdon Hall, as casually as though she still belonged to the student body. Katherine brought with her a brief account of a visit from Annie Crowe Collum '09 last summer, and also referred to Susan Stryker Brown '10 who has moved back to her family residence in Duluth.

It is always good news when it is news of Roberta Davis Massey, life secretary of the Class of 1934. Bobby writes from her new home (11 Landers Lane, Swanwyck, New Castle, Delaware):

"My husband has recently taken a position with the Du Pont Company in Wilmington, Delaware, and we are now living in New Castle. It is in the country and fine for the children. In fact, we are very happy here.

"My girls are growing fast. Bobbie Lou will be four in the fall, and Patsy, who celebrates her second birthday next month, mimics everything Bobbie Lou does.

"Please remember me to all my Lasell friends.

ROBERTA DAVIS MASSEY '34."

Frances King Dolley reports an ideal summer in California. Cleveland, Ohio is too far away for neighboring, but we are glad to have this loyal friend and former faculty member on this side of the great divide.

Who's who among Flushing, Long Island citizens? From the repeated appreciative notices which appear in the local press we might answer Charles Bragdon Wagner. His latest honor is to be chosen head of a committee to prepare veteran national defense plans.

From Mountain View House, Whitefield,

New Hampshire comes this welcome word from Helen Carter Johnson '07.

"We are having a delightful motor trip having come from Chicago by way of Toronto, Quebec, and Murray Bay. Here at Bretton Woods I am reminded forcibly of my early trips to the White Mountains with Lasell parties.

"The other day I happened to play cards with a guest, Mrs. James R. McDonald, a trustee of Lasell for many years.

"I always so enjoy reading the *Personals* column, and hope you will continue to edit it for a long time to come. So often I find items about girls I knew when at Lasell.

"With kindest regards to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow.

HELEN CARTER JOHNSON '07."

In the Commencement issue of the Lasell LEAVES appreciative reference was made to Lucy E. Curtis, member of the class of 1880. As one of her close friends exclaimed when learning of her recent passing away, "Heaven will seem homelike to one whose life was so given up to good work". *She is not folding up her hands from labor*, but is still, we believe, busy about her heavenly Father's business. *With soul alert she's passed into the day unhemmed by night*.

Excerpts from Hester Shaw's ('28) trans-continental travel log:

"The journey this summer of my parents and myself took us from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to Mexico, a jaunt of some nineteen thousand miles.

"Banff and Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies were two of our objectives, and I shall never forget the California golden poppies which made the lawn of the Chateau Lake Louise so lovely. The beautiful green of the lake itself is set off by the white of the rare hanging glacier which comes down to meet it. There happened to be an orange canoe out on the lake at sunset, and you can imagine how colorful was the whole picture!

"Seattle we found a fascinating city, and we were glad to be back in the United States

again because we had covered a good many miles of bad roads. Vancouver and Victoria were a 'bit of old England', but Seattle was in the United States and home!

"Salt Lake City was another memorable sight. The statue to the gulls which saved the Mormons from starvation by ridding the land of grasshoppers, stands in the center of Tabernacle Square. You can let your imagination fly to great heights when you think of the hardships the Mormons have gone through. We enjoyed a concert in the Tabernacle, and can now fully appreciate the reputation the building has for perfect acoustics. There must have been a thousand people attending every noon to listen to the beautiful organ.

"Bryce and Zion National Parks are very different but both beautiful. Perhaps I am partial to Zion because I took the all-day trail trip on horseback there, and you always appreciate something you have to work for. Work I did; it was the wildest ride I have ever taken! I had been down the trail at Grand Canyon, but going up Zion was far more thrilling.

"After all the cool weather we had enjoyed, we felt the heat in Phoenix and in Tucson, but air-conditioned trains and buildings saved the travellers discomfort. We became much interested in the cactus which we saw along the way, and had lots of fun trying to pronounce Sahuaro, Echinocactus, Ocotillo, and all the other queer names.

"We went over the line into Mexico at Nogales, which is a funny little town given over to lovely souvenir shops.

"Our stay in Albuquerque was short for we were off on a two thousand mile jaunt up into Colorado. Colorado Springs, Denver, and Mesa Verde gave us much to talk about because we went from the modern city to the Indian city which was thriving in 700 A.D. We in the East think that civilization in America began with the Pilgrims, but Mesa Verde was an active community almost one thousand years earlier.

"One of our most interesting side trips from Albuquerque was to the inter-tribal Indian

ceremonials at Gallup. There Indians of many tribes gave dances and ceremonies in costume. I know of no more colorful sight, and four days were all too short to enjoy them.

"Just before leaving for home we had a real Mexican dinner to end our perfect summer: chili con carne (chili with meat), chili con frijoles (chili with beans), fried rice, tacos (which is a tortilla, a flat pancake kind of corn bread, filled with meat, chili, lettuce and tomato), tostados (fried tortilla), tamale pie and enchiladas (another filled tortilla), and then the customary dessert which is usually canned pineapple, but on this occasion we were given, as a special treat, canned peaches of all things!

"After all the indescribable places we visited this summer Boston looked mighty good to us, and now I am seeing some of the most beautiful fall foliage. The west has many grandeurs, but New England has a beauty all its own."

We greatly appreciate these travel notes from Hester Shaw '28 a member of our Lasell Junior College Corporation.

After twenty-seven years' absence, room-mates Rebecca Talbot Emery '04-05 of Reading, Massachusetts and Augusta Halberstadt Espy '04-05 of Kingston, Pennsylvania returned to their college home. Whether the gay spirits of their "young" Dean Emeritus stirred them up or revived in them all sorts of mischievous reminiscences of their Lasell days we do not know, but certainly their visit was a stimulating one. Our plain spoken interview called forth some interesting repartee on the part of the witnesses. For example, when I inquired, "Girls, how did you spend your Sunday afternoons at Lasell?" before Rebecca could reply, Augusta answered, "Oh, Rebecca, you would not know, for you were always in Boston visiting 'cousins.'" They brought encouraging news from Edna Thurston Follett '03-07, whose recent convalescence made it possible for her to join them in a cross-country ride to the home of Edith Anthony Carlow '06.

There is an interesting saying that children spontaneously tell the truth, especially when sizing up older folk. One of the youngest members of the official family was recently a patient at the Newton Hospital. He declared, "My nurse, Miss Virginia Amesbury, is the best nurse in the hospital." "Gigi", cut this out for future use.

In the list of engagements printed in this issue is the announcement of the approaching marriage of Jean Church '36-37, '38-39 to Mr. William H. Jahns, III, of Pasadena. Mr. Jahns is a graduate of Urban Military Academy and of the University of Southern California. We are especially interested in this announcement because the bride-to-be's mother, Isabelle Bowers Church '00-01, did very effective work in the recent Lasell Endowment Fund Drive.

The annual report of the Minnesota School of Missions has just been received. The item of special interest to Lasell is that Mary Potter McConn '05 is resigning her position as treasurer after a service of eleven years. The secretary accepts with regret her resignation. This inter-denominational body of women further expressed appreciation by inviting Mrs. McConn to act as delegate at the great missionary rally held recently at Kansas City.

Sir Wilfred Grenfell

Groups of students in many lands are saddened to learn of the recent sudden passing of Sir Wilfred Grenfell, who, under the guidance of his "Master Pilot", has placed Labrador on the map of the Christian world.

We are remembering most gratefully Sir Wilfred's message of a year ago, and had not forgotten his hope, and ours, of his returning this year for a more informal campfire meeting when under the inspiration of his thrilling story, we might follow the lesson taught in his "Labrador Logbook" of "putting our prayers into practice", and helping in a more substantial way his deep-sea fishers, and this land of his adoption.

Learning that his spoken word concerning the pressing needs of his great mission field

might overtax his strength, we suggested that just his presence would prove an inspiration and a blessing to our eager students.

"Hast thou beheld the deep glad eyes of one Who has persisted and achieved? Rejoice! On naught diviner shines the all-seeing sun. Salute him with free heart and choral voice, 'Midst flippant, feeble crowds of spectres wan",

This God-inspired, successful man.

Through the courtesy of our Registrar, Miss Grace Irwin, we are permitted to publish the following letter direct from the war zone. It illustrates the courageous spirit of two sisters under direct fire.

[Extract from an English letter to American cousins. The location is a few miles south of the Scottish border and fewer miles from the North Sea. Dated September 19, 1940.]

"At the moment I am driving a second-hand Standard, known to us as the 'Old Flag', as we keep it flying. My beautiful and beloved Jowett was loaned out one day to take some refugees to a 'safe' place in the country, and the brake gave way when the engine cooled, standing on a hill. The car hurtled down, crashed into a school house, and was just 'concertina-ed'. It may mend, but spare parts are hard to get, so rather than do without a car we bought this old wreck, and are having an immense amount of fun out of it. The brakes *don't*, and the springs *aren't*, and it is an absolute brute to start. The reverse has only a couple of cogs, so one progresses backward in a series of 'hiccups', and the dogs have an awful time keeping their feet, especially as it is a leather-lined car. However, it is all amusing, and goodness knows we need something to amuse us!

"Don't worry about the newspapers; they print the most amazing bilge; most of what they say is bunk. But you can believe the British Broadcast News. We certainly are having a grim time, but we aren't 'cowering in dugouts'. We take cover and don't go out (often) to see what is going on, and it is most amazing how we have become used to the idea

of being bombed at odd intervals. It is also amazing the amount of knitting we get done during our vigils. During the day we just go on with our usual work, and retire to the shelter if the noise seems a bit near. We have had the coal house reinforced and cleaned, a bench and cushions put in, and feel quite cosy and not too unsafe.

"You will be glad to hear that the awful station where you had so long and weary a wait has had a really good smash-up! It looks better now than ever before. There is daylight and fresh air instead of gloom and murk.

"We had three bombs between us and the garage one night. The row was terrific, and Columbus (the writer's fox terrier) and I fell out of bed with the concussion. He lay with his legs in the air and blamed me in no uncertain manner. Another night a blazing plane shot over—another awful noise—and I heard someone shouting, 'It's burning! It's burning!' I rushed out to get the fire-fighting appliances which are in the summer house, as I thought it was our house that was burning. I was just in time to see the beastly plane going down near St. Ignatius Church, a marvelous and satisfying sight, and one which caused a neighbor and myself to do a sort of war dance around the courtyard. So you see life is full of stir and incident.

"Aren't you glad you saw London? And don't you hate to think of the precious place being mucked about by those such and such so and so's? It makes me so *mad* I just can't speak about it,—and to think of their going for our King and Queen! I am sure the nation will be beyond control if anything happens to them.

"Sister and I are thinking of going away to the Lakes for a few days if we can get rooms. It will set us up for the winter, and do us good. Even if we have no air raids at night we really do not sleep very well—sort of waiting for the sirens I suppose, so a few days in fresh surroundings will be very restful. The chat about the threatened invasion makes us wonder whether it is wise to go, in case we

shouldn't get back, but I think we can leave that to the Navy and go away fairly happily."

One of our most welcomed Connecticut Valley visitors was Mrs. F. B. Griffin, mother of Marion Griffin Wolcott '16, Freda Griffin Leining '20, Carol Griffin Teich '30-31, and mother-in-law of Alice Grimes Griffin '20. She remained only a short time, and one of our faculty greeted this loyal friend with the gay salutation: "Mrs. Griffin, your daughters will have to go some to keep up with their mother."

We may truly state that the Connecticut Valley abounds with the Young in Heart. A recent luncheon guest was Carolyn Colton Avery '23, who was enthusiastic in her praise of the 1940 improvements at the college. We are looking forward to more frequent calls from this Alumna and former faculty member since her niece, Janet Avery, is now happily enrolled at Lasell.

We are just wondering what next will engage the voluntary services of Barbara Vail Bosworth '05. This fall she, with a group of like-minded Leominster, Massachusetts citizens decided to take literally a hand in exterminating the pestiferous ragweed. Barbara was chosen chairman, and the result was really amazing. Not from the chairman but from the public press we learn that eight-hundred thousand plants were destroyed. The Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs joined in the crusade against this hay fever menace. Another former student taking part was Marjorie Lees Shaw '09-11.

From Mabel Swift '35 comes a most welcome letter to Miss Grace Irwin. The best way to share it with all the other friends to whom she sends greetings is to quote verbatim:

"I have been so busy that I haven't really had time to keep up with all my Lasell friends. I look forward to each issue of the LEAVES, and appreciate every bit of news I gather from it.

"At present I am living with my sister, Betsy Swift Coyle '33, her husband, and their

two darling children. I have done some substitute teaching, and hope to have a permanent position in a Chicago school in the near future.

"After I finished my course at the University in 1937, I lived at home with father. As you know, he died in December 1938. Since then I have taught for a while as well as had more schooling. It seems as though one goes to school all one's life.

"Greeting to all at Lasell and every good wish for a most successful year."

On October sixteenth the first caller to arrive was Barbara King Haskins '35, bringing the good news that her husband, Lieutenant E. D. Haskins, U.S.N., has been transferred from Honolulu to Washington, D. C. This means, to our delight, that our Cindy will be a nearer neighbor this year.

Reverend and Mrs. Alfred Birks called in the early fall to wish Lasell and their friends here godspeed into the new year. Your good wishes, dear friends, are warmly reciprocated by the Lasell family.

It was with deep regret that the Lasell family learned of the passing away this summer of Judge Frank C. Williams, father of our Miss Grace Williams. Noteworthy tributes to this distinguished citizen were paid by the Vermont Bar Association and by the local press. Lasell Junior College extends sincere sympathy to Miss Williams and members of the bereaved family.

No contributor to our column is more faithful in reporting than is Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22, ex-president of the Lasell Alumnae, Inc. Phyllis has the most delightful custom of including "stopovers" with Lasell friends in her itineraries—whether they be extended journeys or hurried business trips. Again we thank her, and are pleased to share these latest accounts:

"When you sent that S. O. S. my way I wondered what I had to give that would be of interest to any Lasell LEAVES readers. It seems to me that we 'old girls' turn to the *Personals* section first, and there search eagerly for names and numerals most familiar to

us. So, perhaps, in reporting on the Lasell contacts made this summer I may be instrumental in adding a bit of news that will be welcomed by some distant Lasell-ites or one nearer who simply has 'lost touch'.

"It would be a poor summer, indeed, that did not see a Lasell get-together. Even before this summer began there was a trip to Washington, D. C., primarily to 'show off the beauties of our capitol (and the cherry blossoms) to three friends who had never been there before. One of these was Jo Holbrook Metzger '22, and another was the mother of a fine girl who is impatiently tearing off the calendar pages until September 1941 when she enters Lasell.

"When Lasell girls get together—it's always fair weather' sort of bogged down after the third consecutive sodden day—but our spirits remained undampened. We saw everything of interest that we could, even to the very pale, very wet, and utterly dejected looking cherry blossoms. We were entertained, en route, at Jo Holbrook Metzger's ('22) in Riverton, New Jersey and at Ruth Hopkins Spooner's ('23) in Yonkers, New York. Mercedes Rendell Freeman '23 and her two fast-growing-up daughters joined us at Ruth's for breakfast one morning. And we surprised Connie Colton Avery '23 in Granby, Connecticut and Harriette Case Bidwell '22 in Simsbury, by stopping to exchange Lasell news.

"Later in the summer there were more reunions. One, when Helen Perry '24 drove me up to the delightful Aviation Point Guest House (managed by her classmate, Dorothy Barnard) at Winnesquam, New Hampshire to attend a dinner Dorothy gave in honor of her guest, Mercedes Rendell Freeman '23, and her family, who were vacationing in New England for a change. Another was the long-planned-for visit of fourteen-year-old Eleanor Metzger, who very kindly brought along her mother, Jo Holbrook Metzger '22! Eleanor has decided to reverse the usual order of things by deciding to claim my husband and me as 'adopted parents'—a status we are very happy to accept. Now we are hoping

she will continue this practice so that, some day, she will also claim Lasell as her Alma Mater!

"On the way to New York City in September we called on Iverna Birdsall Lutze '22 in Naugatuck, Connecticut. Her newly acquired family, which includes three splendid boys, have made Iverna even younger and happier looking than when we were together at Lasell. When her mother came over to say hello, however, we could see that looking young and attractive was a 'family trait'. While in New York we had much fun, especially at a surprise birthday party given for Mercedes Rendell Freeman '23 at the new and very exciting restaurant at La Guardia Field.

"In between times were brief excursions to Cape Cod where Mildred Strain Nutter '17 was a near neighbor. After noticing the efficiency and apparent ease with which Mildred manages that delightful summer home, their Newton home, and her lively family, I am sure that the Lasell Alumnae, Inc. will benefit from the guidance of its new president.

"Our home has been called, in fun, by some of our guests, 'Lasell Alumnae House', and so we hope it always will be. For when Lasell friends bring their families, it not only adds to our varied and interesting contacts, but also insures their continuance through the years. P. R. S."

One of Lasell's outstanding Alumnae, Josephine Curry Warren '23, has recently passed away. A late October issue of the Freeport, L. I., press contained this fine notice: "The late Mrs. John D. Warren was born in Brooklyn, where she became a member of the Brooklyn League of Women Voters. After serving there for six years, she moved to Freeport and continued her activity with the League. Almost single-handed Mrs. Warren made a working organization of the county League, sponsored many local units and during her two years as president, saw the League acquire 150 new members. She was chairman of the state convention held in Buffalo

last week. Mrs. Warren is survived by her husband, Mr. John D. Warren, vice president of one of Long Island's large manufacturing concerns."

To President Winslow, her father, Mr. Charles M. Curry, writes: "Josephine had a very full, active life, but above all, her home interests came first. We shall be lonely beyond expression."

Lasell Junior College is extending tenderest sympathy to Josephine's husband and little daughter, as well as to her parents.

Faye Wadhams '38 and her mother were among Lasell's September callers. Unfortunately we missed seeing them, but those who had the privilege of contact with these loyal Lasellites gave a favorable report. Faye brought news of her sister, Lois '38, ex-president of her senior class, whose wedding will be celebrated in the near future.

Miss Eleanor Perley of the Lasell faculty is recovering from an accident suffered early this summer during her vacation in Maine. We are glad of her recovery, even though it is retarded, and hope for her speedy return.

We are indebted to Marion Cleveland '35 for news of the marriage of Mildred Condon Hart '35. Marion is now busy at Bryant and Stratton School in Boston, where she enjoys her work as assistant bookkeeper.

To her report of the Eastern Maine Lasell Club meeting Charlotte Ryder Hall '08 added this personal postscript:

"It has been so long since I have been back to Lasell that I have not even seen the new building. I hope to return sometime this winter; perhaps Lela Goodall Thornburg '08 and I can run out together. As you probably know, she is building a little house in Sanford, Maine, and is to stay there for a few winters. She is leaving for California tomorrow but will return within a month.

"With much love to everyone at Lasell who may remember me."

If you think that Mabel Hitchcock '40 is at home in Hawaii you are mistaken, for this ambitious P.G. called on us recently to tell us that she is in training as a nurse at the

Massachusetts General Hospital. Success to you, dear Pat.

The first week in October, to our surprise and pleasure, brought back to her college home, Annamelia Paxton Wildman '32 and her stalwart Quaker husband. Her new responsibility as a charming hostess and many outside social duties fill her daily program. Her university-trained and much traveled husband proved to be a charming guest.

Edna Starrett Mathewson '22 looked in at her old college home recently, and expressed the hope that her daughter may enter Lasell in 1941, at the completion of her high school course. Edna, we trust that nothing will interrupt the fulfillment of your wish.

Maude Wetherbee Wakefield '15 and her Lasell collegemate Genevieve Moore Tripp '13-14 were evidently traveling on the "Limited" when they announced on entrance into our office that they could stop but a moment. They looked so young and acted so frisky—we felt they had dropped in only to ask for an extended Boston "per". The real object of their call, to our delight, was to announce that each had just registered a daughter at Lasell for the coming year.

October was an open-house month for the *Personals* Editor. While in New England, Doris Shapleigh, our former faculty member, was the guest of Frances Bent Dillingham, formerly of Lasell's English Department. Miss Dillingham, an author of more than local distinction, has recently resigned her position as head of the English Department of the Porter School in Farmington, Connecticut, and is now, to our satisfaction, a resident of Tower Court, Newton.

Once this fall the *Personals* Editor's office resembled a miniature horticultural hall exhibit, largely through the gift of Mrs. Myer Dana, mother of our Gertrude Dana Gordon '16. This unusual display of gorgeous crimson dahlias came from her own garden. We enjoyed the beautiful flowers and also the good news of and greetings from our Alumna, delivered by her most enthusiastic mother.

Margaret Pearl Ide '36 is certainly one of

the Alumnae's most dependable reporters. Promptly following the fall meeting of the St. Johnsbury Lasell Club she submitted her report with this personal note added: "We had such a pleasant afternoon at our fourteenth reunion, especially enjoying Dr. and Mrs. Winslow as guests of honor.

"I often see Kay Fitch Chesley '30 as her little Howard is just three weeks older than our Timothy. Having these little ones to play with and worry about certainly makes life worth living. Our Tim is full of pep and keeps me on the jump; I ought to grow thin running after him, but somehow seem to keep well and robust. I hope the winter will bring you good health and a great deal of happiness with your new flock of little doves. I am looking forward to our fifth reunion in June."

Lasell Junior College publishes below its latest enrollment—not a large but an impressive group of our most recent little volunteer recruits:

Feb. 1—A son, Fredrick Comstock, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lavis, Jr. (Kathleen Comstock '31)

July 18—Twin daughters, Cynthia Anne and Linda Trueblood, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hutchinson (Jeannette White '29)

July 24—A daughter, Nancy, to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stevenson (Marjorie Allyn '26)

Aug. 4—A son, Richil Gordon to Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Johnson (Gail Gordon '34)

Sept. 2—A daughter, Gail, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Wylie Sypher

Sept. 7—A daughter, Linda, to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Collett (Ethelle Cleale '22)

Sept. 10—A daughter, Gail Whitney, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Lenzi (Ethelyn Whitney '32)

Sept. 21—A daughter, Mary Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Bidwell (Harriette P. Case '22)

Sept. 24—A daughter, Diane Audrey, to Mr.

and Mrs. Lester J. Robinson (Janet Kaufman '29)

Oct. 9—A son, Bruce, to Mr. and Mrs. Guy F. Thornburg (Louise Cave '20-22)

The youngest applicant to register recently, in deed rather than in word, was Isabelle Daggett Wilson's ('29) little two-year-old Marilyn. It happened this-wise: While a group of old girls, Isabelle in their midst, gathered at the door of Mademoiselle Le-Royer's new recitation room (Bragdon's old corner bookstore), wee Marilyn, unaccompanied, slipped into the French "salon", went directly to a low book shelf, helped herself to a book, and actually climbed up into a chair in front of the teacher. We are almost sure that her book was opened to the somewhat familiar story of the "Spanish Cow" as a fitting initial lesson.

It was a long wait but well worth waiting for the seeing and later hearing from Marjorie Maxfield Smith '27. She writes from Washington, D. C., October 20, 1940:

"I must not forget to tell you that I saw Marcia Pinkham '27 while in Maine. She is secretary to a hotel manager in Maine summers, and in Florida each winter.

"My work is cost accounting for Uncle Sam in the Bituminous Coal Division, Interior Department. The work is very detailed, but I enjoy it. I have done little with organ work for nearly two years, although I belong to the American Guild of Organists' chapter here. I did summer substitute work for about six years, but found it was too heavy a program along with home duties. I played in a dedication recital in a new Lutheran church last year, but have hardly touched a pipe organ since; however, I am trying to keep up with my piano practice.

"My husband, a retired Army Captain, is now credit manager for a public service corporation.

"I enjoyed my short Lasell visit very much. Our next vacation will doubtless be in Florida, and we plan to take in at least one concert at the Singing Tower on Lake Wales. Visited Key West last year—a lovely trip over

the ocean highway. One year we cruised to Jamaica, the Canal Zone, and three Caribbean ports of South America. If the war ever stops we plan to go to Guatemala later."

Doris Shehadi '33 stopped at Lasell on her return journey from Bethlehem, New Hampshire to Syracuse, New York. She showed no signs of discouragement, but did confess that the embargo on shipments from the Orient had crippled her father's business. She referred with pride to the fact that two of her cousins are graduating soon from Dartmouth College, and that her uncle, Shehadi Abdulah Shehadi, whose lectures a number of us have enjoyed during his sojourn in the States, is now in diplomatic service in his native land, Syria.

True to her promise, Eloise Carey Wadley '20 sent us an impromptu sketch of her experience at the great hospital conference recently held in Boston. She writes from her home in Saginaw, Michigan:

"We had a fine week in Boston and a beautiful trip each way. I drove my car and had three other delegates with me. I am very interested in my hospital work, and found the meetings of the American Hospital Association in Boston splendid. It always makes me quite proud of my hospital when I talk with others. There are lots of minor things that we want, but our standards are very high, especially those of our medical and nursing staffs. After all, that is what counts when you are a patient.

"I am secretary of our board and also chairman of our nursing school committee. We have just graduated our 1940 class: such grand girls! I had the honor of giving them their pins, and I really think they enjoyed the pins more than the diplomas. Am also on the state board for the Michigan Hospital Service Plan which is like your Blue Cross. I have worked with this group ever since it began in Michigan. The society has grown by leaps and bounds. For some time I was the only woman on a board of twenty-five members.

"Besides hospital work I do my bit in the Congregational church of which I am a member, and also help there with our daughter's 'Young People's Group'. Am also state chairman of Alpha Chi Omega and have charge of a group for sewing for the Red Cross. The rest of the time I fill in as president of the business my father left, and try to be a good wife and mother.

"Kay Rice Broock '20 is very busy with her church work. She sings in the choir and has many other duties. She is very active in the Needlework Guild and the Garden Club, and is 'in to her neck' in Red Cross work. She has such a grand husband and a fine boy, and is more gracious and charming than ever.

"It was wonderful to be back at Lasell last June; please remember me to all my friends there. I think one of my greatest joys at reunion was to find how much younger you faculty people look than you did twenty years ago."

Helen McNab Willand '25 and her little son, Allan, were early fall callers. After looking at Helen's precious baby boy we can easily understand how and why people become kidnappers.

Esther Alden Ayres '14-15 called August seventh. She is especially privileged, being the mother of three lovely children. We trust that her younger daughter may soon register at Lasell.

It was a surprise and a pleasant one to receive a call in August from Caroline Sproat Spigner '32. She is not only looking well to the ways of her household, but is also very much interested in community and church work. Her outline of the program of the Valley Falls (N.Y.) Women's Club was delightful.

The Lasell family was indeed grieved to learn of the recent passing away of Barbara Thornburg Earll '36. Since her marriage Barbara had made her home in Texas, and we have missed her friendly visits at the college. Lasell joins with a host of Barbara's schoolmates in extending tender sympathy to her bereaved husband, Mr. Theodore B. Earll,

and to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Thornburg of Waltham.

Priscilla Winslow '35, now fully recovered from a minor accident, returned to New England twice this summer to serve as maid of honor at the weddings of two friends. It is not all work but some play for this young secretary, for we learn from a close friend that she is a member of and enjoying one of Washington's fine music clubs.

Congratulations to the Class of 1940. Mary Carolyn Porter, secretary of our "youngest" Alumnae group, contributes this most cheery and interesting letter. To the *Personals* Editor, Camie writes:

"Some news of your 'little doves' of the Class of 1940? First, and foremost, every single one of us misses Lasell right down to the ground, and reminiscing is the order of the day whenever two or more of us get together. It's fun, but rather pathetic too; school is over for us, and we're all a little reluctant to say goodbye to those wonderful times. But, enough of that. What you really want to know is what we're doing for ourselves now that we're out in the world.

"Well, Camie first? I'm working in the law offices of Spaulding, Baldwin & Shaw on Tremont Street in Boston. And I love it! Shorthand and typing, switchboard now and then, law forms later on when I prove my intelligence, and a nice juicy pay envelope every Friday afternoon at 4:30! Self-supporting I am—pay my board 'n keep and everything. P. S.: The address is 'The Hollis' in Newton Corner, and please come to see me quick.

"I have seen Mary Mathews this fall. She's working in Stern's in New York, and incidentally, she kind of likes her job too. But I think the commuting from Flemington every day (up shortly after six every morning!) makes her yearn for our old 7:30 breakfast-with-funny-papers in Bragdon.

"Carol Birdseye is working in Wanamaker's right now, but from her last letter I gather

that Birdseye has her eye out for another position.

"Betty Birkland hinted that she had an opportunity to go into an Interior Decorating shop when I last heard from her. However, we'll have to put that under the heading of 'rumor'.

"Nancy Bailey is 'schooling' some more, this time at Boston University. If you ask me, I think old Bail does her homework in Howard Johnson's—homey isn't it, Nancy?

"Priscilla Sleeper is the latest 'Pink Slipper' assistant in Miss Beede's office at Lasell.

Ruth Sullivan and Norry Beakes were scouting around Boston in early October. Just what the fruits of their search were I'm not sure. This business of being told to 'come back in a week or so' is no joke is it, girls?

"Although I haven't heard from them directly, I understand that Dotty Cook, Dotty Paddock, and Edith Forman are all 'merchandising' down there in little old New York.

"Bevely Burkhardt is laboratory technician at the Holyoke Hospital; she's working hard and loves it.

"Another 'schooler' is Marju Fraser. After a gay summer in her native Hawaii, Marju is now studying journalism at Ryder College in New Jersey.

"May I write again when I know more news?"

Mary Carolyn Porter '40

In a welcome note just received from Dorothy Friend '35 she states:

"I think I told you recently, when at Lasell, that I visited Virginia White Wardwell '35. She has a lovely new home in Albany, and she and her husband did everything possible to make my visit a pleasant one. On the way home I visited Dorothy Ell '36, who received her Master of Education degree from Boston University last June. I am looking forward to coming to Boston for the weekend of the Midwinter Reunion."

The Alumnae office has received notice of the recent passing away of Mary Merrill

Savage '81-83 and Mary Vergona Dickinson '35-36. To the bereaved families of these Alumnae, Lasell Junior College extends sincere sympathy.

Jean Fullington Shepard, niece of Miss Grace Williams, specialized in music at Lasell in '28-29, and later was graduated from Rollins College with highest honors. This year Jean has had an attractive and unusual trip, having accompanied her husband, Rev. David Shepard, who was a delegate to the great religious conference of Congregational Christian Churches in Los Angeles. She also enjoyed the Union Conference of the Pastors of La Grange, Georgia, where her husband was again honored by being chosen president of the association.

A late summer guest was Eleanor Cole Keever '37, formerly of Arlington, Vermont, but now living in Merchantville, New Jersey. Her husband is employed there as an electrical engineer in the government section of the Radio Corporation of America. Eleanor asked especially for information about the Philadelphia Lasell Club, as her home is just across the river from that city.

→ Mary Mack Alger '24-25 and her mother, Mrs. Charles R. Mack, of Wilmette, Illinois, were early September callers. So full of cheer and good reports were their messages that they proved a real panacea to one who was just recovering from an unusual but fortunately temporary illness. Mary is the mother of three children, two boys and a girl, and is very actively interested in Episcopal church work in her city.

To Lasell Junior College it is always heartening to be especially assured that the Hale sisters, Laura Hale Gorton '16, Emily Hale Barnett '02-03, and Marion Hale Bottomley '10, are always on Lasell's side. Marion Hale Bottomley's ('10) daughter, Mary, entered Lasell this year as a junior. In the morning mail comes this loyal line from Marion:

"It was hard to make my visit back to school so short, for there was so much and were so many that I wanted to see, but regis-

tration day isn't just the best time for visiting.

"I am sure Mary will enjoy all the contacts she will make at college. She writes such happy letters, and seems to be right in the spirit of Lasell. She says that Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Dean Rand, and you have been sweet to her.

"I am coming to Boston early in November for two or three days, and want to spend some time at Lasell to refresh my memory of my college life.

"Last week Thursday morning I went to answer the doorbell, and there stood Cornelia Stone '10 and her father from Kankakee, Illinois. They were on their way home from a Canadian trip, and had stayed the night before in a little town near us, where the Stone family settled in the early days. Cornelia looked just beaming, and her father was standing the trip well. They stayed for luncheon, and we had several hours of going over the old days of 1910.

"My sister-in-law, Florence Grout Hale '02-03, who now lives in Florida, has been our neighbor in Burlington this summer. She has been desperately ill but is better now, and hopes to leave for her Florida home soon.

"I think the college looks fine. I love all the new additions but most of all, love the good, solid old traditions that are still in evidence."

Dorothy Schwartz '29 of Chicago called just before the college opened. After being graduated from Lasell she attended the University of Wisconsin, and completed the course there in her special department, music. It was very satisfactory to visit with her, and we would gladly have prolonged the call, but she had a list of Lasell's P.G.'s whom she was very anxious to see before returning to Chicago. This charming young musician was most enthusiastic over her work.

From Summit, New Jersey comes this voluntary word from Ann Cobb '33-34. She writes:

"Dear Personals Editor:

"It was a disappointment not to be able to return to Lasell in June for our fifth re-

union, but I enjoy thinking about the wonderful year I spent on the hill with Lasell classmates.

"This is my fourth year of teaching in a nursery school (What would Miss Eastman say if she knew?), and the work is delightful. I have charge of the art department, and am thankful for all that Lasell taught me in this, my major subject.

"The name of the school is the Esther Ann Nursery School, and it is one of the best equipped schools of its kind in New Jersey. Jersey-ite mothers with little tots, do look me up. With best wishes to all."

Ann Cobb '33-34

Thank you, Ann, for this message. I close your letter by saying, "Oh to be a child again, not just for tonight, but to come under your enthusiastic tutelage at the Esther Ann School."

Charlotte Fowler '40 writes of her return to health, and speaks gratefully of the kindness of friends among the students and faculty during the difficult times of her recent illness.

Mrs. Marshall S. Walker's (Maude Marriott '02-03) present address is 224 Bay Avenue, Glen Ridge, New Jersey. In September she revisited Lasell in company with her father and Charles Walker, her youngest son, who will be a near neighbor during the coming year as he has been appointed assistant organist at Christ Church, Cambridge. This gifted musician, now but twenty years old, will this year receive his master's degree in music at Harvard. We listened with delight to Maude Walker's enthusiastic recollection of Lasell in her day.

Grace Douglass Schindler '08-10 has again been visited with a great bereavement in the sudden death of her husband, Mr. E. G. Schindler. Lasell's deepest sympathy is extended to this former college mate.

From Elizabeth Carlisle '40 we learn direct that she is enjoying her work at the United Hospital, Port Chester, New York. Another Alumna in hospital work is Dorothy Abbott '37, who writes from Elizabeth General Hospital, Elizabeth, New Jersey:

"I am taking extension courses at Columbia University, and am in hopes that I may receive my degree next June. Julia Rankin '40 is here also. It is good to have a recent graduate here who can tell me of all the changes at Lasell."

The following message, written to a member of our faculty by a student waitress who had served her during the year, so finely illustrates the spirit of liberty, equality, and fraternity which obtains at Lasell, that we asked and received the privilege of sharing with a larger circle of former Lasell students this gracious message.

"Waiting on table for me hasn't been work; it's been real, honest pleasure. I know I shall actually miss it, as I have met and come to know so many girls through this service. There was quite a bit to live up to at the beginning of the year. I knew that you wanted your former waitress back, and at once was determined to make up for your loss. You certainly have been patient through all the blunders and absent-mindedness on my part.

"These past two years have been the happiest years of my life. I have made the most wonderful friends; it just seems almost impossible that there could be so many perfectly grand people around one. It certainly is true at Lasell.

"Thank you again very much. I envy the girl who is going to serve your table next year, the fun and the lessons she will get out of it. Waiting on table has been an education in itself. I am sure one appreciates college more when one is helping oneself through. It certainly has meant a lot to me."

Early in October we received this cordial message from Hildegard Baxter Perkins '36, who writes from her beautiful home in Middle Haddam, Connecticut:

"A recent issue of the Lasell News was just forwarded to me, and it certainly called back to mind 'the good old days'. I loved every one and am thrilled to think there are so many new girls who are going to have wonderful times there now.

"My husband and I are still trying to settle our new home after spending a glorious summer in northern New England. We returned to Connecticut on Labor Day, feeling very much like two gypsies, as we were loaded with many of our 'earthly possessions' but quite uncertain as to where we were going to live. Quite by accident we happened into the lovely house in which we are now living. It is a low, rambling, southern colonial type, with a winding driveway flanked with flowers and stone walls leading up to it. The house is well shaded by big, old trees of all species, both common and rare. A previous owner, we have learned, spent over five-thousand dollars on trees alone. Behind the house we have a mile of woodland through which runs many an inviting trail.

"These beautiful fall days make me wish I could get back to see you all, but as I can not, I send my best wishes to all my friends there. H. B. P."

According to the register of graduates, Lois Perry Bowles '20, of Saco, Maine, received her diploma twenty years ago. She called in person at the college not long since. It was difficult to think of this vivacious Alumna as a graduate of '20. Perhaps her special love of horseback riding and other sports has kept her young. Many years ago Dr. Bragdon, our former principal, used to urge us out into the open with this slogan, "Girls, you can walk off every disease but a broken leg."

Eleanor Borella '37-38 of Newport, Vermont stepped into the office recently to announce that she had enjoyed her summer's business experience. Next fall Eleanor will enter a hospital, not as a patient, but to prepare as a trained nurse. We wish her all success.

Among our recently enrolled students is Muriel Topping of Foochow, China. In the following contribution, "Overland in China", Muriel tells of her narrow escape while attempting to leave the oriental war zone for America.

"I was born in Foochow and here spent

most of my life. My sister and I have been attending recently a school in Japan, so naturally we have done a great deal of traveling between the two countries. However, since the beginning of the Chinese-Japanese war, traveling has become increasingly difficult.

"Going home for our summer holidays last year we went by way of Shanghai. Here it was necessary to transfer to a small coast steamer which took us as far as the little fishing village of Sung Ah. Our city had been blockaded by Japanese mines so that the only way to reach Foochow was overland. Within twenty minutes of our arrival the boat was surrounded by Chinese sampans. Four hours were wasted in arguing and bargaining over prices of freight, passengers, and what not. Amidst the confusion of unloading, four pieces of our baggage were lost. These contained valuable hospital equipment that our party was bringing from Shanghai for our mission.

"When we finally arrived at the village, all the inhabitants were out to see us. The small children, who had never before seen foreigners, had eyes as big as saucers.

"After a very delicious Chinese meal we went to an old broken-down church to spend the night. We had to sleep on boards; there were no pillows, no mattresses of any kind,—just boards! The boys were even less fortunate; they had to sleep on the narrow benches in the old chapel. The heat and the mosquitoes were terrific. All night was spent in slapping the insects. At approximately five-thirty the next morning we set out. We traveled in sedan chairs made of rattan swinging between two strong bamboo poles with a carrier at either end. It was a really very comfortable way to travel. The weather was dull and rainy on our day's journey up the coast, and this was fortunate, for had it been a fair day, Japanese bombers who flew along the coast could easily have spotted our caravan.

"That night we arrived at the village of Diong-Loh, where we stayed at the home of American friends. It was wonderful to get a warm bath and to sleep in a civilized bed.

"Next morning we started up the river to Foochow, but twenty Japanese bombers flew overhead and we had to land for protection. The scenery along the Min River has been compared to the scenery of Switzerland.

"After a summer with our family and friends we started for America. At that time there were no river launches going in the daytime because of the danger of bombing, so we came down the river at night. I will never forget how we lay on the deck of that little Chinese sampan and watched the silhouette of sails against the starry sky.

"Two days later found us at a little village north of Foochow, a real old fashioned Chinese village. Some of the women had bound feet, and the old men had pigtails (cues) which hung to their ankles. We also saw some aborigines, Chinese girls who live in the hills. They are the most beautiful Chinese girls I have ever seen. They are absolutely different from the usual Chinese young women. Their hair is done up in very fancy high pompadours, and all sorts of ornamental jewelry and earrings are common to them.

"The next day was a lovely day for traveling, over the most beautiful country I have ever seen—gigantic mountains, beautiful bamboo groves, and valleys of terraced rice fields. Of course there were no highways to mar the scenery.

"That night we boarded our steamer again and sailed for Shanghai. However, our fears were not over, as there was the danger of possibly hitting a stray mine. The Japanese had mined all outlets to the ocean, and had orders to bomb our boat if it ran the blockade into Foochow. This proved to be a mere bluff, and we arrived safely in Shanghai."

Attention Massachusetts Lasell Girls:

The *Personals* Editor is indeed glad to share the following bit of good news:

"Dear *Personals* Editor,

"I hope that you will print this letter in the next issue of the LEAVES as it is an invitation to Massachusetts Alumnae in and near

Boston to join a new Lasell club in this state. It was formed a few weeks ago by a group of South Shore graduates, and although we are calling it the South Shore Lasell Club, its membership is not limited to that area; everyone is welcome to join. We have members already from several different years, and spend most enjoyable evenings together making new Lasell friends and renewing old acquaintances. Evening meetings are held the second Tuesday of each month. We plan to arrange activities so that we may benefit Lasell materially at some future time.

"Our election of officers which was held at the last meeting is as follows: President, Eleanor Dresser '36-37; First Vice-President, Betty Jackson '38; Second Vice-President, Earlene Muenz '39; Recording Secretary, Glennys Preston '37; Corresponding Secretary, Isabel Hughes '40; Treasurer, Norma Hill '36; Chairman of Entertainment, Lillian Richards '40; and Chairman of Ways and Means Committee, Marjory Sherwin '37-39.

"Since this is the only Lasell club near Boston we do want to make it a grand success, and we hope to hear from many Alumnae who are anxious to know more about our meetings and plans."

We are glad to print this notice about the South Shore Lasell Club, and hope that many Massachusetts Alumnae may take advantage of this opportunity to make new Lasell friends. Anyone wishing information about the club should get in touch with Isabel Hughes '40, Corresponding Secretary, 32 Guild Street, Kenberma, Massachusetts.

THE EASTERN MAINE LASELL CLUB

The Eastern Maine Lasell Club meeting and luncheon was held on September 6, 1940 at the Bangor House. Eighteen were present, and Miss Margaret Rand, Lasell's dean, was our guest of honor.

Constance Chalmers Harlow '29 presided at a brief business meeting, and Barbara Stover Van De Bogert '33 was elected secretary.

Miss Rand showed us pictures of the school and told us many interesting things about the

college. [The enrollment this year is 523. A fine addition to the dormitories is Draper House on Hawthorne Avenue. There are some marked improvements at the college, but we do not list these, for in a tempting mood we want you to return to your Lasell and get a pleasant surprise first hand.—Ed.]

Those present were: Lydia Adams '18, Faustina Curtis '88-'88, Ruth Dunning '27, Mary McAvey Miller '28, Barbara Stover Van De Bogert '33, Janice Thomas '40, Pearl Thompson Hasey '31, Florence Wyman '91-'92, Constance Chalmers Harlow '29, Helen Gray Porter '02-'05, Esther Norcross Dougherty '18, Julia Crafts Sheridan '10 and her mother, Marguerite Houser Hamlin '19 and her mother, and Charlotte Ryder Hall '08.

Submitted by:

Charlotte Ryder Hall '08,
Secretary,

ST. JOHNSBURY LASELL CLUB

The fourteenth annual meeting of the St. Johnsbury Lasell Club was held on Friday, September 6, 1940, at Maple Grove Inn, St. Johnsbury, Vermont. Eighteen members and guests were present for an enjoyable luncheon and the business meeting which followed. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow were guests of honor and brought many interesting news items of Lasell, with fine pictures of the new dormitories and of our special pride, Winslow Hall.

The business meeting was presided over by Ethel Ramage Fisk '19, and the reports of the secretary and treasurer were given by Margaret Pearl Ide '36. Katherine Fitch Chesley '30 presented the following list of officers for the coming year, and these were unanimously elected: President, Maude Wetherbee Wakefield '15; Vice-President, Theia Powers Watson '08-'09; and Secretary-Treasurer, Evelyn Ladd Rublee '28. It was voted to send a special invitation to the thirty-four charter members of the club to attend the fifteenth annual meeting in 1941.

A social hour followed during which Dr. Winslow told of faculty changes at the school, the plan for a new store, telephone exchange,

and room for non-smokers at the Barn, and various other items of interest. Reminiscences were exchanged and new acquaintances made. Those present were: Ethel Ramage Fisk '19, Katherine Fitch Chesley '30, Priscilla Barber Fitch '30, Helen Foster '16, Eleanor Borella '37-'38, Elsinor Prouty, Lucille Hooker, Janice Fuller, Mary Elizabeth Rogers, and Rhoda Stafford, undergraduates, Mrs. C. V. Willey, Mrs. Herbert Smith, Miss Inez Winslow, President and Mrs. Winslow, and Margaret Pearl Ide '36. (L) (L)

Submitted by:

Margaret Pearl Ide '36,
Secretary.

THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY LASELL CLUB

The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club was held on Saturday afternoon, October 5, 1940, at the Hartford City Club. An informal reception preceded the luncheon. Fifty alumnae and former students attended the meeting.

Following a delicious luncheon, President Barbara Stanley Ulrich '32 called the business meeting to order. The secretary's report was read and accepted, as was also the treasurer's report. Edith Downey '34 read the report of the Honor Roll Committee. We regret very much that we must add three names to our Honor Roll this year: Elisabeth H. Robinson '19-'20, Stonington; Elsie Burdick Seiple '99, New Milford; and Grace Conklin Bevin '84-'85, East Hampton.

The officers elected for 1940-41 are as follows: President, Barbara Stanley Ulrich '32; Vice-President, Bertha Hayden King '03; and Secretary-Treasurer, Mary-Jane Selby '35. Executive Committee: Chairman, Julia Case '32; Miriam Abbe '31; and Ruth Conklin '30. Nominating Committee: Chairman, Helen Saunders '17; Sarah Dyer Darling '00-'01; and Helen Burwell '33. Honor Roll Committee: Chairman, Edith Downey '34; Publicity Chairman, Selma Swanson Dahlberg '35.

It was voted that the Executive Committee contact the college regarding the \$25 sent last

year for a worthy Connecticut girl. For the present the money is to be left to accumulate.

We were very fortunate to have as our guest of honor, Miss McClelland, who brought greetings from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, and members of the faculty. All the girls were happy to hear from Miss Mac of the progress "our" school is making.

Those present were: Miss Muriel R. McClelland, Meta Krekeler Morgan '35-35, Margorie O'Donnell '40, Maude Hayden Keeney '16, Miriam Abbe '31, Laura Hale Gorton '16, Mabelle Hamlin Barby '15-16, Helen Burwell '33, Marion Griffin Wolcott '16, Helen Saunders '17, Carolyn Colton Avery '23, Edith Downey '34, Mary Godard Hadley '21-23, Julia Case '32, Dotha Warner Jope '31, Lois Wadhams '38, Lillian Grant '20, Rosamond Cornell Cannon '29, Mary Goodwin Olmsted '03, Leona Robertson Newton '26-27, Josephine Moore '35, Helen Wahlquist Wolcott '25, Selma Swanson Dahlberg '35, Barbara Quirk '40, Ruth ("Kupe") Shepard '39, Ellen Stoll '39, Faye Wadhams '38, Ritamae Hinchliffe '38, Ruth Moxon '40, Ruth Conklin '39, Edith Burke Wells '02-03, Barbara Stanley Ulrich '32, Helen Shew Schofield '26-27, Barbara Hunt Caracci '32, Florence Kent '38, Elizabeth Allyn '40, Jean Hale '40, Ruth Bull '39, Helen Merriam Cornell '02-03, Jean Burns '39, Priscilla A. Barker '38, Marion Austin Hakewessell '20-22, Florence Skinner Anderson '13-14, Mrs. Edward Allen, Mary-Jane Selby '35, Sarah Dyer Darling '00-01, Miriam Nye '38, Dorothy Thomas '38, Jeanne Hubbard '40.

Submitted by:

Mary-Jane Selby, '35,
Secretary.



JOE'S LATE

Quarter past eight—Joe's fifteen minutes late already. He'll be here any minute now, though, I may as well get my hat on, that always takes time. There, that's perfect if only it stays put. Where is Joe! He always used to be so early when we first went out together. Now he's late so often. Let's see, we met five months ago next week. That's a long time for Joe to stick with any one girl. Sometimes I wonder—Oh for heaven's sake, what's keeping you Joe! He might at least phone. It's so slippery outside tonight; the cars seem to be barely moving by the house. There goes my imagination again. Of course nothing has happened; he's just delayed. Half past eight! What I should do is each Joe a lesson by not going out with him at all tonight. But what good would it do? He could always get somebody else. Where's my will power? Shall I take off my hat? It must be now or—oh, oh, there's a blue Ford. . . . "Mother, tell Joe I'm not quite ready, but I'll be down in a couple of minutes."

Betty Danker

SMOKE

An impression snatched from sordidness.

A pasty-faced figure lurked in the inky blackness of the night. Dressed in shabby and ill fitting clothes, his gaunt figure was outlined against the grimy stone buildings. An uncertain stream of grey blue smoke from his cigarette wound its way into the all too quiet night. In the distance faint sounds of cars could be heard stopping, and then starting, full speed ahead once more. A stray alley cat wandered nonchalantly across the street, and finally disappeared. A drunkard wobbled by, muttering as he went, then entered his house and closed the door behind him. At length a loud resounding shot could be heard, then another. The pasty faced man slumped to the pavement, leaving only the grey blue smoke from his cigarette to curl in the cold night air.

Dorothy Gillis



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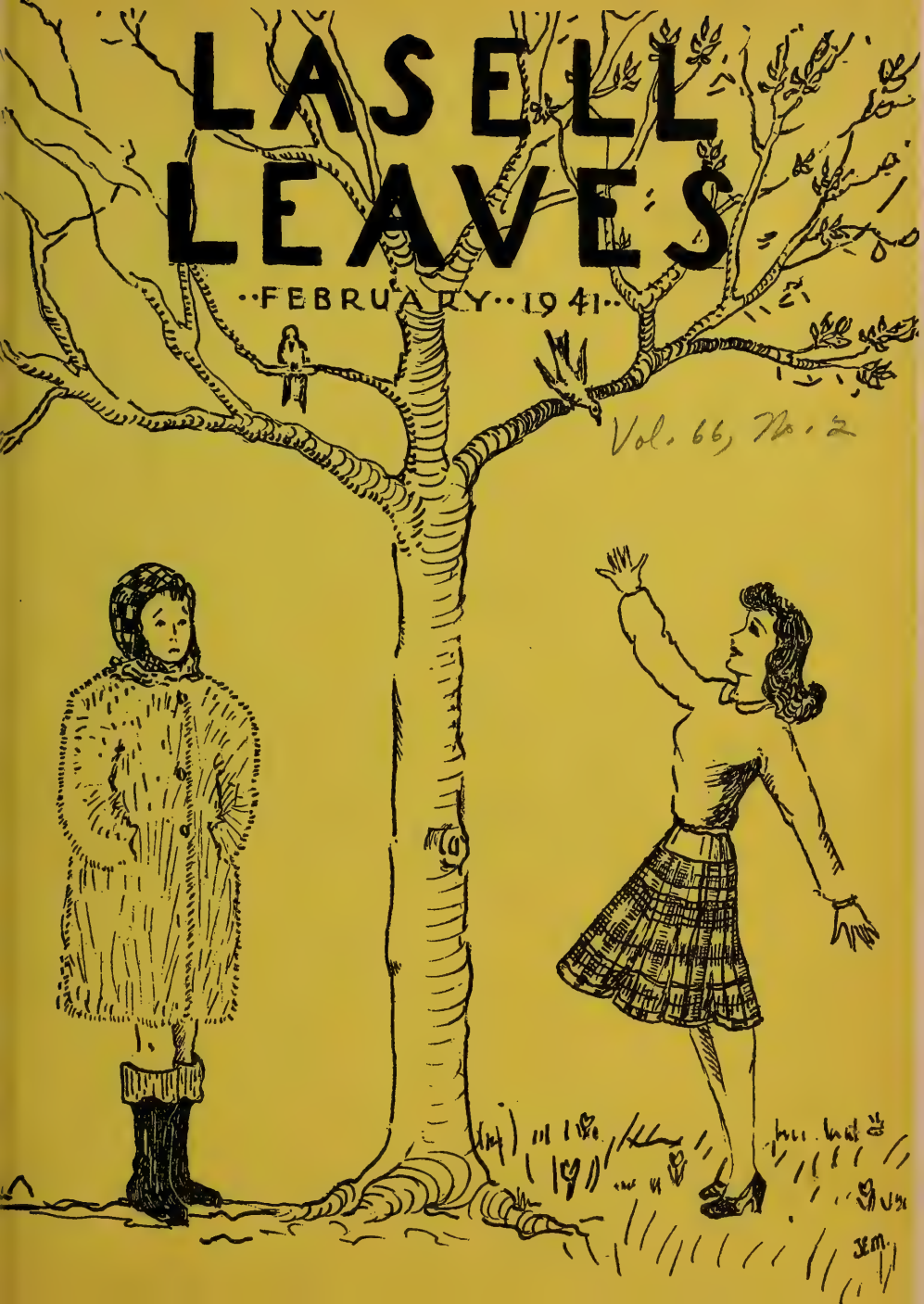
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..FEBRUARY..1941..

Vol. 66, No. 2



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LASELL LEAVES STAFF FOR 1940-41

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Editors

ELAINE SULLIVAN

JEANNE WALSH

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JOAN

SHE has an extraordinary mechanical sense; spends her spare time cleaning the pistons in her car and fixing the radio which hasn't worked in years. But her powers of understanding her fellow men (I omit women because Joan wouldn't waste one small moment of her life thinking of a woman) and the world-renowned feminine intuition are lacking to a serious degree. She is, however, quite satisfied with this condition, as she is completely ignorant of her lack of insight and is justly proud of her scientific mind, using it as a means to bring the "strictly business" men to her feet. She views all the unfortunately feminine women with scorn. For that matter, she does not like any woman, and does not conceal the fact.

Joan's main love in life is men—all kinds of men, with the tall, dark, *Cosmopolitan*-story heroes preferred. She has one unfortunate drawback—the belief that all men are in love with her. She carries this even to believing that boys who come to see her sister Madge come only to worship Joan from a distance; and that men who marry other girls do so only to forget their despair in not being good enough for Joan. It is probably true that a great many men have been in love with her, owing to the fact that she suits her personality to a variety of tastes. A couple of years ago she cut her hair, wore it with a few too many curls, and added a pair of large, red, gypsy-like earrings. At this point in her life she wore gaudy print dresses, and was very bright and gay in her chatter. This was undoubtedly quite attractive to men who prefer their women a bit on the garish side. After this act had lost its appeal, she bleached her hair, eliminated all make-up except a dark red lipstick, and blossomed forth in slinky black dresses and black net stockings. This was the dramatic approach, but it wasn't very successful because the boys that she went out with thought she was ill and

took her home early. The next summer she became a sun-tanned Diana, and was the idol of all the local lifeguards and truck drivers. This proved to be a little strenuous; so she settled down to a dual personality. She let her hair grow, and would appear one day with soft blonde curls, a ruffled dress, and a guileless look in her blue eyes; the next day would bring forth a smooth pageboy, a tweed suit, and an interest in horses and literature—quite like Katherine Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story*.

These frequent changes may seem a little strange; but when Joan's family is taken into consideration, nothing is strange. Her father is an inventor, and somewhat eccentric. He sits in the red plush chair by the fireplace with a Scotch and soda in one hand, a cigarette in the other, and a book on his lap, over which he makes numerous remarks to himself. He rarely ever talks to anyone but himself. Her mother is absent-minded, neurotic, and afraid to disagree with any of her children. The children all have different views on most subjects; which makes things rather difficult. Joan's sister tries to be like the star in the last movie she saw,—in fact, she was once so taken up with Deanna Durbin that she started to wear ankle socks. This would have been all right except that she did not want to give up her newly acquired privilege of wearing high heels. Her brother likes to get a good thing and stick to it. He once spent every night for three months in a roller-skating rink, and gave that up only upon discovering the merits of a camera and dark room. The members of her family all choose slightly peculiar friends, and as a result Joan has known very few ordinary people intimately. Her acquaintances have made various impressions on her, and she has come out of nineteen years of life with some unusual slants on things, a distorted sense of values, and a conceit that cannot be surpassed.

She is firmly convinced that her life is more interesting and complicated than anyone else's, a delusion that many of us share, and has frequently sworn to enrich the world with her autobiography. This would prove to be a fascinating book, but she bases her uniqueness not on the little things that *are* unique, but on such events as attending school, getting married, and getting divorced. Her life at school was not at all unusual. She went to a boarding school filled with girls, teachers, rules, and homework. A lack of study made this period end disastrously. Then began a more disastrous state of marriage. Marriage is not an uncommon occurrence in this world, and this marriage was no different from many others, except that it ended after about six months because both Joan and her husband wished to be back in their old, carefree days, depending on their families for support. So a divorce was granted in court, and now Joan is sitting at home, surrounded by clouds of glorified memories, waiting for a man with polo ponies, a yacht, and a million or two to come and declare his love for her, drop the ponies, yacht, and millions in her lap, get lost in the wilds of Brazil, and leave her to her own questionable pursuit of happiness.

Virginia Reynolds

DITTY

The sun winked down on a passing cloud,
And the cloud winked down at a tree
Which held two cooing love birds, who
In turn winked down at me.

For it was spring, when a wink's the thing;
So, singing a melody,
He sat in the shade that the tree had made,
And winked at a passing She.

Now He and She and the buttercups
All laugh in love on the lea;
And I must go laugh along with them
Because someone's winking at me.

Sue Straus



FABLES OF OUR CAMPUS

(with apologies to Mr. Thurber and The New Yorker)

ONCE upon a time there was a young lady who was going to Lasell. She was just like you—and you; she took Latin and Psychology and pounds of others; but, strange to say, she played the harp too. Now this was not a new pastime, because she had been playing for quite awhile—ever since her daddy had bought one—streamlined, no less.

Now it was this young lady's second year at college, and her playing had progressed beyond the point where her immediate neighbors would pound on the walls, and was well on the way to being a polished performance.

It so happened that one day St. Peter, while thumbing through his private little book, saw a notation about this very same young lady. He thought it quite admirable of her to lug her harp all the way down to school, and was pleased and surprised to note that she had become a fine harpist. So after pondering over the situation while a few clouds passed leisurely downward, he suddenly remembered that there was a place on the fifth cloud to the northeast that did not have a harp. So . . .

Moral: If you must play the harp, don't learn to play too well—or St. Peter'll catch you if you don't watch out.



A young girl was sitting at her desk one day, combing her black, black hair, and said to herself, "I can act, but there are others who can act even better." The more she thought of this, the more mournful seemed the state of affairs. So she decided to do something about it.

In two years she had almost finished the Drama course at college, and could spout Molière as well as Helen Hayes. She was prone to neglect her algebra and Spanish in her hurry to be a Duse. Pretty soon she had won all of the elocution contests, had passed her Drama with an excellent grade, was regarded as a genius and a shining light, and her hair had reached glamour proportions, along with her sweaters.

She was decidedly accomplished, as she proved in various and sundry plays presented to the admiring populace consisting of Lasell, Auburndale (pop. 2,641), and three boys from Harvard—roommates of the hero, the old man, and the villain, respectively.

On the opening night of a certain play she was the lead, waiting in the wings as the curtain rose. She ran to greet the Hero, but unfortunately stubbed her toe on a paint pot to the left of a flat, and fell on her nose. It was a dire tragedy, and she retired to basket-weaving for the rest of the school year.

Moral: If you want to break onto Broadway, don't crack the boards doing it.

* * * *

Once there was a man about school who employed his valuable time doing things for people. He had something to do with almost everything that came out of Lasell, and he was always on call around the gym. He pounded nails into and hacked chunks out of flats, mixed gallons of glue and powdered paint, put up the bank of seats for the concert that wasn't held, gave helpful hints about the stage lighting and depth, and worried about the height of the microphone for the various speakers.

One morning he rattled into school with his car boiling over, and saw quite a crowd gathered in front of the gym; namely,—the president of the Dramatic Club, the manager of Orphean, the art director for the operetta, a gardener, two members of the class in practical stage design, Mr. Ordway, the policeman, and two young things whose first class in the morning was gym. They all piled onto the poor man with the bumptiousness of a Junior Varsity scrimmage squad, their questions flying thick and fast, almost obliterating the steaming radiator. But as Mrs. Aldrich's little boy would have done, he had to face the music—rather the hubbub—and was escorted to the gym door, into which they all poured with the air of an after-game torchlight parade with its hero.

Moral: Dale Carnegie wrote a best seller on less than this.

Samantha Jane



FOUND ON A FLY-LEAF

YOU will smile when I tell you that one of my hobbies is collecting rare books.

You will smile and perhaps raise an eyebrow when I say that some have cost me only the price of a subway fare. Yet that is what I paid for the first American editions of "Villette" and the "Professor" by Charlotte Brontë, the autographed copy of Austin Dobson's "Poems," and my "Picturesque Tours," which once belonged to Josiah Spode, the great English potter. I have a partiality for "Picturesque Tours," and am always looking for them. Usually they are in drab and dusty shops on obscure shelves marked "Any Book Here Ten Cents."

I was delighted to come upon Black's "Picturesque Tourist in England and Wales" in such a place. Its green cloth binding was slightly faded and stained, but in general it was in good condition. Scattered through the book were many misty landscape views engraved by William Miller, and the tours from London to Leeds and Leeds to Hull and on to all the cities in the realm were carefully mapped and fully described. It was plainly a book for my collection, even without the bookplate which read simply "Butler Place" and the name on the title page, "Fanny Kemble." In some pigeon hole of my mind I had tucked away the facts that Fanny Kemble was the niece of Mrs. Siddons, the great English actress, that she had been a famous actress herself, and that she had lived at Butler Place. Triumphant I paid the ten cents and walked out.

It chanced that Margaret Armstrong published her "Fanny Kemble, A Passionate Victorian" that spring. I got the book and read all about the former owner of my "Picturesque Tourist." I learned of her great career as an actress in England and America, her travels, her marriage to a wealthy southern planter, Pierce Butler, her life at Butler Place, the three-hundred-acre estate six miles out of Philadelphia, her hatred of slavery and its wrongs, her quarrels with her husband over

the slaves, her divorce in 1849, her return to the stage as a reader of Shakespeare, her summers in America at Lenox, where she lived with her daughter, Sally, who married Dr. Owen Wister of Philadelphia, or Fan, who was like her mother, fond of waterfalls and mountains. I found Fanny Kemble was a poet who published several volumes of poems, a journalist, and a writer on the evils of slavery. After the death of Pierce Butler in 1867, she returned to Butler Place, where her married daughter was living. She found happiness in her children's lives, and died in 1893, a very old lady.

The book I have is dated 1850. It must have been in Miss Kemble's hand as she traveled in England in search of consolation, and it must have come back with her to Butler Place, as it has the bookplate in it. Why did she value it? I think I have the answer. In the back of the book, on a fly-leaf, there is a poem in the handwriting of the owner. It is scribbled as if she had composed it while she was riding on the train or waiting in a station. It reads:

"Plant the green fragrant shoot beside your home
May it strike root and silver blossoms bear
And to the sheltered sunny garden come
And for my memory smile upon it there.

And I will plant mine deep within my heart.
There grow all flowers that I hold most dear,
Warmed by the fire our love can impart
But watered oft by many a silent tear."

It seems to me that there is no question but that the poem refers to her undying love for Pierce Butler. They had separated because of the slaves, but she still loved him. She was in England when she heard Pierce was dead. She sailed for America the very week the news came. "On the way back," Miss Armstrong writes, "no doubt she cried her eyes out, lamenting a wasted past and lost happiness. But this is all conjecture. She left no record of her grief . . . but one thing seems certain, neither divorce nor death really broke the bond between Fanny and her husband; with all her passion and all her impulsiveness she

never fell in love with another man." In writing her "Memoirs," she destroyed every letter that touched on her marriage and whenever Pierce's name occurred, it became a blank.

Careful as she was to destroy every scrap of writing which would record her love and grief, she forgot to tear out the page on which she had written in her guide book. The poem was never published, but it bears a close resemblance to the poem which concludes her volume of poems published in 1883, ten years before her death.

"I planted in my heart one seed of love,
Watered with tears and watched with sleepless care.
It grew—and when I looked that it should prove
A gracious tree—and blessed harvest bear,

Blossom nor fruit was there to crown my pain.
Tears, care, and labor all had been in vain,
And yet I dare not pluck it from my heart
Lest with the deep-struck root my life depart."

She called this poem "Sicilian Song," an impersonal title which may have been intended to mislead. To me it is a companion poem to the one in the "Picturesque Tourist." Taken together, each throws light on the other. Her love for Pierce was "planted deep within her heart and watered by many a silent tear." No matter what life brought, she dared not pluck that love from her heart, lest with the deep-struck root her life depart. Surely this poem substantiates Miss Armstrong's conjecture that neither divorce nor death really broke the bond between Fanny Kemble and her husband.

A love story is the last thing one would expect to find in the pages of an old guide book, but there is one in my "Picturesque Tourist," which I bought for ten cents from an old woman in a second-hand bookshop.

Barbara Gorely

DO PEOPLE LIKE YOUR VOICE?

". Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman"

That statement is just as true today as it

was when it first appeared in *King Lear*. But how often do we hear such voices? Not around school. Our voices are shrill, high, and raucous. That is a habit which might grow with us, and when we get out in the world, polite people will look at us and say, "They never grew up. They talk just like children." And we shouldn't like that.

Here we are living near Boston, the seat of culture, and the country over admires our "cultured accent." Shall we let Boston down?

Let's make a little effort. Hold our voices down,—oh not throaty like a torch singer, but to a well-modulated tone. Let's articulate a little more carefully. I don't mean to cross every "T" and dot every "I," but watch syllables and accents. Eliminate slang as much as possible; of course we all know slang is a distinctive part of our American language, but we overdo it. Use slang as you would Tabasco, to perk up a statement and give it flavor. But too much Tabasco or too much slang will spoil the best of food or conversation.

A pleasant speaking voice can be a great asset to anyone, especially a girl. So let's all try for more pleasing voices and the (partial) exclusion of slang.

How about it? *Jeanne Walsh*

HOW VAIN WERE MY EFFORTS

When asked to write a poem for the February LEAVES, I raised my brows and said, "There's nothing to it!" But when they said my verse would have to be about exams,

I doubted very much that I could do it.
Well anyhow, I tried it, and I finally had success.
I wrote a sizzling satire from the soul,
And when I found the fitting words, it did this poor heart good,
And I thought me very clever, on the whole!
I s'pose you'd like to hear this masterpiece of which I speak.

Of course it "ain't" like one of Edmund Spenser's, But gee, I know you'd like it! or you would have anyway,

If I only coulda got it past the censors!

Doris Cheney

SIX STUDENTS' VIEWS OF LIFE

Each of the following statements is the girl's individual opinion. The editors of the Lasell Leaves favor no one creed above another. They invite articles from students whose religious denominations are not here represented, or not adequately represented.

TO ME religion is the same all over the world. I think there are common bonds in all religions, and I do not believe in any *one* creed. The basic points in all religions are approximately the same, as are the daily practices of the various doctrines. There are minor differences in all these sects, but they all have fundamentally sound and related policies.

Virginia R.

RAMBLING REFLECTIONS ON RELIGION

SEPARATED by the divorce court's decree from my mother, I spent my infancy in a convent which my father thought suitable for a little girl. It was a heart-dampening place. There, high walls and air musty with stale incense seemed to forbid sunlight and laughter. There, effete clean nuns with their pale lips and stern eyes coerced all the children to bathe (with underwear on because of virtuous modesty), to eat, to sleep, and also to pray. That which they taught us was a "mumble-jumble" of unintelligible Latin words—incomprehensible to the bewildered children. The priest on the altar spent a good deal of his time saying, "Let us pray," and thus we knelt most of the service. Prayers while kneeling convinced me that sore knees give a tendency to less religion; moreover, they gave me an opportunity to observe the garishness of the church.

When I was about seven, Father foresaw Mother's attempt to see me, and spirited me away to Vermont. The first glance at the tiny village of Newport Center told me I should be happy there. My future home

had gingerbread trimming along the roof, an odd-shaped cupola with twinkling windows, and a broad veranda; it lay nestled among the rocky hills like a doll house. Upon one hill rose a white-steepled church, built in the best American tradition. It was beautiful in its simplicity. Clean, painted walls, and clear, shining windows let in a bit of the outdoors. Even the altar was unadorned except for tall goldenrod or some meadow flowers. The pews were cream-colored with mahogany ribbing along the top; some of the boards of the benches were worn thin from faithful parishioners' trousers and skirts. Along the backs of the seats were shallow shelves to hold the hymnals. I liked the minister, Mr. Adams, who, by kindly guidance, had influenced me to go to the church; but most of all I liked the prayers. We said them sitting down.

One day in March, when I was thirteen, a letter came in the mail from my mother, whom I had thought dead these many long years. She wanted me to come home to her. I went with dispatch. But once I was in Massachusetts again, that old inquietude, that pulling of two opposite forces restarted. Mother was Anglican; my father was Catholic. I was literally torn between two religions. As once I had yielded to my father's wishes, I now submitted to mother's utmost desire that I be a good Anglican. I did try. I often sat in a decorous wainscoted church and listened to a sermon read by a pompous clergyman. It may have been good on paper, but his sonorous lecture lulled me into lassitude. It was then that I started wondering whether church was a waste of time. At that time I was

the next thing to an atheist. I still believed in God, but I was disgusted with the theatrical churches. There was more glory in a beautiful day than in any sermon written. I turned my back on Anglican Protestantism.

Now, at the age of nineteen, I have reached some conclusions. In the first place, I have no belief in the confessional. God knows what you have done. Therefore, why have a middleman? I am equally incredulous about purgatory. It is a "bogiem-an" for the superstitious. Why scare or delude people into thinking they will be punished in the nether regions or in another world? Hell is here on earth.

As for Anglicanism, it belongs back in the Twelfth Century, when serfs were awed into further subjection by these lords acting on the altar. The united candle-snuffing, the marked genuflexion, the bowing of the head every time the Lord's name is uttered—all these rites are too ostentatious signs of devotion.

Evangelical Protestantism is at present my religion. I said "at present"; for I am ever open to new ideas on theology, and I would like to "taste" all religions. Decadent now because of dissension between its denominations, it will be reborn one day into a greater church. Until that time, I shall hear petty quarrels at church suppers because no one bought Mrs. Parker's chicken pie; I shall see a socially ambitious member leave church because she hasn't been chosen head of the committee for such-and-such; and I shall have a mental toothache over its puritanical doctrine. Yet I shall be loyal to it. It may be bigoted, but it has one saving grace—it is simple.

Redney

THE CATHOLIC RELIGION AS I SEE IT

BEING born and brought up in a Catholic family, I have not had an opportunity to become familiar with any other religion. But I feel that if I were at liberty to choose my faith, I should choose Catholicism.

Although I attend Mass under pain of mortal sin, I go because it is my own desire. There is a certain pious and reverent feeling as you enter the Catholic church which you do not sense when entering a Protestant church; this reverence is shown by genuflecting before our Lord's altar upon entering the pew. There is a light continually burning in the church, which denotes the presence of our Savior. The church is open at all times, permitting anyone to take refuge from the trials of the world and meditate for hours.

Critics may object because we kneel when we pray. I don't see how anyone can pray sitting down, at least with any feeling of adoration. For all the sore knees one supposedly receives, you are paid doubly; for there is no better consolation than prayer in the right manner. Prayer in church is very beneficial, even though I admit that you can put more into private prayer.

If anyone has had sickness or misfortune, he can bear with me when I say that prayer puts the mind at ease. And if when I have lighted a candle and prayed hard for a sick relative, the outcome is none too happy, I don't have any malice toward God. Instead I take the optimistic standpoint, believing that all is for the best, as God knows all and sees all.

Confession is another part of my religion that most people cannot seem to understand. People just can't see why a middleman is required to hear our sins. Well, I believe that the confessional is a good place to ease one's mind. It is easy to sit down and think over your sins, but they seem a



little worse when you hear yourself saying them out loud: You become more aware of what you have done. After I have said my penance, I am satisfied, because I have confidence in the priest in that his actions are guided by God. Confession removes any bad feelings I might have had against friends, and the whole world seems to be smiling.

Many criticize the Mass because it is in Latin and the congregation have no idea what the priest is saying. But every churchgoer should own a missal by which the Mass can easily be followed in English. The object of the Mass is to unite the people and priest with God; to honor and glorify Him; to give thanks for all our benefits; to obtain remission for our sins; and to seek spiritual help and guidance.

During the Mass there is a short sermon when the priest tells of the teachings of Christ. It may not be as lengthy as the sermons in some Protestant churches, but fifteen minutes every Sunday is more beneficial than one hour twice a year, which latter is all that some people receive.

At every Mass there is the usual collection for the church. Every church must have some means of income. For the clergy must live, and the church must be kept up. The Catholic church is not a grafting organization. No one is obliged to pay a penny to go into the church. Giving is purely voluntary, and anyone, regardless of color, is welcome to the church.

Communion is the most solemn part of the service. To prepare ourselves for the receiving of our Lord, it is necessary to fast from midnight till Communion. Fasting and being in a state of grace, which means freedom from sin, before going to Communion gives a very solemn and holy touch to the service. In some other churches there is no preparation, and Communion is not served every Sunday.

For all our prayers, Communion, and church attendance, we receive indulgences.

Now indulgences cannot be bought or sold in the sense of money. But indulgences are a reward for acts of faith. They act as atonements for our sins. In purgatory, which is the stopping-off place before we get to Heaven, we must repent for our sins, and if we have indulgences to our credit they will make up for some offenses. Indulgence also may be offered for the souls already in purgatory so that they may sooner enjoy the bliss and happiness in Heaven. After we have suffered for our sins, we go before God, and then join in the joys above.

All the ceremony and beliefs of the Catholic Church may seem silly to many, but this ceremony and teaching have given me a strong faith in God, have helped me to carry on when the world seemed ready to crumble under my feet. Therefore, I will defend my faith to the best of my ability always.

Mary

AN INDEPENDENT IN RELIGION

SIR ARTHUR KEITH, in an expression of his philosophy, said: "As long as man remains an inquiring animal, there can never be complete unanimity in our fundamental beliefs. The more diverse our paths, the greater is likely to be the divergence in our beliefs." With this idea, which I accept at present, as a reason for my adding my ideas about various religious matters to those expressed here by others, I submit the following to the symposium.

There are some ideas concerning religion, the Bible and the church, that I like. I shall endeavor to express some of them while discussing, as I must, some ideas that I cannot accept. In doing this, I shall be setting forth much of that in which I should *like to believe*. I prefer to sound a positive rather than a negative note.

I am not, at present, officially a member

of any church group. No one group has everything that I want. By remaining independent, I can find what is of value to me in different groups. I am free to choose among them. I may find inspiration in one church or many, or on a day when I do not go to church. I still prefer not to affiliate myself formally with any church group, although I could, in accordance with my beliefs, join a Friends' Meeting or a Unitarian Church. (Both groups believe in the freedom of the individual to worship God in his own way, responding to the Light within or obeying the dictates of his conscience, as it sometimes expressed. In both groups the person is not told in what conception of God he is supposed to believe; but he believes what he *can* believe—what his reason and conscience and his religious experience lead him to believe.)

My idea of worship and prayer enters in here. In the story of Jesus' meeting the Samaritan woman at Jacob's Well as found in St. John is a reminder of the way in which Jesus wanted people to worship. "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." As Frederick R. Griffin, an eminent Unitarian minister, paraphrases part of the passage, "You cannot localize God or the manifestations of his life; therefore you cannot localize worship." I like what Dr. Griffin says in another place: "To worship God is to lead a certain kind of life." In connection with what Jesus said to the Samaritan woman, I think of a sentence in his Sermon on the Mount. "But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking." My idea of worship and prayer conforms to the idea expressed in these passages. And I still feel that the way in which a person *lives* indicates whether or not he is a true Christian, whether he goes to church or not and though he cannot reel off a single creed or

Biblical quotation. A person may be a Christian in the original meaning of the word—one who tries to follow Jesus' example—and not *call* himself a Christian, nor care what people consider him.

It is impossible for me to accept unquestioningly and unreservedly anything that I am told I should believe. I have found that I cannot make myself believe in certain "religious" precepts and creeds in which many people seem to believe implicitly. Some things tax my credulity, and do not go well with my fairly strong desire to "find"—to approach—the truth. Fortunately or unfortunately, in the last few years I have progressed to the point where much of what is said in the name of "religion" has very little meaning for me, or seems ridiculous. Much of what I have heard and read abounds in undefined terms, and in gorgeous glittering generalities that may not have been intended to becloud one's vision, but which certainly do not make for clarity.

The Bible I can appreciate only as a human document and a great literary work, for the most part. Some of the passages that seem to me most valuable (all in the New Testament) I cannot take word for word. The following admonition by Jesus ends Matthew VI:—"Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The narrow interpretation of this, which is really *no* interpretation but the taking of it literally, is an example of what I mean. If we say that Jesus was telling the multitude on the mountainside never to plan—never to think about the next day—the passage not only loses its significance, but Jesus' advice is almost impossible to follow. He was obviously trying to get people to stop thinking about dress, food, and other unimportant things. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto

you." I refuse to take many other passages literally if, when so taken, they do not fit in with the spirit in which Jesus lived.

I think that the important thing is to believe in the most fundamental of Jesus' teachings, namely, brotherly love, unselfishness, forgiveness, and compassion, and *sincerely* try to practice them and to attain that perfection to which Jesus points in the Sermon on the Mount.

Diana

RELIGIOUSLY SPEAKING

AS IS the case with every situation, real or imaginary, we must go to the root to understand. And so with my religion. My ancestry is doubly important. My father was brought up in a Methodist home under the puritanical influence of my grandparents, whose whole philosophy of life was based on the strict observance of their religion. Church was a matter of "must." Smoking or drinking were, and still are, taboo. When a man married, he must marry one of his own kind. But my father, after graduating from college, left his home to work in Boston. When he was almost thirty, he met a young Jewish girl. Her upbringing had been rather easy going; she was one of fifteen children. The restrictions which my father had experienced in his home were lacking in hers.

Contrary to the teachings of both, my parents were married by a Justice of the Peace. Because of the desire to make hers a harmonious marriage, my mother put aside her religious tradition and adopted the religion of my father. To this day my paternal grandparents have remained strict Methodists; and all my mother's brothers and sisters have carried on the religion of their ancestors.

In my childhood days I was forced to attend both church and Sunday school. Naturally, we attended the local Methodist church. The minister at the time was wont to render long blustering sermons, which, though they were not dull, were unintel-

ligible to my child mind. My brothers and I would sit in the pew directly in front of my father and mother: In that position it was much easier for my father to pinch our ears when we became restless. As I remember, I was usually the one in disgrace for misbehavior. As my brothers were four and nine years older than I, they were able to control themselves reasonably well; and as I grew older, I copied them as well as possible. Although Sunday mornings were hardship to us children, we endured them because we had to. All during these years, both my parents attended regularly with us. Any religion I had at that time was one of duty rather than sincerity.

But in the adolescent stage I developed a highly emotional religion. Owing at first to my desire for more friends I began to attend a well known evangelistic church. The minister's fame as a Calvinistic preacher was widespread. Like every other attender of the church, I developed a sincere admiration for him. I used to attend church four times on Sunday; and after constant association with persons who had experienced the joys of being "saved," I felt that I had found the only way of life. And so I became what I thought was a true Christian. I entered into everything the church had to offer. Emotionally I was at key pitch at all times. My family were at their wits' end to know how to handle me. I was unmanageable. Christianity at its highest pitch was all I could see or understand.

But by the time I had reached the age of seventeen, my attitude took a sharp turn. I began to encounter what seemed to me to be hypocrisy among some of the people who worshipped at the aforementioned church. I found that on Sundays they were one type of person and on week days, totally different. At this stage in my life, I found sympathy and understanding in my brothers, and soon forgot my unpleasant impressions of the church. I began to look around

at all my schoolmates, who came from every type of home with every religious background. I realized that they too had beliefs, but that they didn't feel it necessary to shout them at the top of their lungs. So, for the time being, I settled back into the life of an ordinary human being.

With this background I feel that what I believe and disbelieve at the present time can be more easily understood. I have not quite decided whether or not I have a religious belief. I do believe, however, that a person's religion should be calm, logical and of great comfort to him. The Bible story of Christ's birth seems to me very illogical. I am not able to believe in miracles to that extent. What Bible training I remember best dealt mostly with the life and teachings of Jesus. He was, as I remember it, a perfect man. Somehow I could never understand how a person who believed in emulating Christ could be comforted by his religion, considering that Christ was forever asking forgiveness for sins. Throughout my Bible training the same inconsistency appears. I was taught that everything in the Bible should be accepted and believed without question. But I cannot believe in something that so often contradicts itself. Interpretations differ, and each person has his own. When I believe wholeheartedly in something, it must be logical. Perhaps the most logical religion, to my mind, that I have ever been acquainted with was presented to me by the mother of a very good friend of mine. It is based on the theory of the reincarnation of the soul. According to this belief, there is no hell. A person's soul just keeps living on until such a day that it has perfected itself enough to be admitted to heaven. But the soul is not immediately reincarnated. It stays in the atmosphere above the earth, where it not only looks back on its previous experiences but is able to plan almost entirely the next life.

At the present time religion remains in

a rather unimportant corner of my mind. As I am young, with the world before me, my desires are those of what the world has to offer me. Around me there is not much religious feeling evident. In my home religion is seldom mentioned. Among my school associates at Lasell, I don't even know who is Catholic and who is Protestant, and I care less. Perhaps the most important reason for my lack of religious feeling is that, as yet, I have not recognized the need for it. My life has been relatively smooth; I have always been well provided for and given many of the so-called luxuries of life. What I shall turn to when I face a need is as far beyond me as it is beyond anyone else.

This is the most composite presentation of my religious beliefs and disbeliefs that I can make. My background and training should have developed some sort of religious feeling within me. But, as I have said, my experiences with churches have dulled my fervor to the state where I now have a theory, and all I need is the will to believe in it. Religiously speaking, at twenty years of age, I have only the past. Shall I have more than that ten years from now?

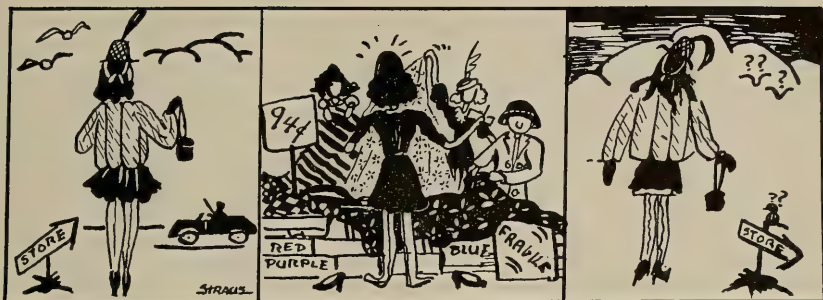
Jane

TO ME religion is the force that gives everything meaning. My religious beliefs are not static rules, but a living part of my everyday life; I have never thought of them as something set on a pedestal to be thought about merely on Sunday.

When you send a friend a get-well card; when you give to the Red Cross; when you are considerate of others and lend a helping hand; when you do your best in all you undertake, you are applying your religious beliefs.

Doretta Garcia

President of Lasell Christian Endeavor Society.



NIGHTMARE OF A SHOPGIRL

Dear Me,

This is "I" speaking. I really would like to let you sleep this one out, but I can't. I am tormented, dear Me, by the memories that surround you. Do you remember the first time you ever worked? I do, vividly. There you were in that tiny circular aisle table selling bargain cosmetics. Just room enough for one, but there were three sales girls jammed in. As I remember it, you spent most of your time on the floor. When you leaned over to get something from under the counter, you were sure to have an elbow in your neck and just enough pressure on your lower extremities to throw you to the floor; and keep you there. You surely did look a sight when you finally managed to get up.

Yes, those first days were bad. I can even remember the first sale you made. After much ado about nothing, the lady gave you a five-dollar bill to pay for a seventy-nine-cent article. You were very careful to push all the right buttons on your cash register; and when you had made the change, to count it out carefully into the customer's hand. Quite proud of yourself, you turned to attend to someone else when a voice shattered the air, "But, I gave you a *five-dollar bill*." You turned and very politely answered her. Try as you would, you just couldn't seem to understand what you had done wrong. It took

the supervisor and three or four other people to make you understand that you had charged the woman two dollars.

Even so, that wasn't half so bad as the first day you worked in the lamp department. You not only overcharged a woman seven dollars, but you seemed to have a mania for selling a lamp with a shade taken from another lamp. You just never could learn which combinations could be sold separately and which couldn't. I guess that's why they decided you'd be better off selling handkerchiefs.

Not that you *were* much better off. They were having a sale of thirty-nine-cent initialed handkerchiefs the day you first talked back to a customer. Do you remember? She insisted that she wanted a twenty-five-cent initialed handkerchief; and you pointed out the fact that you not only had none but that you were having a sale on *thirty-nine-cent* handkerchiefs, and perhaps if she were interested in that—. No, she must have a twenty-five-cent initialed handkerchief. No matter what you said, you just couldn't seem to make her understand. It finally ended by her throwing a box of handkerchiefs in your face, and your becoming hysterical.

It wasn't long after that, though, that you had that wonderful Finnish customer. She was the most appreciative woman. I can remember how foolish you felt when she asked for a patriotic handkerchief. You

found one for her, one of those gaudy red, white, and blue creations with "God Bless America" all over it. She kept repeating, "America ees a vunderful countree," and you felt so guilty, especially when she kept thinking of some other relative to buy a handkerchief for. It takes someone like that to make you realize that America is a wonderful country.

The biggest surprise you had when working at that counter was the man who rushed up to you and asked for a handkerchief. Since he didn't mention any price, you hesitated a moment. When he noticed your hesitancy, he picked up one from the counter and said that it would be fine. As you took that handkerchief from his hand to put it in a bag, he grabbed it from you and said, "I want it now!" While you watched wide-eyed, he used it—to brush a speck of dirt from his shoe.

You had a great many memorable experiences while working in that department. As a matter of fact, you had the most horrible experience of your career in that department. Shall you ever forget? He was such a nice old man; I guess he practically told you his life story. Kept saying he was terribly tired. You just weren't prepared for it all. . . . You can see him now, stretched out on the floor, looking absolutely bloodless. His glasses had broken, and pieces of glass were all over his face and in his eyes. It wouldn't have been so bad if someone had only done something. Everyone seemed as startled as you, especially the salesgirl next to you who grabbed your arm and kept yelling, "Help! Help!" When he had finally been taken upstairs, you found out that he had had a stroke, and was completely paralyzed on his left side. No matter how you tried, you couldn't forget how he looked lying there.

It certainly was a relief when they sent you upstairs to the glassware department. The morning you were on your way to

that department for the first time, a man approached you and asked directions to the men's room. I don't know what you were thinking of, but you said, "I don't know, sir; I've never been there."

No matter where you worked, you had your ups and downs. The glassware department was no exception. Maybe the trouble was that you were sure of yourself. At least that is what one customer must have thought. She said she wanted cocktail glasses. You asked her whether she wanted novelty cocktail glasses or stem ware. Well, she guessed she would look at both. You very painstakingly showed her everything you had, but you couldn't seem to satisfy her. Finally, she said, "But I want a regular cocktail glass." You told her that you had showed her regular cocktail glasses. Just at the moment she spied a highball glass, and told you that that was what she meant. You told her that it was highball glass, and she said, "That's what I said—a cocktail glass!" Some people just don't know what they want. On the other hand, some people do. For instance, there was that woman who picked up a goblet (costing eight dollars a dozen) and said, "I'll take six dozen." You leaned hard on the wall before you recovered from that one.

It was while you were working there that your dignity suffered so much. You were late in getting back from lunch, and, contrary to the rules of the store, you were running. How were you to know that just around the corner there was a stock wagon? It was only when you found yourself upside down in the midst of dozens of packages that you realized it. After that, you were always very careful to cut your corners round.

About that time they decided you'd be better off back in cosmetics. So back you went. You hadn't been there long when Harry and his mother came in to buy some gifts. Mother love is a wonderful thing; but it can be overdone. Maybe it was

because of that new shade of lipstick, or perhaps it was that perfume you were wearing. But Harry's mother almost bent over backwards trying to get you to agree with her when she talked about Harry. You wouldn't mind if he had been a small child! As it was, he was about twenty and had that typical adolescent skin. The only thing he did was giggle. I don't believe he could talk. But as far as that goes, he didn't mind to. It was sheer joy to see them leave.

It wasn't always a joy to see people leave. Not when you knew they were angry with you. How were you to know the man didn't like Blue-Grass? You didn't mean to spray it on him anyway; you were just trying to let him smell it. He certainly didn't mince any words. He just turned on his heel and left. You did have a time—

The alarm clock!

Ah, the nightmare is over—or is it just begun?

Jane Bishop

STAR GAZING

(Marion Beers chats about celebrities that she has met.)

Buddy Ebsen

"Last summer I met him while I was in Nantucket. Buddy was a school chum of Mr. Gordon Folger, a hotel owner in Nantucket. I was working at the Seacliff, another hotel there. The Folger and the Seacliff had rival baseball teams. Mr. Ebsen had come to play baseball for the Folger team, and I was chosen scorekeeper for the big game. A thrill chilled my insides at the thought of it; keeping score for Buddy Ebsen!

A large crowd gathered that warm day in August, anxiously waiting to see him. He came upon the field looking very grim and needing a hair cut badly; I was rather disappointed at his appearance. When it came time for him to bat, he made a home run, giving Folger the lead. He was cheered from all sides. Toward the end of the game, Buddy pitched a slow ball to the batter. The batter struck at the ball and Buddy ran to catch it.

So did the catcher. Crash! a collision. Both the catcher and Buddy were "out cold." The latter received a terrible gash on the head, but he came to and went back in; and pitched the remainder of the game, against the many protests of his wife. Now the spectators really cheered. The sound resounded for miles around, because of his sportsmanship. He certainly did make an impression on us, even though he was rather shy and seldom smiled. He was a wonderful player, and Seacliff was willing and wanting to lose the game. Incidentally, their wishes came true."

Gladys Swarthout

"I met her after a concert at Symphony Hall in Boston. My sister and I slipped inside the door, walked through one room, and there in another room stood Miss Swarthout. She talked to us, and offered us her autographed picture. Somehow she seemed to take a liking to my sister, and gave her first choice of the pictures. She is more lively and sweet than cinema could ever show her."

Ted Williams

"I met Ted Williams, the great baseball player for the Red Sox, a few years ago when he was in Boston. He liked Boston, but thought the streets a little too narrow. He thought Minnesota was beautiful, because at the time he had a girl friend there.

"Ted was born not very far from the Mexican border, and has been to Mexico many times. He loves to hunt. His favorite meat is sizzling steak. Mr. Williams considers Wallace Beery and Buck Jones his favorite actors, and Dorothy Lamour his favorite actress. He is distinguished by his lack of hat and tie. The moment I saw him, I recognized him; he was six feet two, twenty years old, with a boyish-looking face and a pleasing smile."

Marion has also met Orson Welles, Joe Cronin, Bob Feller, and Joe Dimaggio, the three latter being baseball players, and also the famous Eddie Shore, the hockey player.

Interviewed by Kathleen Finn.



DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY

Standing, left to right: Major Whitread, Richard Swift; Duke Lambert, Will Robinson; Duchess Stephanie, Gertrude Ruch; Death, Jean Gordon; Grazia, Dorothy Stuhlbarg; Princess of San Luca, Charlotte Ann Hall; Corrado, Nicholas Van Slyk.

Seated, left to right: Rhoda Fenton, Evelyn Endresen; Eric Fenton, Ted Binder; Alda, Jean Bond; Baron Caesaria, Robert Stewart; the maid, Lola Carota.

THE DIRECTOR SPEAKS

FEW laymen attending the theater for an evening's entertainment are aware of the hours of fun and worry and good hard work that go into the production. Casting characters, blocking stage business, teaching character interpretation, and expressing the theme of the play in tempo and mood are only a few of the tasks which tax the director's art. Behind the scenes is a rapid, silent crew whose job during the performance is to serve the players, by promptness, handling properties, refreshing make-up

or changing it, making sound effects, changing lighting in a split-second cue, and pulling the curtain.

For days before the production the crew, working from a floor plan and design which is largely a fantasy in the director's mind, begins to assemble the physical scene for the artists. First the available flats must be set up according to the stage business demanded by the play, inadequacies and changes noted, and would-be carpenters set to work to fill the gaps.

To meet the needs of *Death Takes A Holiday*, Tex Weatherby wielded a wicked saw—cross cut, key-hole, and so forth, with patience and persistence until somehow our modified Gothic arches took on a southern accent.

If play production is to be done artistically, be it amateur or professional, every single aspect must conform to the underlying theme and mood of the play; and that includes not only acting, character interpretation, grouping and tempo, but the line design and color of the set and its furnishings, as well as the arrangement of the lighting. Costumes also must conform in color to the theme of the play, and must change and balance as the mood and conflict progress.

Painting the set is the next step. Needing at this time (for *Death Takes a Holiday*) an interior of an Italian villa which should resemble stucco, I decided on a light gray of broken surfaces which I intended to have appear as a rough, solid wall, rather than as a series of color-washed flats. To accomplish this, I spattered the flats with each of the primary colors in the following order: red, blue, and yellow, and followed this with light gray, stippled carefully bit by bit. Putting on this last coat required a half an hour for each flat. The reason for all this care was to try to enrich the depth of the walls, and was based on the theory that broken color is more rich and more interesting than solid color, as the eye of the spectator will do the mixing.

To "spatter," one lays the flat horizontally, and holding a wide and fairly juicy brush several feet above it, by shaking or tapping the wrist gently, one covers the flats with spots. Stippling is done by holding a half-dry brush at right angles to the flat, and tapping the end of the brush against the flat, constantly turning the wrist to break whatever pattern may tend to appear.

In mixing the gray for the stippled coat, I added a little glue to the whiting, lamp black, and water to give body to the paint.

Another reason for the broken color is to

enhance the lighting. Flats painted as I have indicated above take time in the preparation, but are economical ultimately, as they will appear to change color under different lighting, thereby seeming to be quite different flats. I have often made one set take three completely different colors, and serve for three different one-act plays in one evening, by changing the gelatins on the lights, changing the position of the flats, and having different colored sets of plastic pieces, such as windows, doors, etc. For color picks out its own color as the electricians say, and solid painting, of course, does not lend itself to this bit of illusion on which the theatrical art is based.

Lighting a small stage is not easy, as all source of light that is to be obvious must also seem natural and must be supplemented by other hidden light to build it or to cut shadows. Shadows are most awkward things, especially when appearing on the sky.

This year we have new border lights, which Mr. Amesbury allowed the Dramatic club to purchase in time for *Death Takes A Holiday*. The old borders were also put to work. I concealed a strip behind the platform which represented the terrace leading to the garden, where shadows and moonlight were of no small consequence to the atmosphere and stage business of the play. The lights were covered with a frame containing double strips of blue cellophane. The color was chosen, of course, to enhance the blue of the sky drop, but the light itself was more important than the color, as it served to offset the shadows cast by the new borders and the footlights.

As the story of *Death Takes a Holiday* took place one late October night, a fireplace seemed desirable in the set—one that worked! My ingenious crew built a large fireplace carrying out the architectural design of the room, and I painted it to match the flats behind it. A black cloth hung at the back, smeared here and there with daubs of flame and ashes. Mrs. Leonard's antique andirons held up birch logs, behind and beneath which

were concealed a red light and a small electric fan to which were attached small scraps of georgette crepe splashed with colors of flames.

Just before the curtain rose on the first act, the little fan was turned on, and the flames flickered dutifully for two acts. During the third act as I watched the progress of the play from the rear of the auditorium, I suddenly missed the flame tips, and thought one of the stage hands had accidentally pulled the connecting cord; but later I found the little flames leaning over wearily but still burning as if they knew midnight was approaching as well as the end of the play.

Not finding the right gadget for the lamp of illusion which was to burn while Death was disguised as a mortal, I managed with a small spot clamped on the back of one of the flats. Covered with two sheets of rose gelatin, it cast the necessary rosy glow on the back wall of the room.

I love to talk about dramatic art and the fun I have with it—love it so much that I never do for fear of boring my friends; and am therefore more than grateful to Miss Beatley for her suggestion for this contribution.

Ruth Goodwin

HOUSEBOUND

Smooth convertibles passing by,
In each one a gal and guy.
Now and then a guy alone;
Still no music on my phone.

Shadows of the night close in,
Gone is daytime's hurried din.
Still the cars go whizzing past,
Whizzing, whizzing, twice as fast!

Still I sit here all alone
Not one jingle on my phone;
Still I sit and wonder why
I'm the gal without a guy.

Jane Bishop

ON CHOOSING A MAN

I dated Jim last summer,
He was my current thrill.
Though he never said "I love you,"
I thought, "Just wait—he will!"

I dated Bill last summer,
And thought I had a chance.
But he never stole a moment
On the way home from the dance.

I never dated Tommy,
He didn't suit at all.
When others were around me,
I just ignored his call.

Now Jim has gone to Bowdoin,
And Bill has gone out West.
But Tom stayed here in Newton,
And now I love him best.

Alice Herrick

STUDY HOUR IN CAT'S ALLEY

At seven-thirty all is well;
No sound is heard within the ell.
But yester voices linger there,
Within the hall and on the stair.

Five minutes after teacher calls,
We scramble out with bloody bawls,
And wage a war with all our mights,
With pillow strife and water fights.

We grease the handle of the door;
Diffuse some soap upon the floor
To welcome any passing friend
Who wants to come to no good "end."

The tread of teacher's nearing feet
Disperses us—quite silent, fleet. . . .
But yester voices linger there,
Within the hall and on the stair.

Elaine Sullivan

THE OLD STORY

The days and weeks stretched into endless years,
And all her dreams became but hopeless fears;
For in her heart she knew that she must give
Her sons as fodder—so that war might live.

Jane Bishop





"LOVE AND LET LOVE"

IT WAS fun to be at home, especially since Henry, my roommate whose real name is Henrietta, was spending end-of-February vacation with me. Thursday she had a ride in my brother Charlie's junky car named The Hangover; and afterwards Bud, who was home from Tent U. for a week, bought us a soda at Ike's Icebox, which is next to the Monmouth Theater and where our gang collects—or used to collect when we were in high school.

There was a dance on at the Club Friday night; so while Henry read *The Corpse with the Floating Foot*, which is the kind of book my father reads at night (he reads the end first), Bud and I called up about fifty people trying to find somebody who was looking for a girl to take to the dance and could therefore take Henry. But everyone we could think of was dated up or not going. Just as

Bud and I were getting desperate, he had an inspiration—to get out our high school annual and call up people we used to know but had forgotten about. Joseph Burman had to stay at home with his little sister Friday night, but Walter Carrin said yes, he'd be mighty pleased to escort my friend to the dance. Walter was insignificant in high school, except when somebody needed some trig done in a hurry. I remembered him as a tall fellow—smart, but a sissy; and Bud started imitating Walter's southern drawl that he'd gotten in Georgia, where he lived until last May, and evidently hadn't lost yet. But at least he was a *man*, and Henry would get to the dance. She would probably even have fun with him. Henry always has fun.

Next morning we got up about quarter past ten. Bud was reading the morning paper in our living room, and asked if we wanted

to drive to Harris City to deliver some material to a friend of his mother's. So we all ate some crunchy grape nuts, and left. We sang all the way to Harris City, which is about sixty miles from our town and which is a long way to listen to Henry trying to harmonize; and Mrs. Somebody fed us sandwiches and wrote a note for Bud's mother, and gave us some cookies to eat on the way home.

About eight o'clock Walter came—he *hadn't* lost his accent—and we went out to his car, where we sat and honked for Bud, who lives across the street and who doesn't mind keeping people waiting ten or fifteen minutes.

"Been listenin' to a snazzy band," he said, slamming the car door. "Didn't think you girls'd be ready yet. Hmm, this a '39 Ford?"

Well, after the third dance I lost track of Henry and Walter; and when Bud and I went out to Walter's car at intermission to see if we could find a big "AMERICA—the Land I Love" button that Bud had lost, those two were sitting in the back seat with the light on, Walter reading out of a book. We decided not to look for the button right then. I saw Henry during the last dance; and she was pretty quiet, for her, on the way home, Bud doing most of the talking.

When we were brushing our hair later on, I asked Henry what she thought of Walter. She said I must have entirely ignored him in high school (I did, but after all, he entered our class only two months before Commencement) or I'd know what a fine, intelligent boy he was. And it seemed he'd been reading poetry to her!

"What kind of poetry, Henry?"

"Oh, *beautiful* poetry, and he has such a nice voice—slow and quiet-like." This from Henry, my down-to-earth roommate who, at least until tonight, had detested poetry of every kind. I guess this Walter's voice wasn't quiet-like enough if he affected Henry like this!

"I'm 'fairer than the evening air,' Sue, he

told me." Henry had that look in her eye. I fell asleep in disgust.

Saturday afternoon Bud was over, as usual, and was playing our piano for lack of anything better to do. Henry was sitting sideways in the rose armchair, and said, "You and Paderewski," in a sarcastic way, but Bud's music sounded fairly good to me, who never got beyond John Williams. After a while we tested our personalities by some questions in an *American* I found under the radiator. Henry came out the XX kind of person, which means she should engage in some active hobbies and make more friends. Bud was the "lovable type," and I was ABC, which says, "You don't have to be a doormat." Bud said, "Oh yes you do, because you're always WELCOME, Sue. Get it? Welcome, ha! By the way, want to go to the movies tonight?" Henry said that if we didn't mind she'd like to go driving with Walter. The way she said Walter, oh me. But I said, "Okay."

After the movies, which were a terrific thing named "Cherokee Strip" and a much better picture called "The Letter," I came home; found Henry sound asleep, with just the creak of my electric clock to break the silence of my room. Poetic, what?

Sunday we went to church, and Henry must have been thinking about last night's poetry on account of she didn't even laugh at the story Mr. Clayton told about Sinful Susie in his sermon. I was wishing Bud and I had never called Walter Carrin on Thursday. But after all, how were we to know that he was the way he was? When Henry is taken in by some mushy poetry, that's something. In the afternoon, after we'd dried the dishes and done a quick packing job, my brother Charlie drove us back to college. Classes began on Monday.

Wednesday morning I opened Henry's mailbox to get her mail to take to Typing, and there was a fat letter—from Walter, I knew by the return address, which is a subtle hint for an answer to a letter. Henry read the letter—probably it was nothing but a long

poem signed "Walter"—and then she flunked a timed writing. The next Saturday night she had a blind for the dance at Tech, and growled around that she didn't want to go and wished she'd break her ankle or get the mumps or something. But I guess she had fun, as she came in at three and talked until almost five about Tom. Tom this and Tom that. But I didn't care how long she talked, 'cause I could see that Henry had turned Walter off like a faucet. Monday she got another letter from Walter, but she just read it quickly and threw it away.

"No more Walter, huh, Henry," I said. "And no more poetry."

"Sweet are the words of love," Sue," she said, "but they haven't got a southern drawl." And she went on with her job of putting fresh adhesive tape on our curtains to hold up the hems—neither of us know how to sew—, singing, "Tommy is my darling, my own gay cavalier."

Pat Kieser

DORLISE KRENZ VIEWS AMERICA

ALTHOUGH she is of American parentage, Dorlise Krenz has come to Lasell from distant Peking, China. She has many interesting stories to tell about her first impressions of this country and her comparisons of it with China.

When Dorlise first arrived in New York City, she could hardly get used to so many automobiles. In China the majority of inhabitants do most of their traveling on bicycles, on donkeys, or in rickshaws. American houses seemed odd to her. The houses in China are concealed by a wall, and cannot be seen by anyone from the outside. Moreover, every house in China has at least one garden.

While in Seattle, Washington, Dorlise noticed how well dressed the women were. Women in China usually purchase one good dress and wear it until it is worn out. Dorlise states that very little make-up is used by Chinese women, except perhaps a small amount

of lipstick for evening wear. However, she likes American women and girls very much, commenting that they are friendly, kind, and helpful. On the other hand, she esteems the men less highly. She thinks the majority of American men are inconsiderate and discourteous. She prefers English boys.

The American way of dancing is another custom that our classmate from China had to accustom herself to. In China, boys and girls are taught to dance far enough apart to leave space for a third person. When Dorlise attended a dance in this country, she was astonished to find herself "grabbed by a boy who immediately thrust his unwelcome face against hers." Another form of amusement which Dorlise found strange was the "cinema." By the time motion pictures reach Peking, China, they are out of date. Since the Japanese war began, all scenes with a pistol or gun are cut out completely, even in gangster and murder stories. Since kissing is considered immoral in China, any kissing scenes are taboo, and are replaced by two doves,—the symbol of love.

In China, boys and girls rarely go out together without a chaperon unless the young man is fortunate enough to be an intimate acquaintance of the family. Girls usually do not go out in the evening before they reach the age of eighteen. ("God Bless America.")

When a dance was given at the school, an American Marine Band furnished the music, consisting of slightly antiquated American song hits; also French, and Italian music.

The most difficult American trait of all for Dorlise to accustom herself to is the "rushing and tearing around" of the American populace. "If you are asked to dinner at eight in China," she states, "you are not expected until nine at least."

Another detail that Dorlise is not alone in disliking is the task of washing and ironing one's own clothes. "No one of my caste in China ever does that kind of work," she declared. "Everyone has servants to do the domestic work." ("God Bless China.")

Peggy Goodrich

TRADITIONS OF LENT

LENT to most of us merely means the giving up of something. Unless a person understands the true meaning of Lent and the reason why he is fighting with temptation for forty days, there is no object in his sacrificing.

Holy Week, which is especially consecrated to the commemoration of the passion of Christ, immediately precedes Easter. This particular observance can be traced back at least to the 4th century. In the Roman Catholic Church the special characteristics of the celebration of Holy Week are solemnity and gloom, penitential rigor, and mourning.

Palm Sunday, the first day of Holy Week, commemorates the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem, and is observed by the blessing of palm branches, which are carried in the processions today as they were by the people of Jerusalem.

Holy Thursday, also called Maundy Thursday, is the commemoration of the Last Supper and the beginning of the Eucharist. With this in mind, white vestments are worn at the Mass.

During the religious confusion of the Reformation, the practice of fasting was generally relaxed, and it was found necessary later on to reassert the obligation of keeping Lent. Lent, even today, brings a social moratorium to religious and non-religious groups alike. Fewer big benefits, fewer dinner-dances and weddings are held until Easter, which is a big marriage day for the Catholics. Millions of gay people would not think of going to the theater during Lent.

There is a real undercurrent of solemnity and joy that pulses through the life of nations during Lent. Shrouded images, purple vestments, silent organs in Catholic Churches, and the absence of flowers on the altars accord with the spirit of the season.

The religious intensity of Holy Week, Palm Sunday, the Last Supper, Good Friday, Holy Saturday, when Christ lay in the tomb, and Easter, the most joyous feast of the Christian

year, proves to the faithful that Christ lives and that men will live after death.

Terry Graham

NEWS FLASHES

Oct. 30—Open House at Gardner, Blaisdell, and Draper.

Nov. 3—Seniors smile "pretty at the birdie" for their class pictures.

Nov. 12—No appetites for supper. Senior Open House for Briggs, Chandler, Clark, and Dillingham.

Nov. 15, 16—"Death Takes a Holiday" at Lasell.

Nov. 22—In assembly Dr. Jaroslav Novak electrifies students by tales of German cruelty to his countrymen.

Nov. 27—Thanksgiving vacation. . . . Oh joy!

Dec. 1—Return. . . . Oh woel

Dec. 2—"We're just poor working girls," say the merchandisers.

Dec. 7—Beautiful gowns and provocative perfumes are well worn at the Christmas Formal.

Dec. 8—"Oh yeah!" reiterates Dr. Charles N. Arbuckle in Vespers.

Dec. 11—"Tra-la-la-la" . . . Lasell enjoys a student recital.

Dec. 15—Miss Potter conducts the Christmas Vespers.

Dec. 17—Housecoats and gym suits, head-dresses and halos, carollers and gargoyles, turkey and dressing—the Gothic Fete.

Dec. 19-Jan. 6—Jingle bells and mistletoe, and a long vacation.

Jan. 10—Mrs. Sypher deplores slow plane production in the United States.

Jan. 12—Miss Frances Eddy enthralles Lasell at Vespers with tales of heroic French refugees.

Jan. 24—Aching muscles. . . . End of Posture Week.

Jan. 28-30—Midyears!

Jan. 31-Feb. 3—White Mountain Trip. "Oh, do I ache!"

Elaine Sullivan



THE WINTER SPORTS HOUSE PARTY

WHEN Carol received Aunt Etta's invitation to spend a week-end at her lovely home on the slope of Mt. Monadnock, she was delighted, and, with half her mind on what she would wear and the other half anticipating a good time, she wrote an enthusiastic acceptance.

Now Carol really enjoyed the other three seasons more than she did winter, though she skated a little,—and her black velvet skating costume with silver kid appliqué was stunning. She had done a bit of skiing and snow-shoeing—and the red snow suit she bought last year was really "a creation"—and set off her blonde beauty to perfection.

Believing in preparedness, she scampered upstairs to the big closet where the winter

things were kept. Her skating costume would have to be steamed again, and the silver kid shoes done over, and the skates sharpened. Where, oh where was the little Sonja Henie hood that everyone raved over last year? Ah, she found it under some boxes. Another thing to go to the cleaners! Then she opened the package which contained the lovely red ski suit. It glowed like a ruby in the white paper wrappings. She fondly fingered the soft wool, and remembered again the compliments she had received.

Carrying them downstairs, she laid them out on her bed. Then she decided to try them on. Sad to relate, she found the moths had been as fond of the red ski suit as she had. They had discovered the most im-

portant parts of the suit, and had held real banquets! Carol was so cross that she could have cried. Being a tidy soul, she had put the suit away just as soon as it had come from the cleaners; so she was sure she had not left any invitations in the box for the moths to accept. Well, that meant a trip to town and the purchase of another suit.

But it wasn't as easy as all that. She tried on dozens of ski suits, but nothing came up to the red one. Finally she selected a white suit, since she was at the end of her patience and the clerk declared it was "the last word."

Then came the packing! Wools, wools, wools—until she felt like Baa Baa Black Sheep. She had three bags full!

Uncle Henry called for her late Friday evening, and they drove over snowy roads under a brilliant moon. Uncle Henry, being an outdoor man, did not believe in heaters in automobiles, and in a short time Carol found herself getting very cold. Uncle Henry's hearty voice boomed on, and Carol held herself tighter and tighter to preserve what little heat she still had in her body. She was conscious of many strange words—such as "Doggle caps—slalom—Zelan treated—ruck-sacks—mohair climbers, downhill springs—" etc., but her own thoughts concentrated on getting close to the big fire she knew would be blazing in her aunt's large living room. Oh to be warm again!

Just as she was considering asking Uncle Henry if he had a robe in the car, she saw the lights of the house ahead. Creaking in every joint, she painfully climbed out of the car and wished she had the energy to run into the house.

After her second cup of hot chocolate, she was able to look around the room and really see the young people gathered there. Aunt Etta always did things well. She loved to entertain, and knew lots of nice people. Carol felt there was a good time ahead, and when later she cuddled in her nice warm bed, she had forgotten the long, cold ride and was anxious for tomorrow to come.

When she entered the dining room next morning, Carol found an assortment of young folks laughing, talking and eating—eating.

"Carol dear," called her Aunt Etta, "sit here and eat a hearty breakfast. Once you get out in our glorious air, you will be glad you did. Now, do you like your steak rare or medium? And have a few pancakes with our own maple syrup and just a few sausages on the side. And a spoonful of scrambled eggs,—right fresh from our farm, you know."

Poor Carol, who always breakfasted on orange juice and coffee and a half slice of toast if Mother insisted, almost swooned at the sight of so much food and such hearty appetites, but being a properly brought up young lady, she tried her best to please her hostess by eating a little of the delicious food.

Then there was the gathering in the living room. The talk was all of wax, sole protectors, steel edges, Tuckerman's, the Notch, carries and jumps, until Carol wondered if there might be more to this ski business than being a pretty picture against the snow. No one seemed to notice her new suit, nor the fact that her black velvet hood made a perfect frame for her pink and white loveliness. She received no attention or compliments, which was a surprise for her. Aunt Etta approached her.

"You'll love it, darling," she said. "We have a 'nursery' slope and a slalom. Take your choice. And we are very proud of our air up here. It is like wine. Makes your blood sing, brings a sparkle to your eyes, makes you tingle all over, even to your fingertips. And our sun! It is so much brighter up here; and our snow is whiter! I know you will have a wonderful day."

Then the party started. It was bitter cold, and an icy wind was blowing. The trail went uphill for half an hour, but the party made it easily, with jokes and repartee. Carol had no breath to join in the fun. It was all she could do to keep her footing. She found a little friend in another girl who had a white suit, and together they very silently brought

up the rear of the brigade. As they neared the top, Carol, panting, signified that they should sit down. When she got her breath, she started to laugh.

"We must look like two Finns," she gasped. "Our white suits, the skis, and just trailing along." The other girl saw the humor of it, and for a few minutes they enjoyed the feeble joke. Then they looked ahead. The others at the top of the ridge, in their bright-colored clothes, looked like bits of confetti scattered on the snow.

Arriving at the top, they looked at the "nursery" slope! Surely one should be an expert to attempt that long steep run! But when they viewed the slalom, Carol was beyond speech! It was like dropping down the Grand Canyon! And that big jump in the middle! Surely no one would try that brand of suicide. But even as she stood aghast at it, a figure left her side and swish was gone, to sail into the air and then away. Carol couldn't bear to look. She turned away just as a girl started down the slope.

It was then she realized how cold she was. What was it Aunt Etta had said? Air like wine? Makes your blood sing? Carol's blood felt like ice water; the clear, thin air hurt her lungs, and instead of tingling all over, she felt numb. Aunt Etta's special sun hurt her eyes and made her weep. She knew her nose was unbecomingly blue and—er—damp. Her fingers were so lifeless that she could not find her pocket to get her handkerchief, and she was glad there was no mirror handy.

She went into the warmth of the little shack at the head of the trail, and had a cup of hot bouillon. Through the tiny window, she could see the others revelling in the great—but cold—outdoors. Jan, the lodgekeeper, kept asking all sorts of questions as to why she was not out with the others. When she explained that it was the unaccustomed cold which she did not like, he was surprised.

"But today it is warm," he assured her. "Too warm. We have rain soon, I tank. Sometimes it comes to twenty below zero here.

Then we have good skiing." (He pronounced it sheeing!) Carol shivered at the very thought of it. "Come, I take you down the baby slope," and he reached for a pair of skis, but Carol did not accept this invitation. All the skiing she had done heretofore was in walking along a trail, and the idea of leaving the road and letting gravity have its way did not appeal to her. Instead she drank more bouillon.

"They come soon for lunch," said Jan. "Then you go out this afternoon," and he moved pots and pans about on the stove.

"How long will they ski?" she asked him.

"Four o'clock. Then it gets dark," was the answer.

Three more hours, thought Carol. How can I stand it?

In a moment the little house was filled with chattering, laughing people, all anxious to eat and get outdoors again.

"Well, Miss Evans," said a masculine voice, and Carol felt a little better, "Didn't see you on the slope this morning. Don't tell me you used the sissy slope. Come down with me this afternoon. After the first trip you will love it." Carol had her own ideas of that and declined the offer, and the boy's interest died.

However, she went out with the crowd and tried to look as though she was going down next time. Then she saw her little friend, the other "Finn," coming up the hill beside the "sissy" trail, her cheeks glowing and her eyes sparkling!

"Isn't it fun?" the other girl called. "But getting soft I think. You going down now?"

Poor Carol. She had to say she had had enough and was anxious to get down to the house; so the girl poised and went sailing down the slope, and Carol was left alone again. Alone with the bitter cold, the blinding sun, and the snow. But all things come to an end, and soon she heard—

"Just once more. Then we'll go," and after a few false starts, the party assembled and trailed back to the house. Back to heat,

soft lights, comfortable chairs, and interesting conversation, Carol hoped.

But again disappointment awaited her. After another huge meal, the young folks gathered around the big fireplace. Some talked of a moonlight skating party, others reminisced of carnivals at Dartmouth and other colleges. Still others frankly went to sleep. So this is a winter sport house party, thought Carol, who was anxious to have music and dance for an hour! But people who have been exercising strenuously in the open air are interested only in relaxation and the thought of more exercise the next day.

When Carol awoke the next morning, it was to hear the rain dashing against the window. Oh blessed rain! There could be no skiing or skating today. But wait,—perhaps they would think up some new form of torture. But just in case they did not, she put on a blue sweater which matched her eyes and a yellow skirt that matched her hair. And when she came into the dining room, she

was glad she had done so. Six pairs of masculine eyes showed their approval; five pairs of feminine eyes, their envy.

It was an hilarious meal, and then there were games—interesting ones and silly ones. To be sure, speculations were constantly being made on the chances of the weather clearing, but there was too much fun inside to spoil the day. The rain increasing, the afternoon and evening were given over to bridge and dancing, and Carol was the center of attention. She never had had such a good time.

Next morning one of the nicest boys offered to drive her home, and Carol gladly accepted. Thanking her aunt profusely, she stepped out into the air like wine, saw the radiant sun, and admired (what was left of) the white, white snow. Three hours later she dashed into her mother's arms, saying—

"Darling, I had such a lovely time! Something doing every minute. It is beautiful up there. I do hope Aunt Etta asks me again."

Jeanne Walsh

THEY ARE SUCCEEDING

(Letters from a Few Winners of Class Banners)

YOU asked me to write some of my baby's activities, but since Earline is seven years old now, I don't consider her my baby any more. Her brother, Charles, who is three-and-one-half, is the cunning one now, but if it is the class baby's history which you are seeking, I will give you some news of Earline's life.

She was born on September 12, 1933, weighs 56 pounds, and is forty-seven and one-half inches tall. Her hair is brown, her eyes blue, and she has pigtails. She is in the third grade in school and has been on the Honor Roll every month since she entered school. Her hobby is collecting foreign dolls.

Earline seems to be musically inclined,

but I will find out how deep it is when she starts taking piano lessons.

A few weeks ago we were having dinner with my grandmother when Charles got a fish bone caught in his throat. My grandmother, several other women who were there, and I became very much frightened and rather panic-stricken, but Earline calmly walked to the telephone and called her grandfather, who is a doctor, and saved the day.

Tonight she told me that there was something worrying her; so I asked what it could possibly be. She said that she could not find a single boy in this town who is five years older than she. When I inquired why this should be bothering her, she replied,

"Well, Mother, you said that a girl should marry a man five years older than she, and there just isn't anyone here for me."

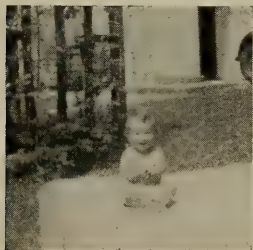
Carolyn Sproat Spigner, '32

I AM enclosing a picture of Joan when she was eleven months old. Joan was born on August 25, 1939. She now has 16 teeth, light curly hair, brown eyes, weighs 25 pounds, and is 2 feet 8 inches tall.

Every day Joan has something else to say and do, and believe me, we certainly have a great deal of fun. We laugh ourselves nearly sick many a time.

Sincerely,

Corinne Gossweiler Ross, '37



JOAN ROSS

ROBERTA LOU MASSEY, nicknamed Bobbie Lou, was born November 14, 1936, at Glen Ridge, New Jersey. She weighs thirty-five pounds, and is three and one-half feet tall. She has blue eyes, blonde curly hair, a very fair complexion, and small, dainty features.

She has become a big sister to Patricia Ann, age two, and assumes the responsibility of directing Patsy's activities.

I have given them each an old hat, bag, gloves, and such things as a two- and four-year-old can manage to dress up in, and by this time they have travelled many miles and have visited their friends so often that if it wasn't all imagination, I am sure they would have worn out their welcome a long time ago.

At four years Bobbie Lou keeps busy drawing with crayons, using water colors, modeling with clay, housekeeping, caring for her family of dolls, and enjoys having some one read to her.

Roberta Davis Massey, '34



ROBERTA MASSEY

BARBARA REED, the class baby for 1935, was born July 6, 1936. She is forty-three inches tall, and weighs fifty pounds; so if you are familiar with childish measurements, you will realize she has a bit of an edge on the average child of four and one-half. Her health leaves nothing to be desired, since this winter marked her first illness—a very slight cold. In appearance, she is what one would expect from such a record, with lovely color and an excellent complexion (when you get it dug out from under the dirt). Medium brown hair and very large blue eyes complete the picture.

Practically any day now will bring a new member to our family circle, and we are very happy.

We plan to build a house of our own this spring, providing building costs don't increase too much. It's a lot of fun studying plans and trying to find a style to suit both our tastes. My husband and I are so different that the final result may be startling, but it will be ours, and that is all that matters.

My kindest regards to those who remember me.

Marjorie Bouvier Reed, '35

THINGS I REMEMBER

MOST of the things I remember have not been important happenings in my life. I remember little things—my fly cemetery and a game called “I See You” and the time I forgot how to skip—, and sometimes wonder why it is that my memory retains these particulars rather than quotations from great books and poems.

As far as my *memory* is concerned, I was born sitting on the stone step of a house in South Dakota. From that state of the middle west, my family drove to New York; I sat in the front seat of our car, and can vaguely remember grasshoppers smashing into the windshield. Arriving in New York after several weeks, we visited at my grandmother's apartment. I was four, and a “rising young artist,” and Grandmother's plain living-room wallpaper seemed especially designed as a place to color houses—fine houses, with the doors cut out with scissors. I cried when someone threw my crayons out a window. But at Converse Street School in Longmeadow, Massachusetts, where we lived next, my art was more appreciated; and in second grade I was given a certificate, covered with fancy printing and pink flowers, for excellence in art. I was excellent, also, at several profiteering business deals. As a birthday present I got a little yellow machine which, when fed a penny, produced a small chocolate bar. Dinner guests had no choice but to put pennies down the slot, cute little Pat eating each chocolate as it came out. There was also the affair of the perfume: I sent in a coupon, and received bottles of perfume—lavender, narcissus, and one other scent—to sell for twenty cents each. Family and neighbors considered it a huge joke, but I went from door to door and finally sold all the bottles (the last six or seven to my father), receiving as my reward a cockeyed doll not nearly so beautiful as the one advertised and very disappointing. Another disappointing prize was the one received for winning the Screaming

Contest at a big magical show. The audience clapped loudest for my fingers-in-ears scream, and the magician presented to me a pair of roller skates. The wheels didn't spin around fast enough to suit me; so the skates went into the big Salvation Army bag that hung by the cellar steps.

Another early memory was Miss Howlett, and I guess she was the fattest person I have ever seen. She was my cooking teacher, as well as head of Room 5, and every class period she took one bite of each girl's cooking results. Next to Miss Howlett's Room 5 was Miss Williams' room. Miss Williams taught English, and was also head of the Dramatic Club. She directed all the plays that I took part in; my favorite was “How the Story Grew,” the drama of a bit of gossip started by Mrs. Brown about the new family then moving into the neighborhood. And as Mrs. Green told Mrs. White and Mrs. White told Mrs. Jones, and so on, how the story *did* grow! By the end of the play, it was said that huge colored men had moved to town and had dragged poor Mrs. Brown (me, giggling backstage and searching for a bobby-pin) down into her cellar and “beaten her to a jelly.” The not-too-original climax was my announcement to the assembled gossips that I was alive and the new minister and his family had moved in across the street.

Outside of school, I belonged to a Girl Scout troop for three years—three years of knot tying and signalling and table-setting and map-making—three Christmases of sturdy green presents engraved with a gold G.S. At one Scout meeting at the old Town Hall, during Fire Prevention Week, our patrol presented a skit, showing people putting out a fire with brooms. I was “the fire,” and the seven other Scouts put me out all right when I didn't jump agilely over a certain broom, and crashed to the floor. Coming to, I thought all my teeth must be scattered around the Town Hall, but just one was missing.

(Continued on Page 47)

PERSONALS



LILLIE R. POTTER, '80
Dean Emeritus

"Here come the brides," and every reader of the LEAVES is standing at eager attention to honor this happy procession of Alumnae, old girls, and their favored select men.

- ✓ May 1—Mary B. Fitch '34 and Mr. John Martin Huggett.
- ✓ June 6—Dorothy Found '37-38 and Mr. Richard Wainwright Niles at Bennington, Vermont.
- ✓ June 22—Barbara Hunt '32 and Mr. Eugene F. Coracci.
- ✓ June 22—Elaine Thompson '39 and Mr. Douglas Sampson at Westfield, New Jersey.
- ✓ Jean Burns '39, Margaret Christiansen '39 and Jeanette Russell '39 were bridesmaids.
- ✓ Aug. 17—E. Maude Williams '29 and Mr. Edgar L. Gittleston.
- ✓ Sept. 21—Eleanor Kenney '37 and Mr. William Henry Barthold, Jr. at Grosse Pointe, Michigan.
- ✓ Sept. 21—Caprice Gardiner '36-37 and Mr. Walter Clifford Aque at Paramus, New Jersey. Myrtle Sylvester Ensor '38 was a bridesmaid for her classmate.
- Oct. 19—Barbara Kimball '40 and Mr. Edgar C. Haselton, Jr. at Reading, Massachusetts.
- Oct. 26—Jean Church '36-37, '38-39 and Mr. William Hermann Jahns, III at South Pasadena, California. The bride is the daughter of Isabelle Bowers Church '00-01. Mr. and Mrs. Jahns are now residing at 190 Rio Hondo Drive, Temple City, California.
- Nov. 2—Mary E. Rose '37 and Mr. Lowell C. Banks at Scranton, Pennsylvania. Mary's sister, Barbara '39 was her maid-of-honor.
- Nov. 9—Frances McNulty '34-35 and Mr. Frank S. Read.
- Nov. 9—Marjorie Louise Gilbert '37 and Mr. Frederick Alexander Wiggin at Newtonville, Massachusetts. Marjorie had as her bridesmaids Lois Small '37, Virginia Gately '37, Marian Sleeper '37, and Louise Tardivel '37.
- Nov. 16—June Kelsey '38-40 and Mr. David J. Moorhead at Niagara Falls, New York.
- Nov. 21—Janet K. Yeomans and Mr. James Woodbury Bradley at Danville, Illinois. Mrs. Bradley is the daughter of Nell Jones Yeomans '05.
- Nov. 21—Nancy Edmonds '37 and Mr. Harold Gordon Oburg, Jr. at Houston, Texas.
- Nov. 21—Lucille LaRiviere '40 and Mr. Edward P. Disbrow, Jr. at Worcester, Massachusetts.
- Nov. 22—Deborah O. King and Mr. Norman Atwood Walker at South Windsor, Connecticut. Mrs. Walker is the daughter of Bertha Hayden King '03.
- Nov. 28—Rosetta Case '38 and Mr. Robert Hayden Bent at Newton, Massachusetts.
- Nov. 30—Priscilla Parmenter '37 and Mr. Leo Joseph Madden at Framingham, Massachusetts. Jane Eldridge '37 was the bride's only attendant.
- Nov. 30—Myrtle G. Sylvester '38 and Mr. Moreton J. Ensor at Somerville, Massachusetts. Arlene Wishart '38 was maid-of-honor, and Virginia Squiers Read '38 and

Caprice Gardiner Aque '36-37 were bridesmaids.

Dec. 1—Alyce L. Martin '30 and Mr. William Thomas Corum at Long Beach, California.

Dec. 21—Audrey Slawson '38 and Mr. Alfred William Dickinson at New Rochelle, New York. Jeannie Drake Morgan '36-37 was matron-of-honor.

Dec. 28—Virginia Ogden '33 and Mr. Carl Irving Hayes at Edgewood, Rhode Island. Virginia had as matron-of-honor Elizabeth McIntire Bennert '33. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes are now at home at 1180 Narragansett Boulevard, Edgewood, Apartment B-5.

Dec. 28—Mary Jane Selby '35 and Mr. Francis Leopold Guerry at Simsbury, Connecticut.

Dec. 28—Doris Fiacre '35-36 and Mr. Donald Kimball Tag at Maplewood, New Jersey.

Dec. 28—Olive Boynton '38 and Dr. Frederick C. Lord, Jr. at Williamsburg, Virginia.

Dec. 28—Virginia Squiers '38 and Mr. Robert Scudder Read at Newton Highlands, Massachusetts. Mildred Royce '38 was a bridesmaid.

Jan. 11—Janet H. Nolan '36-37 and Mr. Nicholas David Roberts at Hamden, Connecticut.

Jan. 11—Ruth Buxbaum, W. P. '28-29, and Mr. C. Raymond Gustafson at Newton Centre, Massachusetts.

Jan. 18—Madeline Orcutt '37 and Mr. Robert Lyburn Arthur at Akron, Ohio. Barbara Brinser '37 was a bridesmaid.

Jan. 18—Elizabeth Jackson '38 and Mr. Vincent Howard Dunning, Jr. at Quincy, Massachusetts.

Feb. 1—Elizabeth Pomeroy '36 and Mr. Robert Lawrence Craft at Holyoke, Massachusetts. Virginia Johnston Loud '36 was matron-of-honor, and her little daughter, Barbara Johnston Loud, flower girl. Marian Mapes '36 was a bridesmaid. The bride's mother is Orra Hammond Pomeroy '12.

Feb. 1—Betsy Bassett '38 and Mr. Winthrop A.

Wells at Concord, New Hampshire. Margorie Bassett MacMillan '36 was matron-of-honor for her sister.

Feb. 14—Helen Saul '36 and Mr. Ernest Donald Foxwell at Providence, Rhode Island.

Feb. 15—Lydia Barnes '35 and Mr. Eliot Smith at Melrose, Massachusetts. Josephine Moore '35 was a bridesmaid.

We have also received notice of the following marriages: Kathryn Chamberlain '30 and Mr. Charles L. Mead; Helen Flint '37 and Mr. F. W. Moody, Jr.; Kate B. Vail '38-40 and Mr. Thomas Perrin.

Engaged: Miss Bettina Hall of the Lasell faculty to Mr. John W. Harrison; Miss Ruth L. Wilmot, also of the faculty, to Mr. Carl Frederick Burling; Bette Andrews '30-32 to Mr. Leslie R. York; Louise T. Cook '34 to Mr. Carleton B. Davis; Katherine Argersinger '33-35 to Mr. Walter B. Scheirer; Irene Eisenman '34-35 to Mr. David W. Bernstein; Frances Fairbrother '36 to Mr. William Edward McCallister; M. Janet Hayes '35-36 to the Rev. Riley Herman Pittman; Dorothy Coffin '37 to Mr. Carl H. Amon, Jr.; Virginia Deal '37 to Mr. Thomas Gardner Allen; Barbara Harding '37 to Mr. E. Gordon Kakas; Meta Searles '37 to Mr. George Hopkins, Jr.; Marian Sleeper '37 to Mr. Robert Foster Hall; Barbara Wheeler '37 to Mr. John Casey; Laura Huegle '34-37 to Mr. Charles Sherman Gleason, Jr.; Mary Elizabeth Thompson '36-37 to Mr. Hugh Gordon Holmes; Dorothy W. Schwarz '38 to Mr. Eric Harold Foster; Arlene Wishart '38 to Mr. R. Emerson Sylvester. Mr. Sylvester is the brother of Myrtle Sylvester Ensor '38; Mildred E. Billinge '37-38 to Mr. Bernard Francis Eames; Barbara Ann Cutter '37-38 to Mr. George D. Grimm, Jr.; Barbara DeWitt '39 to Mr. Harris Mills; Doris Huntington '39 to Mr. Harold Scott Corey; Barbara Rose '39 to Mr. William Wood; Barbara Small '39 to Mr. Kenneth Wiggin; Nancy S. Murray '38-39 to Mr. Scott Harrison Walker; Barbara Ann Sealy '38-39 to Mr. Augustus David Kelsey, 2d; Virginia H. Wallen '38-39 to Mr. H. Stephen Kayser; Mary Mathews '40 to Mr. Porter C. Little, III; Betty Sue Smith '40 to

✓ Ensign Walter B. Miller; Bette Gibson '38-40
 ✓ to Mr. William J. Mounce; Phyllis Reynolds
 ✓ '39-40 to Mr. John Allan Summerlin; Frances
 ✓ Taverner '39-40 to Cadet John Paul Omans.

An unusual feature is reported in connection with a recent wedding in Waltham. It seems that our Evelina Perkins '15 promised, unpremeditated, to provide the bride-to-be with a batch of Lasell cookies. "The Stroller," who reported the wedding, writes that Miss Perkins fashioned the cookies in the shape of the traditional Greek lamp of knowledge, which is the Lasell Junior College symbol. Each cookie was frosted with the numeral '36 in "Lasell blue" icing. The reporter adds further, "The result was that at the reception the cookies claimed almost as much attention as the bride." The wedding was that of Ruth
 ✓ Buswell '36 and Mr. Clarence G. G. Isaacson.

✓ Constance Blackstock's ('09) most recent message was fortunately received just in time to find a place in our midwinter LEAVES. She writes from Lahore, India:

"This letter will carry my love and greetings to Lasell. May God continue to bless you in the year to come as He has in the past. I am hoping to reach the U. S. A. some time next year, and to see you all then.

"I had a lovely summer holiday in the Kumaun Hills. My friend's house is in the midst of a pine forest reserve, and my dog and I had grand walks through the woods every day. He had suffered tremendously from the very hot summer in Lahore, and I was glad to get him up to his native habitat, for he originally came from those same hills.

"The Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. conducted a teachers' institute for a fortnight this summer which greatly helped us spiritually. We have so little opportunity for mental stimulus as we get so involved in the routine of petty details. We had a brief refresher course for our teachers before school reopened this year as they have so few chances for spiritual and mental refreshment. It was really quite successful, and I trust that its influence will be felt in the school throughout the year. I am enclosing a program which is bi-lingual be-

cause most of our teachers don't understand English too well. The lectures were all in Urdu.

"The trip to the museum was very profitable. We have a very good one in Lahore, and I was able to secure the services of an enthusiastic young man of the staff.

"The Indian people who aren't too westernized are extremely naive. As we were leaving the museum our guide said, 'Now, Madam, please write a letter of thanks to the curator, and mention the fact that you particularly appreciated the services of such an intelligent and interesting guide who *exited* the minds of your teachers.' I had intended to write to the curator a letter of appreciation, but modified his statements to some extent.

"I wish you all a most blessed year. Affectionately,

Constance Blackstock '09" ✓

The closing item in the table of contents of the January *Junior College Journal* reads "Junior College Directory, 1941, Walter Crosby Eells and Priscilla Winslow." Even a cursory glance at this valuable contribution impresses a student interested in this comparatively modern educational work. Personally Lasell is proud of the exacting position so efficiently filled by Priscilla Winslow '35 as statistician.

Dear loyal Mrs. Caroline S. Saunders (home economics teacher at Lasell, '17-30), what a friendly informal message—just the kind that brings you and your dear ones very near. She writes:

"This is so you won't forget us, and also to send my love. We are all well. Mary (Mary Saunders Houston '22-23) is busy doing social service and Red Cross work. Her little Carol is eight and grows fast. I think of you and Lasell often. Love to my old friends. C. S. S."

To our Mrs. Statira P. McDonald, Marjorie Shetland Bates '33 writes:

"My husband and I are coming east in May for a short visit, and are looking forward to seeing you then. I have heard from Miss Constance Blackstock '09 a few times this year. Hope we will all see her soon. I am working in

the Staff Assistance Corps of the Red Cross and love it. M. S. B."

We do not quite dare to quote Elizabeth Bradow Trumbull's ('11) and Katherine Rice Broock's ('20) letters. They are not deserved, I am sure, by the *Personals* Editor, but they gladden one's heart, and the warmth of them will not be forgotten. We feel with Celia Thaxter, "such expressed friendliness is a direct gift from God, and keeps eternal summer in this grateful heart."

Just a short while ago, on February 1, 1941, Lasell Junior College lost one of its most loyal patrons and friends, Mr. William S. Wagner. He was the husband of Mary Ramsom Wagner '74-76, and was for many years associated with Lasell in a semi-official position. While known to many as the brother of Principal Charles C. Bragdon, Mr. Wagner had made for himself a host of friends, not only in the college but in the large circle of citizens outside who appreciated his sterling Christian character and devotion to every needy cause. Lasell Junior College extends deepest personal sympathy to the bereaved family.

From Ruth Straight Mock '17 of Akron, Ohio, comes this newsy brief:

"I must congratulate the LEAVES circulation department for keeping track of the Mocks so well, from Pennsylvania to California, to Ohio or similar moves. In case you think our frequent changes are due to not paying our rent, I will explain that my husband is a Bedaux Industrial Engineer, and frequently changes his position.

"We meet many interesting people, and our two girls and one son are receiving a liberal education. I am hoping that Karine and Joanne may some day have part of their formal education as two of your little white doves. Jack won't need to go to college, for at the age of eight he has already decided that he is going to be a fireman!

"Will you kindly send a catalog and copy of the LEAVES to a friend in Cayuhoga Falls, Ohio? She is a very lively and charming young lady who graduates from high school this June, and seems much interested in Lasell.

"No doubt the holiday spirit is prevailing with you as with us. If only the whole world could be enjoying it too.

"My very best wishes to you and your lovely Lasell family. Affectionately, R. S. M."

And from Edith Clendenin Stahl '24 comes this friendly greeting:

"We hope you are enjoying a happy holiday. Our energetic youngsters keep us very busy; Edward is nine years old now, and Barbara, seven. I wish you might see our home. It is the old Horace Greeley barn which is located in heavy woods of hemlock, a truly lovely setting."

We wish we could actually step in to enjoy the children and visit this historic house.

Miss Edith Eastman, formerly of Lasell's home economics department, and later a member of the faculty of Connecticut College for Women, sends a buoyant holiday message to her friends at Lasell. This cheerful word is greatly appreciated.

Katharine Hartman '32, your recent message is so loyal to the LEAVES; I am yielding to the impulse to share it with your host of friends. You blessed little skier, your note started the joy bells:

"Sometimes I feel very far away from Lasell and all the people that made up my life there, and suddenly a copy of the LEAVES appears; I turn to the *Personals*, and the years and miles disappear. I think the *Personals* are among the strong links that bind Lasell girls together.

"You will be delighted to know that in a few days Dorothy Herring '28-31 will be coming home after two long years of recuperation at Saranac Lake. Her spirit through all these days has been wonderful.

"I hope to be east for some skiing again this winter."

We trust that her skiing companion, Gertrude Hooper '32, another enthusiast over winter sports, will accompany her, not stopping until they carry out Katharine's suggested program of visiting Lasell.

George and Marjorie Grimm's (Marjorie Gifford '22) messages are always optimistic.

After mentioning their intended vacation in Florida, Marjorie adds, "You would hardly recognize our children; they have grown so tall. Frances is fourteen years old, and Gifford, twelve. We have such good times together."

Our Mrs. Winslow contributes this important item for the *Personals* concerning a recent meeting of the Auburndale Garden Club, of which she is a member. The meeting was held at the home of Miss Mabel T. Eager '80-87, '89-89, a trustee of Lasell. Frances Finney Clark '25 was the speaker, and gave a very helpful and interesting talk on "Planning the Small Garden." She is a student at the Lowthorpe School of Landscape Architecture, and is making a great success of changing a former hobby into a profession.

Next to receiving a personal call was the welcoming of a fine likeness of Mr. and Mrs. Walter N. Drew (Nell Carneal '10). The season's greeting from these smiling friends indicated their hearty good wishes, which Lasell sincerely reciprocates.

She was a brave soul, our Edna Thurston Follett '03-07. Through long months of suffering her courage failed not. From her beloved schoolmates and Lasell friends our prayer is, "*Pax vobiscum.*"

We are indebted to Frances Bragdon West '05 for the following news item from the Middletown (Connecticut) *Evening Press*. Mrs. Janet Brewster Murrow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Brewster (Jennie Johnson Brewster '05-06) is now living in London, England, where her husband, E. R. Murrow, is chief commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting Company. Mrs. Murrow is actively engaged in the distribution of American relief, and is loud in her praise of what is being done, but urges even greater effort. If money can be sent, the suffering can be dealt with sooner. There is also dire need for warm clothing of all kinds for the service men, their children, and those whose homes have been bombed.

One paragraph of Mrs. Murrow's letter referred to in this article relates to the S. S. A. F. A., a British relief organization of long standing: "I have gone into the Soldiers,

Sailors and Airmen's Families Association quite thoroughly. It is a huge organization over fifty years old. I went to the annual meeting the other day and was absolutely overwhelmed at the extent of their work. Their philosophy is that service men should not be worried about the welfare of their families, so they try to help, protect and encourage the families while the husbands are away fighting. This time their task is made doubly hard because the poor families are being bombed from their homes. The S.S.A.F.A. receives pathetic requests all the time from service men wanting to know, 'How are the wife and kids? Have they been bombed out yet? Where've they been moved to? What's happened to the furniture?' Well one of the ways that the families can be helped is by keeping them clothed, and this the S.S.A.F.A. appears to do most effectively. Its distribution center is in London, and is most efficiently run."

Katherine Kelley '25 is taking life serenely, successfully, and joyously. Read her report and rejoice with us over her success.

"I have not forgotten the many happy times I had at Lasell nor my good friends there.

"For the past four years I have been assistant principal in an intermediate school of some thirteen hundred pupils. I have complete supervision of the elementary school and many interesting contacts in the junior high school. There is no work more fascinating to me than my daily contact with boys and girls.

"I spent three summers at Northwestern University, and received my masters degree last year.

"I rarely hear news of my classmates, but when I do it is a real thrill.

"Do extend my regards and best wishes to all at Lasell whom I may know."

The holiday season would not be complete, robbed of Mary Starr Utter Maxson's ('12) godspeed. We read her dear greeting over again, and are taking the liberty of extending it from us to her classmates. "To the Class of 1912 a happy new year blessed with health and contentment."

Students and faculty alike frequently ask, "Tell us about Winifred Cheng '39-40, our charming Chinese student of last year." We will let her speak for herself. She writes from Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, where she is studying this year:

"I think often of my friends at Lasell. This part of the country is quite different from beautiful New England, but is has its own interesting character, such as the typical farm lands of Indiana. The people are very friendly.

"There is a larger percentage of Quakers in this state than in any other. I have associated with many of them at college, and have found them friendly and agreeable, tolerant and broad-minded. Their opinions and ideas on peace are most interesting.

"I have joined the Earlham choir. We gave an entire program from the *Messiah* last Sunday, and it was very successful.

"As for my studies, I have been doing more satisfactory work this past half year than I have done in years previous, being more familiar with the English language. All my subjects interest me deeply; it seems to be always a joy to learn. For this I give much credit to my Lasell teachers who helped me so much with my English."

We are indebted to Miss Mary E. Williams, Winifred's music instructor, who shared this letter with us. We cannot but express surprise that this Chinese student has so mastered our language and adjusted herself to the ways of America in such a short time.

A late issue of the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* contains a fine picture of Major Thomas H. Green and his wife (Ruth Tuthill '13-14). Major Green has been appointed by Lieutenant General Charles D. Herron as judge advocate general for the department. We understand their home will be in Honolulu. Our congratulations to Major Green and his wife, who is so happily remembered by the Lasell faculty and students of her day. Mrs. Green is a sister of our Amy Tuthill Smith '18.

Alice Hutton Moore '33 writes from her home in Elkland, Pennsylvania a lively description of a moving picture featured under her

own roof in which her little daughter, as you might say, was the whole show. She further adds:

"I am already looking forward to my tenth reunion in 1943. Although I do not keep in very close contact with Lasell, I find that as the years go by I grow to appreciate and cherish more and more my two years as a 'Little White Dove.'"

From Miriam Nelson Flanders '05 word has just come that she has changed her address. It is now 28 Clearway Street, Boston.

"I should have written earlier but my mother and daughter have both been quite ill with flu. Here is the latest news concerning the Class of 1905:

"Agnes Wylie West has a grandson, her eldest son's son, Joseph 3d. Her youngest son, John, was married just before Christmas, as was Edna Roger Carlisle's son, Floyd, Jr. I expect to see Leslie White Alling and Helen Darling Tillinghast soon, and hope that some of our group will be with you for the Mid-winter Reunion.

"I often see Clarissa McLean Rowley '02, and hear from Annie Mae Pinkham Allyn '02 always at Christmas time, so that I know her daughter Mary Lou is a student at Lasell. You also have one of our very nice Derby Line, Vermont, girls with you this year, Blandine Robbins.

"My daughter served in the Old Corner Bookstore during the Christmas rush, and enjoyed it. She is now doing secretarial work. My son Charles volunteered and went to Fort Devens in November. I am about to embark on some Red Cross work.

"Please remember me to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and any other friends at Lasell. My love and best wishes to the *Personals* Editor. Affectionately, M.N.F."

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Winslow did not "darken our door," but for a moment flooded our little office with sunshine as they stepped in before returning to their New Hampshire home. Later Mrs. Winslow sent a charming colored photograph of one of Mexico's shrines with this added message:

"When in Mexico we saw many shrines, all different in design and very ancient. Popocatepetl was often in our view, always snow-capped. One day the rays of the setting sun turned the white tip to a deep pink—a sight never to be forgotten."

Miss Dorothy E. Shank, a member of Lasell's faculty during 1919-21, is now living at 4615 Amherst Road, Hyattsville, Maryland. She is in charge of food utilization for the Bureau of Home Economics, and finds her work most interesting.

The many friends of Clementina Butler, Jan.-June '80, will be happy to learn that she has moved her residence for the winter from West Barrington, Rhode Island to Brookline, Massachusetts. Her address is 36 Vernon Street, not far from St. Mark's Methodist Church.

How far away and foreign South America often has seemed to us, but this following letter, sent to our registrar by Miss Desdemona Heinrich, a former member of our faculty, has brought the land and people into closer personal relationship with us. We are happy to share it with readers of the LEAVES, many of whom are among Miss Heinrich's former pupils.

"How fortunate for me that you went to call on Dr. Morganthaler while in Vermont, and that your visit resulted in a letter which found me below the equator. Below the equator verily, where north is south and summer is winter until you are not sure whether the sun too has changed its course.

"Yes, it is all different, and yet human nature is the same. One carries on one's accustomed activities and grows to feel quite as much at home as on the other side of that imaginary line. When I came down here I was told, 'Stay three years and you'll stay forever.' That irritated me. Indeed I would not. In that case I'd go back at the end of the second year. But my director said I had promised to stay three years, so I replied, 'Very well, I'll remain if I may have a year's leave-of-absence next year.' And so it was, and I find myself in the most fascinating country in—yes—in the whole world.

"Peru is fascinating. There are layers and layers of history to learn. Archaeology is just beginning to be done scientifically, and everyone is interested and keen on the answers to various questions. After the Pre-Inca and Inca Culture there is the *Conquista* and the civil wars, and then the great Virreynal period, which was most magnificent here in Peru."

"It is the Colonial architecture that is a great lure to me. I still have to go to Quito to complete my study of that. My return to Buenos Aires will be over Cuzco and through Bolivia. It is the height of my dream, about like going to the isles of Greece. Doesn't that thrill you too?"

"I am looking forward to my return to the north after another year in Buenos Aires. A visit to Lasell will be like going home. Please give my love to Miss Witherbee, Miss Potter, and Margaret Rand, and do send me a LEAVES while Miss Potter is still *Personals* Editor. To all the Winslows my regards and good wishes. Dr. Morganthaler always tells me about them. Indeed I knew Señora Orozco and Mrs. Hooker. Say 'Cream Puffs' to the latter and hear her laugh.

"Yes, I am now a teacher of history and delight in it. As for publications, I expect to have my first book ready within a year, and have enough planned for the rest of my life, hoping that it may be long. When I came to South America they said to me at Columbia University, 'Do write something about South America for junior college students.' Not until this year has it focussed, but now I am on my way.

"My best wishes to all my Lasell friends. I am glad to be remembered. D.H."

Ida Murphy Mackes '30 is now living in Dover, Delaware, where her husband is manager of the Penney store. She writes: "I was disappointed, not being able to return to Lasell for my tenth reunion, but am hoping to report this year.

"Helen Morgan Riederer '30 and husband visited us recently, and she gave me all the Lasell news. That was next best to going back to my alma mater."

She closes her letter with this dear and rather personal message from her little five-year-old son, "Be sure to send a kiss to Miss Potter."

We are very happy to have Dorothy Barnard '24 again at Lasell. She is now assistant to Miss Grace Williams, matron at the college. We are indebted to her for the following valuable and voluntary contributions to our *Personals* column:

"Bernice Parker Warren's '24 husband has been made chief engineer of his company, and flies all over the United States three months in the year. 'Bud' sees Helen McNab Willard '25 occasionally, as well as Clare McGoldrick Ryan '24, whose husband is a throat specialist in Springfield."

"Marjorie Lowell Weeks '23 of Hamden, Connecticut writes that Walter, her husband, has just been made head of his department at the General Electric Company in New Haven. Janet, their only child, is in high school. Marjorie keeps busy with D.A.R., church, Red Cross, and household duties."

Mary Ruth Sanford '35-36, after a successful term at her "Toddlers' School," will spend the spring vacation with her mother, Irene Sauter Sanford '06, in their favorite winter resort, Florida. Our congratulations to this young pedagogue, and a pleasant holiday to this mother and daughter.

In the vernacular of the times, leave it to that Southern California Lasell Club to prepare an up-to-date program served on time. Eva-May Mortimer Riffe's '25 recent letter gives a hint that the Southern California Club is planning another Lasell luncheon in the near future. That optimist, Eva-May, adds, "We had such a fine meeting last year; we are hoping this year's will be just as fine and even better." A happy new year to you, Eva-May, and to the Southern California Lasell Club, and special thanks for your picture of Beverly Hills in holiday trim.

We have just recently learned of the passing away of Mary Louise Gurley Betts '99-00. Mrs. Betts, national vice-president of the Emma Willard Alumnae Association, was well known

throughout New York State as first vice-president of the Federation of Garden Clubs. Her civic interests also included the Troy Y. W. C. A. and the Woman's Club. For many years Mrs. Betts was president of the McAll Association in her city, a group founded in Paris to assist poverty-stricken people. Lasell's deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

The members of the Chicago Lasell Club sent many messages back to their alma mater through Esther Sosman '36, who represented the college at their annual meeting in October. From the new president, Margherita Dike Hallberg '10 comes this note:

"We have enjoyed talking with Esther so much. She's told us all about Lasell. Perhaps my thirteen-year-old daughter will be coming along soon; I surely hope so. My son, Kenneth, is a freshman at Purdue this year."

Julia Clausen Bowman '29, former secretary-treasurer of the club, now living in Portland, Oregon, happened to be in Chicago at the time of the meeting. She writes:

"How pleased I am to be with the Chicago group today. It just happened that I am back home with mother for a visit this month, and when Betty Condit Kessel '31 invited me to come with her I was elated. I think of you often, and even though we are at opposite ends of the dear old U. S. A. I hope to get to Boston some time. In the meanwhile I love Portland, and extend a royal welcome to any Lasellites who should venture out to the great Northwest."

To the *Personals* Editor, Gertrude Wagner '28 addresses this note:

"It was so good to hear from you, and to say the least I am delighted that you are feeling fine again.

"This summer I drove with my family to Elgin to see Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt (Julia Potter '06), but unfortunately for us they were away.

"I was so happy to read in the *LEAVES* that Mary McConn Maguire '29 has a little son.

"Do hope you can come west. We all want you. G. W."

The *Personals* Editor is most grateful for all these messages from the Chicago group:

"We have had a marvelous meeting, and enjoyed Miss Potter's humorous message. There are so many wonderful improvements at the college, but I still liked it in '23! Helen Buettner '23."

"This has been one of the most enjoyable meetings we have ever had in Chicago. It was so nice to have Miss Sosman with us to answer our questions. I am looking forward to a visit to you all in the near future. Elizabeth Buettner Lang '23."

"I thoroughly enjoyed your message, and I remember the time you did attend the Chicago meeting at the Orrington Hotel in Evanston. We all appreciated that so much. Hope to visit school next year and to see you then. Vera Clauer Hans '22."

"I want to send you my sincere wishes, and hope that you are quite well again. Am indeed enjoying the meeting. Eleanor Rinebold Struve '24."

"We enjoyed hearing about school today. I find my time well filled with my fifteen-year-old daughter, a high school sophomore, and my ten-year-old son. Alice Wry Anthony '24."

"This lil' dove did enjoy your message to our meeting, and I sincerely hope this finds you feeling much better. Betty Condit Kessel '31."

"It is wonderful having a long chat with Lasell people. Wish I could come back to Lasell some time. Perhaps some day I shall. Jeanne Keck '36."

Shortly after the Chicago meeting this letter came to our desk from Helene Grashorn Dickson '22:

"There were so many girls I hadn't seen for a long time at our Lasell luncheon last Tuesday, that I found myself still talking when I realized Esther had on her hat and coat ready to leave, and I hadn't signed my name to the list she was taking back to school. Our meeting was perfect. It was wonderful to have a representative from Lasell standing in our midst, reading a letter from our beloved Miss Potter. We enjoyed having Esther with us; she was so gracious.

"I am planning a trip back to Lasell in 1942. Sounds a long way off, but time goes so fast these days that before I know it I'll be telling George, who is almost fifteen, and Jean, eleven, to be real good while I go back to my twentieth reunion.

"Love to you and best wishes to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and George Dunham. H. G. D."

In her note to President Winslow, Helen Merriam Cornell '02-03 writes:

"We had a very pleasant Lasell meeting last fall at the City Club in Hartford. I was so happy to see my roommate, Edith Burke Wells '02-03, who is now at Melbourne, Florida. I drove with her most of the way in October, going over the Blue Ridge Mountains, and stopping at Williamsburg. Talked with Jennie Hamilton Eliason, '04, and hope to meet her at the New York luncheon.

"I found Helen Gray Porter '02-03, '04-05 looking well. She took me to Haverhill for a visit with Edith Burke Wells last June.

"In September I was delighted to have a very jolly evening with Mademoiselle LeRoyer here in Middletown. She was the guest of Miss Alice Hotchkiss, Lasell's former librarian.

"With very best wishes for the New Year. H. M. C."

To her holiday greeting Theresa Thompson Osborne '22 adds this personal note:

"Each time I write to you I always feel that we shall meet before the next year. My days are so filled with activity, even more than ever now that my children are growing up. However, if I am not fortunate enough to return to Lasell before 1942, I shall surely be there then. It just doesn't seem possible it will be our twentieth reunion, and none of us must miss that. Love and best wishes. T. T. O."

Marian Mapes '36, where did you find such a charming picture of five little angels? I should have said "little doves in embryo." These little figures are standing outside the closed Bethlehem stable door, bearing an exquisite lei of roses, and waiting with their loving gift to offer it to the new born babe.

"Rest is not quitting this busy career" is evidently not Elizabeth English's ('40) watch-

word for her first postgraduate year at work. Glance at the schedule of this ambitious musician and you will agree with us that she is "fitting herself for a larger sphere." Becky misses her former Lasell instructor, Mr. Schwab, but is doing effective work with her new music master, Louis Cornell, formerly of the New England Conservatory of Music. She adds a line, "Please give my best regards to Miss Beatley. I think a great deal of her and wish to be remembered." She also extends greetings to other friends at Lasell.

Miss Grace Austin of Portland, Oregon, prefaces her holiday note with the assurance that she has little Lasell news, but you will agree with me that what she contributes is very worth while. She writes:

"Vera Hambleton Williams '27 will soon transfer her residence from Oregon to California. She seems to be successful in all her business ventures.

"Nellie Feagles Kattelle '97 and her husband were in Portland for several weeks last summer. On that occasion I invited them to attend the Portland New England Colony meetings. At one of these the subject was New England music and musicians. The member in charge of the meeting referred at length to our Professor Henry Dunham, saying she had secured his interesting book on the *Life of a Musician* from the Portland Public Library. She was surprised at the close of the meeting to find that three personal friends of Mr. Dunham, who had known him at Lasell, were present, Nellie Feagles Kattelle '97, Clara Lewis Owen '93-95, and I. Mrs. Owen, charming and beautiful as always, is a successful voice teacher here.

"Constance Davis Dexler '12-14 is very happy in her Oakland, California home. Her daughter was married last May, just after she finished her University of California course."

We were denied the pleasure of attending Meta Searles' ('37) engagement tea, but later the most important guests on that happy occasion came to call on us. The groom-to-be is Mr. George Hopkins, Jr., who has just been called to the colors for a year's service.

It is just like our former little Lasell neighbor, Betty Olson '37 to drop in, figuratively speaking, to leave this friendly message:

"I do so enjoy reading the *Personals* column in the LEAVES; it is a fine way to learn about my Lasell classmates. 'Hope to return next year for our reunion. Mother joins me in remembrances to you."

Beulah Coward Boardman '15-18 deserves the well-earned title of patriotic business woman. She writes from her home in Reeds Ferry, New Hampshire:

"In September I was appointed chairman of Red Cross volunteers for our membership drive and production work, and have also joined the Nashua Red Cross Motor Corps. It was rather a peculiar sensation, this going to school again, and taking examinations in a first-aid course.

"My son, Robert, is enjoying his life in the United States Coast Guard at New London, Connecticut. He was appointed last July. In competition he passed fortieth out of two thousand."

"Wouldn't you think that Mabel Hitchcock '40 would be worn to a frazzle!"—quotation from a solicitous classmate. Well, she is not. "Pat" is enjoying her intensive training at Massachusetts General Hospital, and her joy-provoking message at the holiday season is heartily reciprocated.

Betty Way Kendall '29-30, you and your husband ought to be happy basking in the warm sunshine of Melbourne Beach, Florida, while your friends here are trying to dodge influenza, blizzards and "suchlike" on our bleak shore. And yet don't mistake us, Betty; with all its climatic faults we love our New England.

Just received was a personal note from Sarah Caldwell '06 of Corpus Christie, Texas, announcing the death of her beloved parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Caldwell. Her mother passed away in March, 1940 at the age of eighty-three. Mr. Caldwell celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday shortly before his death. Both were active during their long lives, and the devoted daughter adds, "My parents oc-

cupied such a large part of my time and thought, it will be so very lonesome without them." She closes with greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and the Dean Emeritus.

The *Personals* Editor was guest at Christmas time of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Bosworth (Barbara Vail '05). Mr. Bosworth and his wife have recently moved into their "new" 140-year-old home in Leominster, Massachusetts. A bit of remodeling has been completed, but the fine original air has not been disturbed. A beautiful English setter fittingly keeps watch and ward over the home. It was here that the Dean Emeritus met a select group of old Lasell girls, in fact, a surprise party, when these former students met to talk and laugh over experiences in their college home. Marjorie Lees Shaw '09-11, gay as ever, was present, and just now is intensely active in Red Cross work. Ruth Anderson Howes '13-14, the reporter pro tem, is Chairman of the Production Committee of the local Red Cross. Clara Paton Suhlke '15, really looking not a day older, was one of the lively contributors to this surprise party. Her sister, Mrs. Harry Sheer, who was graduated from Wellesley College the same day that Clara received her Lasell diploma, was present. She is very favorably known as a speaker on current events, her reputation going beyond local limits. Mildred Lane '41, president of Gardner, brought a bit of up-to-date Lasell spirit. Alas for our company, Eleanor Pierce's ('38) vacation days were over, but her mother brought, later in the evening, an oral account of her daughter's successful business career. We have reserved small space for the report of our charming hostess, only able to add that the Lasell guest is still talking enthusiastically of her yuletide days spent in Barbara Vail Bosworth's charming home. The company of Lasell guests present would have been larger save that several were victims of the prevalent influenza.

Molly Upham '35 writes from a far-flung temperate zone, Los Angeles, California, to Señora Orozco: "I had hoped to see you before we started on our westward trip, but I was

very busy. Mother and I drove to California, and we are enjoying it. We plan to stay until April or May. M. U."

"This will be the third Christmas since I left Lasell, and really it seems only yesterday that I was packing a suitcase and rushing to the Auburndale railroad station homeward bound for the holidays. That is all over now. I have a clerical position which I like very much.

"I am looking forward to a Lasell visit in June. Happy New Year.

Betty Harrison '38."

June N. Conklin '37-38 has been elected to House Council at the Angell Street Dormitory of the Rhode Island School of Design. She is a junior in the Graphic Arts Department.

Another Lasell girl at the same school, Deborah Sweet, '37, was on the Dean's list during first semester. This honor is awarded only to those of unusually high standing. Deborah is a senior in the Jewelry, Silversmithing, and Industrial Design Department.

From the department of publicity at Tufts College comes word that Margaret Wilson '39-40, a sophomore at Jackson College this year, was a member of the cast of "Margin for Error", the fall presentation of the Tufts Dramatic Society.

Grace M. Hardy '04, of Ashburnham, Massachusetts, called on the day previous to the Lasell reunion in Leominster. We were glad to hear that she is planning to attend the Mid-winter Reunion in February.

Among the many fascinating Christmas greetings was one that represented a little child gazing expectantly up the chimney, and below, the suggestive words, "Where is that Santa?" The little watcher was none other than the son of Barbara Cushing Jenkins '25. We are safe in venturing that the beloved Santa did come when the wee watcher was safely tucked in his bed, and left a generous offering.

Thrice welcome, blessed little harbingers of spring!

May 18—A son Steven Hill, to Mr. and Mrs.

Richard W. Davis (Mary Elizabeth Hill '33).

- ✓ June 4—A daughter, Linda Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Chamberlain (Mildred Gardner '25-26).
- * June 18—A daughter, Barbara Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas J. Bohling, Jr. (Mary Jane Holton '38.) Barbara Ann is '38's class baby.
- ✓ July 1—A daughter, Jeanette, to Mr. and Mrs. Winslow A. Sawyer (Frances Wheeler '31).
- ✓ Oct. 22—A son, David Alan, to Mr. and Mrs. George M. Feingold (Lillian Druker '33).
- ✓ Oct. 24—A son, Francis Stephan, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Francis S. Buffington (Marjorie Hills '37).
- ✓ Nov. 9—A son, Richard Warren, to Mr. and Mrs. Russel Childs (Helen Bardua '33).
- ✓ Nov. 14—A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Louis L. Teich (Carol Griffin '30-31).
- ✓ Nov. 27—A daughter, Georgia, to Mr. and Mrs. Vincent E. C. Newman (Betty Parrish '32). She is named for her aunt (Georgia Parish Campbell '26).
- ✓ Dec. 4—A daughter, Anne, to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Meyer (Doris Perkins '19-20).
- ✓ Dec. 4—A daughter, Marguerite Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Everett J. Stockman (Elinor C. Stevens '26).
- ✓ Dec. 15—A son, Kipling, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Kipling Adams (Edith Hussey '28).
- ✓ Dec. 17—A son, Robert Loomis, to Mr. and Mrs. Holland J. Flagler (Eugenia Loomis '32).
- ✓ Dec. 25—A daughter, Carol, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Gebelein (Angelita Santiago '33).
- ✓ Dec. 28—A son, William Robertson, to Mr. and Mrs. George E. Taylor (Lucy Robertson '32).
- 941 ✓ Jan. 7—A daughter, Barbara, to Mr. and Mrs. Perry M. Fitch (Priscilla Barber '30).
- ✓ Jan. 8—A daughter, Nancy Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Karl B. Barry (Peggy McKeon '34).
- ✓ Jan. 14—A son, Richard Walter, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Low (Phoebe Dotten '28).
- ✓ Jan. 29—A daughter, Gail Thomson, to Mr. Mrs. Harold A. Hammer (Millicent Thomson '33).

A card from Mariesta Howland Bloom '26 ✓ carries this welcome message:

"We hope your yuletide joys
Will prove as shining bright
As all the gold in Maris' curls
And glow that sets her eyes alight."

And then this postscript from the devoted mother: "How I wish I could take my baby daughter to Lasell and exhibit her. Her curls are blonde, and her eyes dark blue. At twelve-and-one-half months she chatters like a two-year-old in French as well as English."

Thank you, Mariesta, for the precious picture of your wee linguist, Maris.

A surprise call was given us in January by Jane Greene Buzza '26-27, who has just returned from a tour of the South Sea Islands, Dutch East Indies, Australia, and New Zealand. Her ship rescued passengers from the British ship, S.S. *Niagara*, between Sydney, Australia and Auckland, New Zealand.

We are proud of Agnes Neu '39, who without any introduction but simply on her own initiative applied for a position with the Brewster Aeronautical Corporation, Newark, New Jersey. She is now private secretary to the vice-president of the company.

Roma Wilson '38 is now "on top of the world" judging from her Christmas card with the colorful rainbow upon which Roma is seated. She writes, "I am now in New York doing social work at Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital. It is simply fascinating."

Jessie Page '39 just reports that she is enjoying her position as secretary at the University of New Hampshire.

Katherine Katz Thomas '17-18, it seems only yesterday that you brought your generous check to assist the friendship fund for the boys "over there", and now a second conflict is on! You came back to us this fall and brought your young son who is planning to be a physician. We pray that he may never be called into war service.

Only a short time ago we received a message from Avis Ballou '24 from Florida, where she and her mother, Mrs. Clarence H. Ballou, were spending a holiday. Just this week a note has

come from Avis informing us that her mother passed away quite suddenly. Lasell extends tenderest sympathy to this bereaved alumna.

✓ Frances Wheeler Sawyer '31 sent with her holiday greeting the announcement of her daughter's birth, July first. This loyal Lasell mother writes after little Jeanette's name, "L. W. D.," which seems to indicate that she has already decided on her daughter's future school. Frances also adds that her husband has received recently the appointment as assistant engineer at Rock Island Arsenal, Davenport, Iowa. The gratifying finale of her message is, "Remember me most cordially to all the Lasell family," and a promise to visit her alma mater soon. We shall be watching and waiting for you. Let nothing prevent you from keeping this promise.

The LEAVES is grateful to Mrs. Harry W. Clemons for news of her daughter, Harriet Clemons '39. Harriet has been holding a fine position with the Brockton National Bank for nearly a year.

"It is nice to read the LEAVES, especially the *Personals*, to find out what the other Lasell girls are doing." So writes Catherine Beecher Wood '25. With her note comes a fine group picture of her family. Her husband is a Tufts graduate, an M.D. Catherine adds, "My son Robert was my birthday gift in 1934, and Carolyn was born in February, 1938."

"Of course being a minister's daughter I have kept busy in the church. I have just completed a two-year term as president of the Young Women's Christian Association, and at the present time am on the board of directors of the Woman's Club."

✓ From Irene Gahan Burbank '38 in her new home at 27 Firglade Avenue, Springfield, Massachusetts comes this welcome word:

"I certainly hated to move from Boston, but my husband passed his bar examination and is now a full-fledged lawyer in Springfield. I have contacted many classmates here and in Connecticut, so we can still maintain our Lasell friendships. My very best wishes to you and all my friends at Lasell. I. G. B."

Lasell extends deepest sympathy to dear Lee

Shepard '38, whose mother passed away late in ✓ December. Lee herself has been confined to the hospital for several months. We earnestly hope that she will soon be quite well again.

We appreciate this friendly letter from Florence Skinner Anderson '13-14. She writes: ✓

"I have not forgotten you. It was good to see you last spring when visiting my niece, Elizabeth Skinner Allen, now a senior at Lasell.

"I seem to keep busy most of the time with a class of piano pupils, and taking lessons myself. My older daughter, Sylvia, graduated from high school last June, and is now at the Cambridge Secretarial School in Hartford. Priscilla, who is twelve, is in our junior high school.

"I love to hear about Lasell, and unceasingly question Elizabeth when she visits us."

We are pleased to publish below a story told to us by Carolyn Sproat Spigner '32 during her ✓ recent call on the *Personals* Editor. At our request she has repeated this experience in the life of her pastor, Dr. James Stevenson, once a missionary in the West Indies Islands:

"My power to pen a story is very limited, but I shall try to give you a brief account about the boy Dr. Stevenson bought at a slave market.

"At the time, he and a fellow missionary were teaching the way of Christ to the natives of one of the smaller islands in the West Indies. In fact, these two men were the first white men to live on the island. Slavery was still practiced there, and one day as Dr. Stevenson passed the square in the village where the slaves were on exhibition prior to sale the next day, he noticed in the group a small boy about eight or nine years of age. There was something in the expression on the boy's face which attracted Dr. Stevenson. He also saw that there were no tribe marks on the child's face. Usually each slave had some scar which associated him with a particular tribe.

"Dr. Stevenson became keenly interested in the boy, and the next day bought him at the slave market. The two missionaries kept the little fellow, but as a free child, not as a slave.

They taught him the Lord's Prayer in his native language, and he in turn taught it to many of the children of the settlement. At one of the services Dr. Stevenson was amazed to learn that so many knew the prayer, but did not discover until later that the little slave child was doing this good work.

"The boy lived with Dr. Stevenson and his friend until they returned, some years later, to the United States. He learned as much as he could from them, and later went to school and college in the States.

"In September 1940 Dr. Stevenson received a picture of a stone church recently built on the island, with the message that this boy whom he had freed is now the pastor and also responsible for building the church.

"This is an encouraging story for those of us who are living in these trying times. It makes us believe that all things will eventually work out for good."

Carolyn closes her letter referring to a pleasant visit from Annamelia Paxton Wildman '32, and sends cordial greetings to all her friends at Lasell.

CHICAGO LASELL CLUB

The Chicago Lasell Club had a real thrill at its annual luncheon meeting on Tuesday, October 29, 1940 when Esther Sosman '36, Alumnae secretary, arrived in Chicago to be its special guest. Esther brought us a letter from our dear Miss Potter which I think should be shared by all Lasell girls:

"To the members of the Chicago Lasell Club, official and non-official greetings. The member of your group I envy most today is Esther Sosman, our delegate, direct from Lasell Junior College to the Doves of the Chicago Club.

"Our representative may tell you that for the first time in over a year I was on the sick list this summer. Am almost well again, but the doctor's orders were, 'go slowly during the opening days.'

"One new girl asked another, 'Who is that lady who moves rather slowly?' The answer was, 'I don't know her name, but they call her the Dean Emeritus.' 'What does that mean?'

asked her companion. Again she answered, 'I don't know, but I think it means Dean Leftover.'

"I will not steal a word from Esther's 'powder', but from myself I send most affectionate greetings.

"Just think, 523 girls on the college roster this year, and that means over a thousand arms and legs, usually in active service. Imagine Miss Rand's duties, but our splendid dean is equal to this lively group.

"Come back to your New England alma mater as often as you can. God bless you. I still love you, 'Little White Doves.'

"Your devoted Dean 'Leftover,'

Lillie R. Potter."

Thank you, dear Miss Potter. I send the sincere love and greetings from all your "Little White Doves" in Chicago and the fervent wish that you may remain our Dean "Leftover" for many years.

Our very charming guest gave a most interesting talk, telling us of all the changes and improvements made at school, and news of our old friends. A grand book of pictures gave excellent proof, and was minutely examined by everyone. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to asking questions and a little bridge playing. Everyone said that this was the most successful and enthusiastic meeting we had had in years.

Margherita Dike Hallberg '10 was elected president for the coming year. We have set the last week of October for our annual meeting, and hope we may have the pleasure of greeting Esther again at that time. May I suggest that other Lasell clubs in cities between here and Boston have their meetings this same week so that a trip could be planned to include them all. I can assure you that you could not ask for a more charming, interesting, and vivacious representative.

The following bits of news were received from Chicago Club members who were unable to be with us:

Mary Thielens Peoples '04-05 is state radio chairman for the Daughters of the American Revolution. She has one son in the Navy,

and one in the Army. Her daughter, Persis-Jane, Jan.-June '35, is new Alumnae Secretary for the University of Chicago, and secretary in the Municipal Bond House in Chicago.

Catherine Morley King, '29 and her husband spent the month of November in New Mexico, deer and pheasant hunting.

Dorothy Taggart Krumsieg, '32 has been visiting her parents in their new home in Ocala, Florida.

Greetings and love to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and all who remember us at Lasell, from the Chicago Lasell Club.

Submitted by:

Lisinka Kuehl Dawson '21-22.

The meeting was held at the home of Lisinka Kuehl Dawson '21-22 in Winnetka, Illinois, and the following members were present: Alice Wry Anthony '24, Helen Buettner '23, Dorothy Pearson Cutler '24, Mary McMillen Crowe '29-30, Helene Grashorn Dickson '22, Vera Clauer Hans '22 and Margaret Perley Downey '20 (These two girls came from South Bend, Indiana, leaving home at seven-thirty in the morning, and driving over one-hundred miles to get here. That, I think, is showing true Lasell spirit!), Margherita Dike Hallberg '10, Betty Condit Kessel '31, Elizabeth Buettner Lang '23, Marion Westphal Newhall '19-21, Eleanor Rinebold Struve '24, Gertrude Wagner '28, Julia Clausen Bowman '29 (Julia was visiting in Chicago in October, and it was grand to welcome her again, for her home is now in Portland, Oregon.), Helen Carter Johnson '07, Arlene MacFarlane '36-37, Doris Campbell Jeschke '20 (a welcome visitor from Milwaukee, Wisconsin), Doris Perkins Meyer '19-20, Jessie Matteson Ray '25 (Jessie dropped in for a few minutes, and brought her two young children. Little Jennifer will be ready for Lasell about 1952!), Jeanne Keck '36, Lisinka Kuehl Dawson '21-22, and Mrs. Kuehl.

Alice Wry Anthony '24 was hostess at a lovely luncheon meeting in November at the Georgian Hotel in Evanston, Illinois. Twelve

members of the North Shore Group of the Chicago Club were present: Alice Wry Anthony '24, Helene Grashorn Dickson '22, Helen Buettner '23, Elizabeth Buettner Lang '23, Marion Bliven MacDonald '21, Gertrude Wagner '28, Marion Westphal Newhall '19-21, Gladys Purdy O'Connor '28, Eleanor Rinebold Struve '24, Margaret Perley Downey '20, Ruth Kerns Lane '28, and Margherita Dike Hallberg '10.

Submitted by:

Margherita Dike Hallberg '10.

On Tuesday, January 21, at the home of Marion Bliven MacDonald '21 in Wilmette, another meeting of the North Shore group was held. We were very happy to welcome Genevieve Hackett Bonner '37, who has just recently moved to Chicago from Brookline, Massachusetts. Others present were Alice Wry Anthony '24, Helen Buettner '23, Helene Grashorn Dickson '22, Catherine Morley King '29, Dorothy Taggart Krumseig '32, Marion Westphal Newhall '19-21, Gladys Purdy O'Connor '28, Eleanor Rinebold Struve '24, Gertrude Wagner '28, Elizabeth Buettner Lang '23, Doris Perkins Meyer '19-20, and Lisinka Kuehl Dawson '21-22.

Mary Mann Baird '27, formerly of Lombard, Illinois, and now living in Pennsylvania, was home for the holidays visiting her husband's family in Winnetka.

Helene Grashorn Dickson '22 left for a three-weeks' trip to California after this meeting, and was well armed with addresses of Lasell girls from Seattle to Los Angeles and a good part of Texas. We expect to hear a lot of news from her at our next meeting.

We were grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Harry R. Kay on January 10, 1941, in Dallas, Texas. Bertice Carter Kay '20-22 and her husband lived in Chicago for many years, and her many friends here extend their deepest sympathy.

Submitted by:

Lisinka Kuehl Dawson '21-22.

MICHIGAN LASELL CLUB

Our latest Michigan Lasell Club meeting was held on December 27, 1940 at the Detroit Athletic Club, with the following girls present: Doris Crowley Richards '18-19, M. Adolphia Garnsey Ettinger '16, Harriet H. Hanson, undergraduate, Patrica Herke, undergraduate, Elizabeth Kenney '36, Louise Roberts '31, Eleanora Stroh Cole '08-09, Irene Stroh '11-12, Jane Walton '35-37, Edessa Warner Slocum '10-11, Helen Warner Gankler '18, Priscilla Wolfe Scarth '23, Virginia Webb '37.

We had a fine meeting, and planned a good sized get-together for the spring.

Submitted by:

Virginia Webb '37, President

"I am going to Florida with my family in February, to be gone a month, and am staying with friends in Miami. I am anxious to contact the Lasell club there, and to attend one of the meetings. V. W."

NEW HAVEN LASELL CLUB

The New Haven Lasell Club held a Christmas tea at the home of Virginia Wilhelm '38 on Sunday, December 29, 1940. Guests came not only from New Haven but from Meriden, Bridgeport, Derby, Hamden, New York City, Larchmont, New York, and Providence, Rhode Island as well. Those who attended were: Mary Bradley '36, Jean Ettershank '39, Leota Fulton '19-20, Cornelia Hemingway Killam '22, Mary Lippitt '38, Margaret McEnerney '38, Elaine Meiklem '38, Gertrude Moeller '26, Mildred Munson '32, Charlotte Ockert '33, Emma Ockert '26, Eleanor Pfaff, undergraduate, Emily Saxton '37, Carolyn Shutter '39, Janice Shutter Grant '36, Frances Stephan '38, Ruth Tolman '18-19, Madeline Vivian, undergraduate, Eleanore Whiting Pitt '37, and Virginia Wilhelm '38.

The new officers for 1941 are: Virginia Wilhelm '38, president, Emma Ockert '26, vice-president, Mary P. King '38, secretary, Jean B. Adams '40, treasurer, and Helen DeLaney '38, publicity chairman.

Submitted by:

Virginia Wilhelm '38

NEW YORK LASELL CLUB

The Lasell Club of New York met for its annual luncheon on Saturday, January 25, 1941 at the Parkside Hotel in New York City. We are accustomed to meeting in a blizzard, and although this year the day was fine and clear, the heavy snowfall of the day before kept a few at home. However, sixty-two hardy members and guests were present to enjoy a lively and interesting afternoon.

Everyone, with the exception of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, whom we all know so well, received a little white dove made of paper with her name and class printed on it. These paper doves, suspended by blue and white ribbon, were pinned on for identification.

After a delightful luncheon at which Lasell songs were sung with Mary Barton Libby '29 at the piano, the acting chairman of the Nominating Committee, Ellen Zacharias '29 announced that Florence Fitch Osborne Schwartz '29 had tendered her resignation as president, due to the fact that she had moved to New London, Connecticut. Helen Schaack '31, vice-president, had become president automatically, but had found it necessary to resign. Miss Zacharias then introduced Gladys Stults Schenck '10 who had kindly consented to preside at the meeting. An active business session followed at which time Mrs. Schenck was elected president, Helen Schaack, vice-president, and Ellen Zacharias, co-secretary.

We were signally honored in having with us Dr. and Mrs. Winslow; Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22 and Helen Perry '24, representing the Lasell Alumnae, Inc.; Barbara Stanley Ulrich '32, president of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club; Jeannette Merrick Moss '23 from Tokyo, Japan, and Cornelia Hemingway Killam '22 from Connecticut. The Lasell Alumnae, Inc., the Connecticut Valley Club, and the New Haven Club sent cordial invitations to attend their respective meetings.

Mrs. Winslow, gracious and lovely as always, spoke briefly but beautifully, and Dr. Winslow entertained us with news of Lasell. We

were visibly impressed with the many fascinating things of which he spoke, and were charmed, as we always are, by Dr. Winslow himself. Although we would have been happy to keep them with us longer, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow just had time to catch their train back to Lasell, and carried with them for Miss Potter our love and the "little white dove" name tags, on which personal messages had been inscribed. Our one deep regret was that they were unable to take us back other than in spirit.

Those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Dorothy Abbott '37, Marjorie Aitken Stone '24, Nancy Allen '39, Arline Allsopp DeHart '23, Leslie Barker '32, Mary Barton Libby '29, Florence Boehmcke Simes '23, Jean Burns '39, Margaret Christiansen '39, Dorothea Clark Johnson '29, Margaret Contrell Sayre '29, Elizabeth Davidson '37-38, Julia DeWitt Read '10, Irene Dreissigacker Briinlow '37, Katharine I. Edwards '29, Jane Eldridge '37, Caprice Gardiner Aque '36-37, Madelene Halberstadt Kynor '05-06, Huldah G. Halley '18, Cornelia Hemingway Killam '22, Barbara Hersey Moore '37, Ruth Hopkins Spooner '23, Doris Huntington '39, Norma E. Jacobus '39, Elizabeth Kenney '36, Marjorie B. Kuehn '29 and Mrs. Kuehn, Barbara Lawson '28, Sophie Mayer March '08, Jeannette Merrick Moss '23, Mary Ann Miller Byram '23, Anna Mills Koeck '33, Dorothy K. Millspaugh '23, Gertrude Moeller '26, Mary O'Connell '31, Emma Ockert '26, Dorothy Paddock '40, Louise Paisley '09, Marjorie Blair Perkins '28, Helen Perry '24, Cora H. Pratt '39, Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22, Julia I. Rankin '40, Mercedes Rendell Freeman '23, Camilla Roy '32, Helen M. Schaack '31, Alice M. Seidler '38, Carrie Sessions Dodge '06-07, Adelaide Shaffer '34-35, Carolyn Shutter '39, Eunice M. Stack '31, Barbara Stanley Ulrich '32, Gladys Stults Schenck '10, Florence Swartwout Thomassen '09, Elaine Thompson Sampson '39, Theresa Thompson Osborne '22, Nell West Haigh '21, Anna White Drake '06-07, Shirley G. Wood, '39, Ellen Zacharias '29.

Submitted by:

✓ Leslie Barker '32, Secretary.

It really is a case of embarrassment of riches. We feel eager to share with you all the unexpected and delightful personal messages which came from the Lasell girls attending the New York Club luncheon. Space does not permit our including the greetings in this issue, but to each of you dear Doves, a very special Thank You.

WORCESTER COUNTY LASELL CLUB

The last meeting of the Worcester County Lasell Club was held shortly before Christmas at the home of Betty Lloyd '38. Fifteen members were present to hear a most interesting lecture on current events. Those present were: Eleanor Ramsdell Stauffer '35, president, Eleanor Parmer '39, recording secretary, Betty Lloyd '38, corresponding secretary, Margaret Christie '35-36, treasurer, Joanne Bohacker '38, chairman of publicity, Eleanor Smith Cutting '26-27, Dorothy Kierstead Knellar '28, Marion Kingdon Farnum '29, Dorothy Inett Taylor '30, Barbara Ordway Brewer '35, Barbara Clarkson '35-37, Peggy Smith '39, Lucille LaRiviere Disbrow '40, Dorothy Farnum '40, and Marjorie Sherman '40.

We are planning a George Washington bridge party to be held at the Woman's Club on February twentieth. Eleanor Parmer is in charge of arrangements.

Submitted by:

Betty Lloyd '38, Corresponding Secretary. ✓

THINGS I REMEMBER

(Continued from Page 30)

Besides spending after-school time doing Scout work, I practiced the usual hour a day on our detested piano. My music teacher was a Miss Balboni, who wore blue shoes with a blue dress and red shoes with a red dress. She used to sit beside me and count, "one and two and three and four and—" to my *Sailing and Happy Farmer*.

"Things I Remember" does not include high school or college days, as this theme would then be thousands of words long.

Pat Kieser



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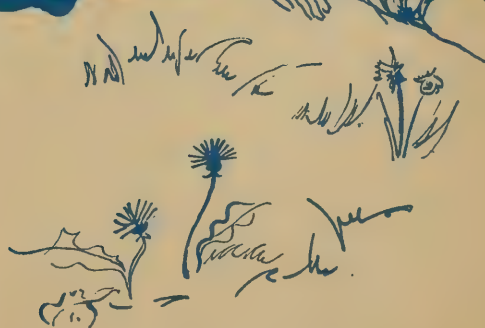
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Lasell Leaves



May

1941

Vol. 66, No. 3



For
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the members
of graduating
classes good luck
for the future. The
surprising thing to us
has been that what we
expected was a "Farewell"
has frequently been other-
wise. It is very gratifying
to us that so many that we
have met during their under-
graduate days have remembered
us later. Whether you remember
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PAT KIESER

Editors

ELAINE SULLIVAN

JEANNE WALSH

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ON THE Q. T. ABOUT P. K.

P. K. is more than an alarm clock scaring you to death at six a.m. and seven a.m. • girls finishing a feast of stale cookies on Friday afternoon. It's a session packed with laughs as well as valuable experiences, and there's always a sad feeling as the last day's work at Blaisdell approaches. In the last session of seven weeks, the girls had experiences which will not be easily forgotten. All of them naturally made mistakes, which merely added to the fun. Who can ever forget the time Ginny Black, the dinner cook, served gingerbread to the hungry girls? After chewing the cake furiously, they discovered that Ginny had forgotten to take the paper off the bottom of the pan, and had served that too. Then there was the time that Mary Haller couldn't get the lumps out of her pie filling, and she put it through the potato ricer. And will the girls ever forget that tapioca (?) pudding that Barbara Hale let cook too long? It slipped down the throat like a mass of slithering egg whites.

Ellen Marron was the silent partner; in fact, the girls began to count the number of words she said at each meal. Her record was ten.

The hostess' job was to keep the conversation going. Ginny was given suggestions; and when guests arrived, she came forth with obviously memorized statements, such as, "Have you been skiing lately, Miss Park?" Immediately the other girls would burst into laughter, and Ginny would turn scarlet. Mary had a system worked out when she was hostess: Before Miss Paddock arrived as guest, Mary had already arranged to kick her under the table as a signal to start talking at an awkward pause. At dinner, there was a moment of silence after the first course. Mary unintentionally moved her foot, and it touched Miss Paddock, who immediately began to chatter at an unbelievable rate. No one could quite make it out, especially since Mary was laughing so hard at her mistake.

Ginny was the P. K. clown. She simply *loved* being breakfast cook, and claimed that being up at six a.m. was like being "in another world." When she was waitress, the constant grin, frilly cap, and pinned-together apron was enough to make everyone laugh. One night when Ginny was dinner cook, the diners couldn't help noticing the constant grind of an egg-beater in the kitchen. As the hostess knew that only cream had to be whipped, she investigated, and found Ginny using 16 per cent cream instead of 34 per cent, with no success.

Another funny incident happened at the four-guest dinner. Just before dessert was to be served, Shirley Lyons, dinner cook, realized that she hadn't put on the coffee. Immediately she started it, hoping and praying that it would be done on time. The waitress, Louise Johnson, obligingly took each dish to the kitchen as slowly as possible and put on the desserts just as slowly. Time for the coffee: It wasn't done. The next thing the hostess knew, she was told, "Demi-tasse will be served in the living room!" Just then the coffee was done, however, and Shirley called the waitress back. With much laughter, the guests drank their coffee with their desserts.

Jane Gray and Shirley had quite an experience with the weekly emptying of the vacuum cleaner. Shirley said that she just couldn't get all the dirt out of the little hole in the bottom of the cleaner. So Jane said, "Here, let me help!" She started to shake it furiously, when suddenly the whole top came off. The dust lost no time in flying out and covering both surprised girls.

Miss Worcester had a game that caused much amusement. One person at the table would say "Ha," the next person would say "Ha Ha," the next, "Ha Ha Ha," etc. Soon it sounded so funny that the whole group began to laugh.

Yes, P. K. *was* fun. It created friendships which will not be easily broken, and pleasant experiences which will not be easily forgotten.

Shirley Lyons

BIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTOR

THE first time I ever saw Spencer Guilliard, I was up on a ladder painting some scenery. He had driven his ramshackle yellow roadster as close as he could to the stage door without actually entering the theater. Later I learned that this act was just one of his little eccentricities; he loved to see how close he could come to things without hitting them. I shrugged. After all, it was *his* neck he was risking so nonchalantly. Presently the clouds of dust that had been kicked up by the slewing tires settled, and I got my first good look at his face. I noticed his eyes immediately; very blue, they seemed almost piercing in contrast with the deep tan of his face. His nose was slightly aquiline, but in spite of his dark hair and brows, there was nothing swarthy in his appearance. As he opened the car door and slid out, I saw that he was extremely tall and wiry in build. He wore an old yachting cap, a faded orange beer jacket, and a pair of pale blue, bell-bottomed trousers. His lean, brown feet were bare. At first appraisal, I thought he must be a Portuguese fisherman. This opinion I quickly discarded, however, partly because no one could ever dismiss Spence with just a glance, and partly because, as he came nearer, I could see that in spite of his apparel, he had a certain air of distinction. He is one of those rare persons upon whom good breeding rests as a visible thing, something entirely apart from whatever he might say or do. This is only one of the reasons why he had gotten away with anything and everything for the past forty years and will continue to do so until he leaves this world. In fact, I'm not sure it will stop then.

His speech was very cultured and rather British in accent. As I answered his questions about where he could find the manager of the stock company and in which building the actors lived, my gaze wandered to the front seat of the car, where I thought I detected some slight movement. Upon closer inspection there proved to be someone curled into

a knot, fast asleep and entirely oblivious to all that was going on. As I gazed, the object of my scrutiny raised her head, blinked a couple of times and then proceeded to unwind and stretch. Finally, she threw one long leg over the car door and jumped out. I was impressed with both her agility and the fluidity with which she moved. Hers was the unmistakable grace of a dancer. She had a superb figure and was a perfect foil for Spence's good looks. I was amazed that she could have ridden in the heat and wind as long as she must have and still be so breathtakingly lovely. She was tall and slim, with long tilted eyes. Her mouth was a vivid red, and her black hair was plaited and hung down her back Indian fashion. Without any comment, she carefully surveyed the work I was doing; then turned around and climbed back into the car. By this I mean she vaulted over the door, which was disconcerting to say the least. When Spence had finished talking to me, she was once more curled up in the front seat, apparently asleep.

Later they came to the main dining-room to eat, and I was officially introduced,—not that Spence ever let anything like the little formalities of life stand in his way! The young lady proved to be a Miss Julie Morrow, and worthy of anybody's admiration. She had formerly been a member of the Ballet Russe, but had given this up to be able to drift about from place to place with Spence. In the summer they lived like gypsies until the theater season opened in the fall. Then Julie went back to her job as choreographer for a ballet troupe, and Spence started rehearsals for a new play. Several years ago, Spence played the male lead in a production starring Helen Hayes. Up until that time he had been a very heavy drinker. Miss Hayes promised him a good part in any of her plays as long as she was in the theater—provided he would stop dissipating his talents, which everyone is agreed are very remarkable. Since that memorable day, he has touched nothing but milk.

He is utterly unpredictable and terrifically opinionated. For instance, Emily Post is one

of his good friends, yet he swears just as frequently and unrestrainedly in front of her as he does in front of anyone else. He would never deliberately offend; but when he becomes intense about a thing, which is often, his speech gets rather explosive. This is especially true when he is taking part in a discussion. He is what might be termed a self-educated man, and is consequently well informed on all present-day topics. An omnivorous reader, he still finds time to write some fairly good fiction himself.

Spence had been at the Island almost half the summer before I learned anything about his early life. Born to New York's famous four hundred, he had spurned what would seem to be the perfect existence,—a luxurious home, a doting family, and security for life. In short, he obtained a position as call-boy in a stock company at the somewhat tender age of seventeen. By the time they had finished their engagement and hit the road once more, he had already become an integral part of the theater. From there he started the long weary climb which culminated in the moderate success he is enjoying today. He is genuinely temperamental, and woe unto the stage-manager who disputes him when he's sure he is right. As a matter of fact, his judgment in matters pertaining to his work is almost infallible. Oddly enough, he welcomes criticism and takes directions extremely well. His roles have been many and varied. He has played everything from Shakespearian bits to the part of the wastrel husband in Behrman's famous "No Time For Comedy." He is what might be termed one of the last of the "true Bohemians." Meeting him was an experience that I shall always remember. Original, entertaining, he personified the glamorous figure that occupies such a prominent place in our American theatrical history—a breed fast disappearing—the Broadway actor.

Susan Railsback

THE WHITE CLIFFS

by ALICE DUER MILLER

The White Cliffs is a long poem which I think truly reflects the American attitude between the first Great War and the present world war. It is the story of a young American girl, Susan, of New England parentage, who visits England for the first time and describes it thus:

"The white cliffs of Dover, I saw rising steeply
Out of the sea that once made her secure . . .
I was a traveler, the guest of a week;
Yet when they pointed 'the white cliffs of Dover'
Startled I found there were tears on my cheek."

Susan marries John, a young Englishman, after a magical courtship.

"John had one of those English faces . . .
Found in the cream of English places . . .
That face has governed the British Isles,"

She bears his son, but shortly afterward John is tragically killed at Douai. Susan decides to stay on in England and have her son brought up on the English pattern. So she and her invincible mother-in-law live to face the new crisis—the new war—and Susan cries,

" . . . a little band
Have always stood and will always stand
Ruling the fate of this small green land,
Rulers of England—for them must I
Send out my only son to die?"

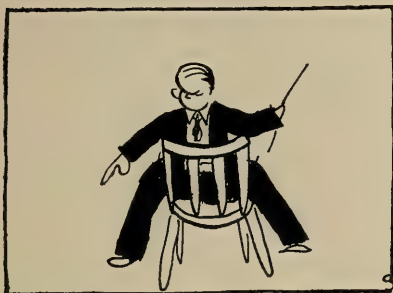
Alice Duer Miller has written an excellent poem—it starts as a delightful, even a facetious one; but as the intensity mounts, we see England brought into clear, distinct focus.

"Once I remember in London how I saw
Pale shabby people standing in a long
Line in the twilight and the misty rain
To pay their tax. I then saw England plain."

The White Cliffs is propaganda poetry, and is definitely a book for those who are intensely pro-British; but I think that it is an inspiring book because we see England, not in the abstract but as she really is—her back to the wall but with everyone displaying undreamed-of powers of endurance, strength, and gameness. As Robert E. Sherwood, author of *Lincoln in Illinois*, says, "She has done a beautiful job."

Sue Straus

FABLES OF OUR CAMPUS



ONCE there was a portly gentleman who led a very trying existence—or so it seemed. At eleven-thirty on Wednesday at a certain college on a hill, he conducted what was known as rehearsal (for a concert, to be sure). Those rehearsals were times to try a man's soul indeed—his clientele stomped in (on rainy days with clumpity boots, dripping sou'westers, and water-logged reversibles stained with book colors) any time at all from 11:15 to 11:50. They settled themselves noisily, engagingly crowed over the day's gossip, and f-i-n-a-l-l-y picked up a sheet of music, often held upside-down. Our friend meanwhile, having discarded his usually benign countenance for a penetrating frown and a beetled brow, grabbed a well-worn baton and rapped for some five turbulent minutes to achieve order.

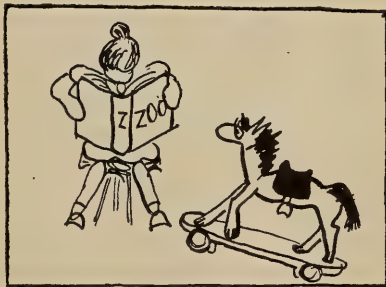
Order? Well, a moderate buzz-z-z. By this time, the conductor turned to his ever-present pianist and whispered something—and the two stepped off the stage and sat in the back row. And do you know what? The group of girls kept on talking and talking and talking. By and by, the conductor and his accompanist left. *And the Orphean Club are still jabbering.* In fact, Miss Roberts takes visitors around, saying when they near Bragdon chapel, "Oh *that*—that's the Orphean Club; they haven't stopped talking since May 14."

Moral: You can take just so much of one thing—including 260 girls' jabbering.

ONCE there was a Zo professor who was simply wild about horses; she took pack trips, saw dude ranches on Long Island, worshipped Autry from afar, and on the whole breathed hay. She would lecture patiently on the subject of the Mesozoic Age endoderm and the duck-billed platypus; but underneath it all, she was dying to lecture about horses, especially during the section on whips and *The Rise of the Horse*.

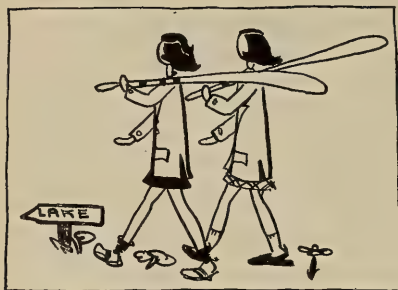
Once she accidentally discovered that every single one of her Zo pupils was equally crazy over horses. Using a mild term, that Zo class might have been described as one long field trip to zoos, the circus, rodeos, stables, and a farm—to anything possessing a horse. Doc was in her element, and she wore a stock and jodphurs to lab.

Moral: Love me, love my Dobbin.



YOU have all read of doubles twins (plain and Siamese), but here is the story of two inseparables who met over identical tweed jackets. By their second year at college, their names were always linked together; and they started knitting Argyle socks, and usually could be seen with their odd-colored yarns complacently tangled together. They also became widely known for the superior tuna-fish sandwiches which were sold at Bragdon from the ever-present laundry box.

These two girls had a profusion of super dates, and were in the habit of attending house parties at an institution going by the



name of Lehigh. After a while, it appeared that their life was one long, long house party, broken only by a breath of Shakespeare—and so it was. Happily, Lehigh had long since given up the educational department, and was concentrating on the important problem of more and bigger house parties with Orrin Tucker and T. Dorsey.

Moral: Familiarity does not always breed contempt.



ONCE there was a gentleman who taught English and history at the college on a hill. There was a rumor among the student body that you learned much in his classes beyond the limited scope of the book on poetry. Consequently, his lectures were heeded. Now this professor was a Yale man, as he maintained at least once per week, and perhaps he retained a bit of the bulldog's tenacity; for he was quite determined. He was adamant on the subject of college football, of which he heartily disapproved (with the usual prelude, "Shiver my timbers").

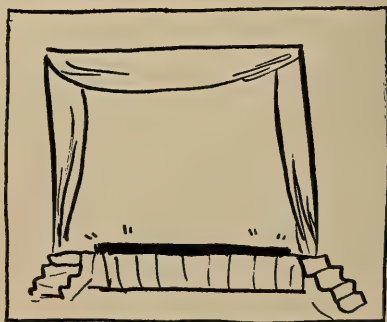
One day he received a card from his Alma Mater with an impressive seal affixed, asking him to come down the next week end. Imagine his surprise when he arrived in New Haven (gala with bunting for the numerous returning grads) to discover that he was one of those enviable few elected to play on an alumni football squad for an exhibition match.

Moral: If you don't take kindly to football, better learn figure-skating in self defense.

ONCE upon a time a certain English teacher (who also taught about plays) decided to take up drama in a big way. She fortunately had acquired her Boston accent naturally; so the long *ā* was not a foreign element.

When she started putting on her plays, they were the talk of the college, because they always contained a clever gadget of some sort. One year it was a blinking neon sign that produced reams of atmosphere for *Stage Door*; another it was a shaky electric fan applied to the curtains in *The Barretts*. She literally slaved over sets—feats and Kleig lights, and speckled herself blue, red, and yellow along with the backdrop.

So clever was she that one day she was asked to put on *Euripides*, and can you imagine—There was no set at all, and the play was the greatest success ever.



Moral: The end justifies the means.

Samantha Jane

LIFE WITH MY FATHER

The great popularity of the play, Life with Father, suggested this series of sketches of Lasell girls' fathers.

A FATHER is a very precious possession. I appreciate mine, and not only for his financial support or his wise guidance. His eccentricities are qualities I love; and although they may be annoying at times, I wouldn't change them. I shouldn't want a variation in one hair of his ungrayed head.

One of Dad's imposing questions is, "How many wells make a river?" The answer, without rhyme or reason, is "Seventeen." This is foolish, but I can't count the number of times I have seen it head to a lengthy, pointless, good-natured argument. Ever since he saw Walt Disney's "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Dad has been singing as regularly as clockwork each morning as he shaves, "Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, it's off to work we go," never tiring of the words or the tune.

Our summer place on Cape Cod is his hobby, and Father plans to retire there and spend his old age digging a cellar under the house. He is forever raking the lawn or pruning a tree, and our trees have some of the weirdest shapes imaginable. It was here at the Cape that Father decided to make elderberry wine, since the berries are so plentiful. In due time he made it and put it away in a closet to ferment. After a few weeks, because of some quirk in wine fermentation or perhaps in Dad's recipe, the wine burst out of its cider-jug domicile and duly flooded the closet with its deep-red fluid. The stain is still there, and looks quite gory in the daylight.

In contrast to my mother, my father isn't the least bit musical, but he loves music just the same. In church it is always amusing to hear him bellowing out the words of a hymn above the rest of the congregation and even louder than Mother's clear soprano. Strumming on the piano is one of his favorite pas-

simes. His repertoire consists of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," played with one finger. To my mother, who plays beautifully, this is a source of subdued annoyance.

Dad and I get along famously together. My greatest desire is that I may be more like him. Level-headed, clear-thinking, proud, determined, kind, fair, generous, affable, and up-to-date on every subject; I wouldn't change him for anything or anybody in this world.

Betty Danker

LIFE with my father is just one long roll of film after another. Four years ago my brother came home with the camera "bug," and before I knew it, my father also was afflicted. Perhaps I wouldn't mind much if we had a collection of photographs worth showing, but we haven't. Why? Perhaps if I explain a little, you will understand.

One Sunday afternoon last year, I was seated on the floor surrounded by furniture and antique magazines, trying to accumulate some examples of Chippendale furniture for my A.C.L.D. scrapbook. "Ah," said my father, "that will make a fine picture for your grandmother to have." Consequently, for the next hour I sat on the floor (sitting on my legs so they wouldn't show) under the heat and glare of three floodlights, one of which shone directly in my eyes. My father "shot" me from every angle, each time shifting the lights so as to place the shadows correctly. If I so much as moved a muscle, I encountered a sharp "Sit still!" Inch by inch, I could feel the pins and needles creeping up my legs. When he finally said, "All right, you can stand up now," I tried to get to my feet. But in vain; I was numb from my waist down. It took my mother almost half an hour to revive the feeling in my legs through rough, and I

do mean rough, massage. Right there and then she protested, "Will Bishop, if you insist on putting my child through such torture again, I will forbid her to pose for you." But I figured that if the pictures came out well, it was all right. And for the next three days, I hounded my father to see the pictures, or at least the negatives. He finally was forced to admit that he had forgotten to put a film in the camera!

If this episode was the only one of its kind, I wouldn't be so upset. But there is *always* some mishap. If the film is in the camera, it gets stuck and doesn't move, or Dad makes a mistake in developing it. When he does succeed in getting a negative, it is either too dark or too light for printing; so that what few prints he makes aren't just right.

As for his candid shots—Mother and I are continually being snapped in such poses as eating, sleeping (with our mouths open), washing dishes, hanging clothes, or just standing with really blank looks on our faces. But the type of thing I object to most is the portrait photographs he insists on. At least once a week, I sit for a picture which is taken each time with a different type of lighting or something. I smile, look coy, grin, look pensive, almost cry, but, needless to say, there are never any portraits to show—only attempts.

But Dad's yearning does not consist entirely of taking pictures. I cannot move in the house without coming in contact with the clutter of camera catalogues, photographic supply circulars, enlarged advertisements, all types of photographic magazines, countless books on lighting, etc., by sundry authors (none of which have succeeded in finding the proper procedure for taking *my* picture). With every mouthful at mealtime, I hear nothing but photography—whether it be a new exposure meter, a new type of developer, or suggestions for ridding enlarged prints of too much grain. I even have nightmares about tripods chasing me and floodlights burning my skin.

Through sad experience, I have learned that I must submit to oppression in order to

have a semblance of peace. (By the way, I have found that a word or two to the effect that I can see a marked improvement in his technique is worth at least fifty cents.) Yes, life with my father is quite a nerve-racking affair, but after all, it is an excuse for having my picture taken (and confidentially, I *love* to have my picture taken).

Jane Bishop

"**M**ARTHA!" bellows Dad each morning from his sanctuary—the bathroom. "Martha, will you please ask *our* daughter to remove her hair pins and curlers so that I can shave?" (I'm always "*our*" daughter when Dad is trying to be the stern parent—on all other occasions I'm "*my*" daughter.)

The breakfast table each morning is a memorable scene of activity. We eat in a built-in breakfast nook. (Dad can't see why the table was built so close to the benches.) Woe be to me unless there are four or five teaspoons at his place. It does little good to point out to him that he never uses—couldn't use—more than two. He just says, "Never know when I'll need them."

The coffee is either strong enough to walk off the table (according to Dad) or it is pushed away with, "Muddy brook."

He eats lunch in town with two business associates. The three of them comprise a rare group. They are all on diets; the sort of diet, you understand, which permits you to eat to your heart's content as long as you eat a Ry-Krisp with each course. (Dad swears by Ry-Krisp.)

His pet dislikes are tapioca pudding and anything that even hints of coconut. One of his favorite dishes is Maine Squash. Several years ago on Thanksgiving Day we really "put one over" on Dad. A Maine squash which Mother had been keeping for Thanksgiving proved to be almost all rotten when she cut it open. In desperation she cooked some sweet potatoes, mashed them, and added them to the bit of squash that she had eked out of

the tremendous thing. At dinner Dad ate the sweet-potato squash; he nodded approval, called it the best squash he had ever eaten. And Mother? She only smiled.

He is a mediocre golfer and an ardent fisherman. On his fishing kit he has pasted the Fisherman's Prayer: "Lord, suffer me to catch a fish so large that even I—when speaking of it afterwards, shall have no cause to lie!" Do we care because big ones get away? You bet we don't!

In spring, while a young man's fancy is lightly turning to thoughts of love, Dad's are turning to thoughts of a new car. "Mother," he will say, "do you hear that rattle?" (Prelude to a long line of faults in a practically faultless, never more than ten-months-old-car.)

Alice Herrick

WHENEVER we ask him if he wants to go somewhere, he usually waits until it is too late to go before he says yes. Of course, there are times when he is very agreeable and says "yes" right away, and we all dash upstairs to get ready, run out to the car, and then wait patiently while Father calmly brushes his teeth, changes his tie, fixes the furnace, and goes around the house locking all the doors and windows—which Mother locked before. Father likes to be careful about such things. The only time that Father is ever ready on time is when someone has to catch a train, and then he always leaves at least one hour early because he says that accidents, traffic jams and such can happen to anyone.

Whenever Mother is ill, Father doesn't feel very well either, and sits in her bedroom all day, looking at her with a pathetic expression that makes Mother pretend she feels fine. She gets up and manages to look healthy until Father goes to work and then she goes back to bed again. When Mother goes away for a few days, Father goes to bed and sends her telegrams saying she had better come home because he thinks he's very sick.

When summer comes Father is very happy, because he likes sun and fresh air; in fact, he likes fresh air so much that he drives all winter with the car window beside him wide open. When we complain of the drafts, he says we can walk if we don't like them. But when we open the windows on the other side, he gets the draft, and he gets very mad and sulks. But summer really is Father's season. He gets dark bronze and looks very handsome. He takes me with him when he plays golf, but gets very disgusted because I get blisters on my hand. Swimming is the only sport I can manage to do well enough to please Father, but he does not like to swim with me because he doesn't like the red polish on my toe nails.

Father doesn't like Mother to have a maid. He says all maids are stupid and none of them can cook. He likes the way Mother takes care of him and sees no reason why she shouldn't—that is until she has a nervous breakdown or something.

Virginia Reynolds

NO MATTER what anyone calls him—Daddy, Papa, or Dad—he holds approximately the same status—the pipe-smoking wage-earner of the family who makes the laws and likes his slippers waiting for him. But each daddy has his own little peculiarities and individual characteristics. My dad is the lord of his domain; everything is centered around him. He hates onions. We have onions only semi-annually. Dad loves dessert. Not one dinner is prepared without one.

Maybe Dad's auburn hair accounts for his temperament. Impulsive, quick-tempered, and brilliant are the words which aptly describe him. He is very frugal in some details; whereas in others, he is excessively lavish.

One September my enormous trunk was packed and ready to be sent to school. Instead of having the expressman call for it and take it to the station, Dad decided that we would carry it on the running board of our car. No one said a word in opposition—no

one ever does; we just let Dad command situations. He placed the trunk on the running board, and we clutched it over every bump in the road. I shall never forget that short trip to the station. I gripped the grooves of that trunk until my fingers were almost paralyzed. But this discomfort was insignificant compared to the humiliation I suffered when we passed acquaintances on the street. I could see their mouths gaping in astonishment.

Peggy Goodrich

DAD sometimes has passionate outbursts at the bridge table. Everyone but him plays the Culbertson system of contract, but of course Dad has his own standards of the game. There is never a bridge party in the house but what Dad doesn't try to convince the players that Mr. Culbertson is just another man trying to earn a few extra dollars by fooling the public with a lot of piffle about bridge, which Dad himself could excel. Then, of course, he proceeds to give *his* opinions . . . !

Virginia Whalen

INTERESTING SCIENTIFIC FACTS

*(Contributed by Dr. Elizabeth Kingsbury and
Miss Bettina Hall)*

CYPRESS trees have knees. Their knees are projections that grow up from the roots which aid in the respiration of the trees, as they grow in swampy lands.

There are three types of insect-eating plants in the United States: the pitcher plant, which has hair-like formations on the inside of it to catch the insect when it crawls in; the sundew plant, with its sticky drops on the leaves; and the Venus fly trap, whose structure for capturing the bugs resembles a bear trap—the leaves have sharp teeth which close up.

Insects have compound eyes. The surface of the eye is six-sided, which means that insects probably see a composite picture of things.

A beetle found scooting around on ponds, known as the lucky bug, has two pairs of eyes—one that looks up through the air, and a second pair for seeing down into the water.

The stages of man's development are some-

times referred to as the hunting, pastoral, and agricultural. There are kinds of ants which parallel this development. The tropical race, called the army ants, go through the jungles and kill big animals for food. The second paralleling group of ants are those which feed on a sweet substance secreted by plant lice or "ant cows," corresponding to man's keeping of cattle. The final stage is represented by leaf-cutting tropical ants, which cultivate a kind of fungus which grows on leaves and which they in turn eat.

Most fish, when spawning, swim from the ocean to fresh water to lay their eggs, but the eel reverses this procedure.

It is common for the majority of birds to have their brightest plumage in the breeding season and their dull plumage in the winter. However, ducks do the opposite; they have their eclipse plumage in the breeding period, and the bright in the winter.

Two kinds of birds lay their eggs in the nests of other birds, and when the young are hatched, they are cared for by foster parents. Those birds are the American cow bird and the European cuckoo.

Whales are warm-blooded mammals breathing air. The spout is warm air that the whale exhales, and the moisture condensing produces the spout effect.

The adult whalebone whales have no teeth, and feed on very minute animals. The whalebone, suspended from the upper jaw, strains out the water and retains the small animals for food.

In his laboratory, Pincus, a scientist, by biological experimentation has been able to bring about the fertilization of rabbits' eggs with application of salt and water. No male is necessary in this process, but all the young rabbits will be females exactly like their mothers because there has been no addition of chromosomes from the male. Chromosomes are the bearers of hereditary characteristics of each parent in the young of the species.

The same sex hormones as are in the female human being are found in the pussywillow.

Gertrude Fischer

SUMMER NIGHT

HAVE you ever walked through the North End of Boston on a sultry summer night? The streets are a picture of commotion; it seems as though there could not be one soul left inside the dingy, dark "beehive" dwellings.

Fat grandmothers seated on the door steps cackle away in their sharp native tongues, pausing only now and then to shriek at the half-dressed young children fighting near by. Young mothers, prematurely old, gossip with their neighbors while their hands are busy with some sort of "lacy" endeavor and one foot rocks a dilapidated carriage holding a squalling infant. Groups of swarthy young boys stand on the corner, and lounge against lamp posts or the nearest wall with an air of total indifference—until one or two girls walk by. Then riot breaks loose as each tries his art of "picking up" the girls, who meanwhile are strolling along in their most cinematic, seductive manner. An occasional car drives by, with a screech of the brakes at every crossing. Old men sit on broken down kitchen chairs on the sidewalk and smoke their stogies and drink wine. Here and there two or three of them discuss heatedly and noisily the latest subject of controversy. The sherbet vendor wanders through with his box on his back and his chant of "Sherbet—two cent, T'ree cents, five cents." Children's shrill voices shatter the air with, "Jeese, you cheat!" The burly cop on the beat walks around with a smile on his face and a slap on the back for the old men, and in the next instant he proficiently swears at a lad who tries to trip him.

Somewhere the church bells strike eleven o'clock, but the clamor of the North End on a hot night is unceasing. It is only when the midnight hour is passed that the mob begins to filter slowly away. It is only when the last young girl has come clattering down the cobblestone streets and has bid her latest flame goodnight, that quiet begins to set in.

Jane Bishop



FIRST CREW PRACTICE

MADEMOISELLE X

NO, X does not stand for unknown, but for the Roman numeral ten; it stands for me, as I am the tenth child in my family. Some people envy me, while others wonder how I "get along" with all those brothers and sisters. To be sure, there is only one brother, but there are eight sisters—seven of whom are married. So you see, there are really but three of us left at home.

You can imagine what fun it was to be one of such a large family. Did I want to take a walk? or a swim? or roller skate? A small army of sisters left the Walsh homestead. Some bridge? Two tables can be made up instantly. A game of tennis? Let's play doubles. A little dance? With the boys who were always calling, it became a big dance. How about a little music? My father, who is an accomplished musician, would go to the piano, and others would get out ukelele, mandolin, violin, guitar, banjo, cello, and my brother the trap drums. With my mother as an appre-

ciative audience, we would play for hours. Any guests dropping in would be asked to sing or put a piece of tissue paper over a comb and make some noise. A little difficulty in spelling, math, Latin, French, physics? Always someone to straighten out the snarl. Always someone to help me, or to help the others. And at meal time our table looked like a party, particularly on Sundays and holidays when we invited guests. And what chatter and jollity we had at the table! To be sure, there were quiet asides from Mother of "Take your elbows off the table. Wipe your mouth before drinking. Smaller mouthfuls, please," but these never hindered our enjoyment. We absorbed table manners with our spinach.

We don't have favorites in our family. However, my two oldest sisters married when I was very young; and as the next four sisters were either in college or at boarding school, it happened that I played most with my sisters Frankie and Billie (Lasell '37) and my brother Jim, and they have always seemed a little closer to me than the others.

When people hear that my brother is the only boy in the family, they expect him to be a sissy. But he is just the opposite—all boy, or man as I should say now, since he graduated from college last year. He is very dear to me, and has given me the masculine view of many things. He has a keen sense of humor. He can dance, ride, swim, sail a boat, play good golf, tennis, badminton, ping pong, and hockey. Do you wonder that his "baby sister" is very fond of him?

It was lots of fun for us to go shopping with mother. And did the salespeople like to see her appear! It was always a dozen or two pairs of silk stockings, four dozen handkerchiefs, six pairs of dancing slippers, a dozen slips, and so on. After shopping, we always had lunch at Filene's or the Exchange Club, and we vied to see how much we could eat.

Perhaps the best part of belonging to a large family is all the memories. The ceremony of hanging the stockings by the fireplace

on Christmas Eve, and then Mother telling us the story of the Christmas star; getting out of bed in my "feet pajamas" to see Santa in his red velvet suit walk down the drive; our New Year's High Tea; the Easter-egg hunt (and the tummy-ache next day); the April 19 Open House for all our friends to see "Paul Revere" ride by, and then the parade; the fireworks on the Fourth of July, and the hole burned in my favorite dress; the pride my family showed and the praises I received when I sang over the radio; the semi-annual gathering of toys and clothes for the less fortunate; our pride in the big cup that my brother won at the Marblehead races; the near-hysteria when we witnessed his rescue of a girl and a dog in a gale on Hull Bay; the delight I felt when, at six years of age, I became an aunt; the excitement of seeing the first robin. One of my special memories was lying in bed listening to an orchestra downstairs, wishing I could grow up quickly. Later the same evening, I almost caught a cold in my eye from peeping through the keyhole of my door as I watched the girls in their pretty evening dresses coming into and going from my sisters' rooms to repair their make-up.

Of course, there were days when the sun did not shine. That was when, because I was the youngest, I was asked to fetch and carry. It was "Would you mind going upstairs and getting my—?" "Please take this down to—," and "I know Jeanne will be glad to do it." But usually someone came to my rescue.

My mother and father are good pals to their children. Sane, sensible people they are, with much understanding and sympathy,—a little too conservative for some people, but with fine ideals and sensibilities.

Jeanne Walsh



TOM NEVER'S HEAD

THE crescent of Tom Never's Head, a promontory of Nantucket Island, lay warm in the summer sun. On the far end of the beach was a skeleton of a ship, black and worm-eaten. Ruthless time, combined with scavenger hunts, had done its work. Near the pristine prow were traces of beach parties. A "coke" bottle; half-burned cigarette stubs; stale bits of food; and marshmallow boxes ignobled the white sands. A little beyond the wreck squatted a hut. The roof pitched, the sides bulged, and still it stood. Perhaps it had withstood the gales through the protection of the towering bluff behind it, or perhaps the sturdy lumber of which it was built served as a bulwark. From the hut twined a little path that struggled up a sand bank to Tom Never's Head. On the top were cindery ruins of an old hotel from which the land got its name; and from the fragments there, the mind could reconstruct "Never's Folly," with its many gables and turrets. Wandering down again, the path mingled indivisibly with the sand; and the other bare tip of the crescent bent inward, shining whitely in the sun.

DRESSING FOR SALADS

At luncheons, at bridges, at teas, cabarets,
At large dinner parties, at little buffets,
At all sorts of parties one year to the next,
Your meal almost always has salad annexed.

Sometimes it is served in one big, jiggly mold.
In slicing your helping, you're apt to behold
The structure collapsing on lettuce-spread plate,
Hanging over the edge in a dangerous state.
At dinners your own little salad appears—
It *always* appears. Though it shakes, it coheres:
You hack with your fork and you saw with your knife.
"It's not worth the trouble," you say to your wife.

Fruit salad is cut-up fruits stuck into Jello,
Covered with dressing that's runny and yellow.
But vegetable salad, though very nutritious,
Has raw carrots, cold beets (things quite undelicious),
And withered string beans which are left over, and
which

I don't like at all. So I'll take a cheese sandwich.

Pat Kieser



AFTER FIRST PRACTICE

THE COWARD OF THERMOPYLAE

by CAROLINE DALE SNEDECKER

The Coward of Thermopylae is an historical novel about the one Spartan soldier who survived the battle of Thermopylae, fought in 480 B.C., during the Third Expedition of the Persian War.

ARISTODEMOS was born in Athens, where he lived until he was ten years old; when his mother, Makaria, on the death of her husband, took him to her native city of Sparta. Here Aristodemos was forced to join the army, but he would have run away if the captain of his barracks, Leonidas, had not caught him. The two became the best of friends, and the Athenian grew to be a fine soldier and athlete.

After the suicide of Kleomenes, cruel king and half-brother of Leonidas, Leonidas became king of Sparta. At this time the Persian army under Xerxes was marching across Thessaly, having easily passed the undefended

Vale of Tempe. Leonidas persuaded the Spartan ephors to send three hundred soldiers, the king's guard, to the aid of the Athenians; and Aristodemos quickly adopted a slave boy so that he could march north with Leonidas. (Every soldier had to have a son to succeed him in Sparta in case he was killed.) The three hundred soldiers marched up the Peloponnese to Corinth, collecting allies along the way, and made camp at Thermopylae, a narrow pass and the only road by which an invading army can penetrate from northern to southern Greece. The Persian horde encamped on the plain below the pass, but were unsuccessful in their first attempt to take Thermopylae. As there was a goat path leading up over the mountains and around behind the Greek camp, Leonidas stationed the Phokians at the end of the path. Since the Phokians were proud hill people, and were tired of repeated warnings to watch carefully for the Persians, the Spartan king sent Aristodemos to the Persian camp to find out whether or not the Persians knew of the goat path. Aristodemos got into the camp disguised as a stupid water-bearer. But when lying under a fold of canvas near Xerxes' tent, he was stricken with the blinding disease which another soldier had had. Sharp pains throbbed through his head, but he nevertheless heard a Greek shepherd demanding that a Persian guard take him to Xerxes. Aristodemos had seen the peasant earlier, near the mountain path, and knew now that he would betray the Greeks. Sword in hand, he rushed at the man, but his sore eyes had not seen a guard in the shadows. Several Persian Immortals overcame him, and prepared to sacrifice him by burning before the Persians set out for the path that evening. But Demaratos, a man who should have been king of Sparta instead of Kleomenes, loosened the thongs on his arms, and Aristodemos escaped into a stream. He hurried up the mountain path with the Persians shortly behind him, and warned the Phokians, who would not fight in the path but took to a cliff and let the enemy through. Aristodemos

lighted a fire to signal to Magistius, the priest of Leonidas, that the Persians had gained the goat path and would soon be behind the Greek army. Then he fell down unconscious, and would have died had not a helot nursed him back to health.

When well, Aristodemos set out for Sparta, alone except for his slave, because all three hundred Spartans had been killed in the battle at Thermopylae. Arriving in Sparta, he was called "The Coward" by everyone, and his mother put a curse on him for not having died vainly at the pass. After wandering around Arkadia for some time with his adopted son, Mendi, Aristodemos went to the oracle at Delphi to find out the name of Mendi's real father, who was a law-giver in the Italian city of Elea, and took the boy back to him.

Aristodemos then returned to Greece, to the ruins of Athens, where he joined the army and became a hero of the battle of Plataea. He was killed near the close of that battle, but was crowned with a laurel wreath by the immortal poet Pindar, who had been the best friend of Aristodemos' father. Looking at the beautiful, smiling face of Aristodemos, Pindar said: "Sparta will not honour thee, but she must needs let thee lie with her dead. Do not grieve, true soul. Pindar hath crowned thee, and Pindar's crowns do not die."

Pat Kieser

THE MEN WHO TALK TOO MUCH

Most everybody hates their breed:
They stand behind their mikes and plead
With everyone to use their stuff—
When you've heard one, you've heard enough.
"Remember, folks, use Formula Two,
The perfect powder base for you."

These hounds of radio come along
And break in on your favorite song,
To talk on soap or wine or cheese.
They're even worse, I think, than these
Monotonous females who make you wince
At recipes and shopping hints.

Pat Kieser

NORUMBEGA

Lasell crews have been stroking up and down the Charles River past the amusement grounds of Norumbega Park and past the old, field-stone Norumbega Tower. Some girls have climbed the circular stairway, and from the battlemented top see only a winding river rimmed by trees. Where as the "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" of the lost city of Norumbega? Like the Fountain of Youth, this phantom city lured the early explorers who hoped to have one glimpse of its dazzling turrets before they died. They searched in vain for it along the northern coast of New England. It is said that Captain John Smith believed it to be somewhere along the Charles River. An English sailor claimed that he had actually seen Norumbega, and described it as gleaming with gold and precious stones.

However, when New England was finally settled, it was by a stern band of people seeking God, not earthly splendor. Norumbega was forgotten until Eben Horsford, Professor at Harvard, startled to study Norse history. In 1884, he announced to the world that he had discovered remains of the lost city on the banks of the Charles between Riverside and Watertown. He believed that the Vikings, led by Lief Ericson, had settled there and built the fabulous city. Norvega or Norbega meant Norway, and the great river, always mentioned in the old Norse sagas, was the Charles. Various Norse relics were dug up, including sword blades and a helmet. Later it was found that these relics were missing from the Peabody Museum, and that they had been buried by the Professor's students. Professor Horsford, however, never relinquished his idea. He built the field-stone tower to commemorate his discovery of the location of the lost city, which today has been entirely discredited.

No, we do not see "gorgeous palaces" near Norumbega, but outdoor fireplaces, benches and tables for picnics, and the Lasell crew stroking on the river.

Barbara Gorely



CREW PICNIC SUPPER

"REASON TO LAMENT"

Lasell Junior College
Auburndale, Massachusetts
May 24, 1941

DEAR SISTER MARIAN,

You had better tell Mommy that I can't come home this week end. I had a slight accident—my nose is broken.

I could explain in one sentence, but that would never do. I want to use up this paper before I graduate.

Well, *this* is the reason why I now look like a discarded football hero. The "Calorie Count" sat at my table. She is one of those females who persistently admonish you not to eat your favorite dessert because it has twenty-five extra heat units, and so forth. She herself eats like a proverbial bird, or maybe like a fish—she's on a liquid diet three out of seven days.

After listening to that female Gandhi, I was

on the verge of going mad. I formed diabolical plans to shame her into silence at meals—no more spoiling my appetite; no more making me weight conscious.

One Friday night, I found that Calorie Count had taken a dinner cut to avoid fried fish and beets. "Ah!" said I to myself, "Here's my chance." I dashed up to the Dean's office, took out a dinner cut, and rushed back to Conn to call up "Calorie Count."

A long pause—"Calorie Count" finally came to the phone; and as I could hear a tiny tinkling sound, I surmised I had taken her from the shower. While she dripped, I elucidated. We two were to gnaw at a lettuce leaf together. She acquiesced, little knowing.

Well, as Dad says, to make a long story longer: my invaluable roommate plied "Calorie Count" with vitamins while I gleefully quoted, "250 calories! Have another mouthful." (The other member of our triumvirate was holding her.) "C.C." gurgled some awful threat of vengeance—and swallowed.

Then Hades broke loose. By some jujitsu, "C.C." flipped Fussie over her shoulder, dived at my roommate who was sliding under a convenient bed, and flung a small leaden statue of Bunker Hill at me. I didn't duck.

The rest is history. As a famous poet says:

"Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?"

Your loving sister,

Binnsey
Elaine Sullivan

ACHIEVE THE HONORABLE—IF YOU CAN

MY PARENTS tell me that as a child I was very impressionable; I was also high-strung, a problem child, and a lot of other interesting things. Everything I read made a very lasting impression on me. It still does. After I read *Grapes of Wrath*, I was imbued with a spirit of salvation, and wanted to go right out and help those poor unfortunates to a new and better life. However, with one thing and another,

I haven't had time. Usually when I get an inspiration to save the world, Mother calls me to empty the garbage.

It may seem strange, but the book that has cut me deepest is my typing book. The author has injected a good deal of helpful information into the lessons, but he has made a physical and mental wreck of me. By the end of the year, I shall be unfit to associate with people. The first few lessons were easy for me: I could dash off such phrases as "Alaska adds a salad" and "Thugs are very bad for society and they must be put away by main force." I took this stage in my stride; but soon after, we were required to copy whole paragraphs.

I was completely unnerved. Those paragraphs were horrible. Let me quote one. "Doing anything well involves the faithful adherence to carefully planned procedure. Meet all requirements squarely and fearlessly." I have never met anything squarely and fearlessly in my whole life. I don't know how. Here is another: "Greet the meek and lowly with handclasp and word of cheer. Scatter sunshine as you go on your journey to success." I'm sorry, I can't. Perhaps it is the fault of my parents, who always cautioned me not to have much to do with the lowly.

After reading these gems of wisdom, I realized what an utter failure I am. I can't follow any of the typing book's precepts, and I shall never journey down the road to success unless I do follow them. The book says so. This is no reflection on the author. He was probably just trying to give me a little courage to face life's realities, but he can never salvage the wreckage of my life. I'm not made of the right stuff.

I can never do this—"First jump to the immediate task; then move on, being constantly on the alert, with ear to the ground so as not to miss any of the good coming your way." If there is any good coming my way, I'll have to do without it. I'm not limber enough to keep my ear to the ground.

Nina Hobson

SPRING MADNESS

NOW that the crocuses are budding, the jonquils are blooming, and the tulips are thriving, every little boy in every little sand lot is playing baseball. That's fine, and I can't think of anything I would rather have a little boy do than play baseball. That's better than throwing rocks at people.

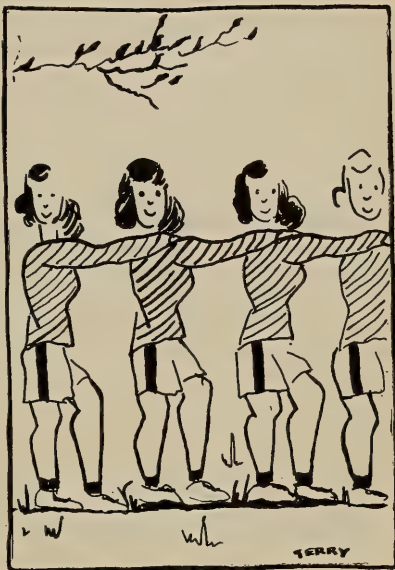
Baseball is a wonderful game—for little fellows. But there is one thing that I cannot understand, and that is the fact that men over fifteen years of age will stoop to play it. To me it seems just about as exciting as a fast game of Farmer in the Dell. I have racked my brain to find an excuse for such stupidity, and I find only one logical answer—everybody gets spring fever around the first of April. When I get spring fever, I always feel contentedly feeble-minded and want to go around acting like a moron. Perhaps that is the way men feel. The minute the landscape gets a little green, they grab bats and gloves with idiotic cries of joy and rush out of doors to make fools of themselves.

Take the pitcher, for instance. You can recognize him because he always has a Hitler-like glint in his eye, a horrible leer on his face, and an overbearing swagger. All this person does is throw a ball which only a selected few can hit. Is that sensible? If the men hit the ball oftener, the game would begin to be mildly interesting.

The catcher is no better. Evidently his main assignment is to annoy everybody. He squats over the plate, shouting some sort of fiendish gibberish at the pitcher. He's in America now, and I want to know why he can't speak English like the rest of us.

When spring comes, women are perfectly content to go out and buy new clothes which they can't afford. That is a small crime compared to the way men act. There is nothing more childish than a man in a striped knicker suit with his underwear showing below his sleeves. I think I'll write to my senator about it.

Nina Hobson



AFTER RIVER DAY

THE FIRST MICROBE HUNTER

ANTHONY LEEUWENHOEK was born in 1632 in Delft, Holland, to a respectable family of basket-makers and brewers. His father died when he was young, and Anthony's mother sent him to a school to learn to be a government official. But he quit school at sixteen to become an apprentice in an Amsterdam dry-goods store.

When he was twenty-one, Leeuwenhoek returned to Delft, married, and set up his own dry-goods store. Little is known about him from twenty to forty years of age, but during those obscure twenty years, he remarried, was appointed janitor of the Delft city hall, and developed a love for grinding lenses for his microscopes. He had heard that a very small lens ground from clear glass would magnify objects. So he went to spectacle-makers and learned to grind his own lenses because he was too suspicious of others' workmanship to buy them. He also learned alchemists' secret

methods of getting metals from ores, and mounted his lenses. He found a way to make a tiny lens less than one-eighth of an inch across, and peered at everything he could get hold of—ox eyes and beaver hairs and a fly's brain—but he never made a drawing or wrote anything down until he was *sure* that he was correct.

At the suggestion of Regnier de Graaf, who explored the human ovary, Leeuwenhoek was asked to write of his discoveries to the Royal Society of England. The Society was astounded by the things Leeuwenhoek said that he could see through his lenses. Remember that when Leeuwenhoek was born, there were no microscopes—only hand-lenses that might make a dime look as large as a quarter.

The first microbe hunter curiously examined everything around him. And then one day he looked through a gold-mounted lens at part of a drop of clear rain water. What did he see but little animals swimming and playing around! He called them "wretched beasties," and calculated that they were "a thousand times smaller than the eye of a large louse." Then Leeuwenhoek experimented with rain water from his eaves trough and water from Delft canals and water from the cold well in his garden, and everywhere (except in rain fresh from the sky) he found those microscopic beasts. Many thousands of them did not equal a grain of sand in size.

To the Royal Society at London he wrote page after page about these animals so much smaller than the cheese mite, which was until then considered the smallest creature God had made. But, suspicious man that he was, he refused to answer the questions of the Society as to how he made his microscopes. So Hooke and Grew were commissioned to build fine microscopes and brew pepper water, as Leeuwenhoek had done, to show the Society members the beasts that live in water. The great men were amazed, and Leeuwenhoek was made a Fellow. But he still would not send them one of his microscopes; he had hundreds of them, but would not part with even one.

The years went by; and when Anthony Leeuwenhoek was over fifty years old, he saw for the first time of all men the capillary blood vessels in the tail of a fish, the vessels through which blood goes from arteries to veins. (This completed the English Harvey's discovery of the circulation of blood.) He discovered the human sperm. All Europe knew about Anthony Leeuwenhoek.

He fussed with mussels that he got from the canals of Delft; and when one of his teeth came loose (he was over eighty then) he jerked it out and examined with his lens the creatures in the tooth's root. He continued his studies, but he would not teach young men how to grind his lenses.

On his deathbed, when he was ninety-one years old, Anthony sent for his friend Hoogvliet. "—have those two letters on the table translated into Latin. . . . Send them to London to the Royal Society," he said. Thus he kept his promise to serve the Society faithfully during the rest of his life.

Anthony Leeuwenhoek had not the brilliance of Spallanzani nor the imagination of Pasteur, but none of the other microbe hunters was so honest nor so accurate as this Dutchman who ran a dry-goods store and who found "wretched beasties" in a clear drop of water.

Pat Kieser

WISE ACRES

We know much more in youth and college days
Than anyone else who lives on this, our earth,
Of love and hate, of joy and fear, and mirth.
No one can tell us how to live our days:
In class we've learned the world in all her ways.
In knowledge we surpass all men of worth:
Give us the problems of the world to girth!
We'll figure them all out in these brief days.

But give them to us quickly, right away;
Don't stop to study why or where or when;
For time is short and we must not delay.
Our confidence is stronger only then.
For we know more in youth when we are gay
Than we shall ever know in life again.

Constance Engel

NEWS FLASHES

- Feb. 9*—In Vespers Dr. Boynton Merrill points the way to peace.
- Feb. 11*—Woodland Open House.
- Feb. 13*—Mrs. Sypher warns students to be skeptical about war horror stories.
- Feb. 14*—Flowers and telegrams weigh down the Barn.
- Feb. 16*—Dr. Daniel Marsh, president of B. U., expounds upon the reasons for church.
- Feb. 18*—Lucky girls receive sport letters and numerals.
- Feb. 24*—Lasell honors Miss Potter at a birthday dinner.
- Mar. 1*—Seniors dance dreamily at their Prom in Winslow.
- Mar. 7, 8*—"The Barretts" live again behind the footlights.
- Mar. 15*—Soft lights on a moonlit deck . . . the Junior Prom.
- Mar. 18*—Dr. Jean Mendenhall excites thought about "It's Your Life."
- Mar. 21*—Rollicking "H.M.S. Pinafore" brightens the Winslow horizon.
- Mar. 26*—Soothing music, and lovely voices . . . student recital.
- Mar. 28*—Vacation at long last!
- Apr. 7*—A glad return . . . opportunity to show off new finery.
- Apr. 14*—Happy seniors take tables.
- Apr. 17*—"Oh, how the dollars roll in!" . . . Endowment Fund Bridge.
- Apr. 21*—Mr. Kenneth Richter magnetizes assembly by his talk and excellent "Primitive West" movies.
- Apr. 26*—Blisters for Britain! The Dramatic Club sponsors an informal at Winslow.
- Apr. 27*—Dr. Linwood Brown of the Grenfell mission shows interesting pictures in Vespers.

Elaine Sullivan

CAN YOU ARGUE LIKE A LADY?

WOULDNT'N'T you like to have a magic phrase that would stop argument, eliminate ill feeling, create good will, and make the other person listen atten-

tively? Yes? All right, Dale Carnegie has given us this very helpful formula: Begin by saying: "I don't blame you one iota for feeling as you do. If I were you, I should undoubtedly feel the same." We can sincerely say this because, of course, if we were that person, we should feel the way he does. The only reason, for example, that we aren't rabbits is because our parents aren't; we don't consider snakes holy because we weren't born into a Hindu family.

Remember, you had little to do toward making yourself what you are, and that the irritated, unreasoning person that comes to you deserves little discredit for being what he is. Feel sorry for him. Say to yourself what John B. Gough used to say to himself when he saw a drunkard: "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

The object of an argument is not only to induce another to accept our opinions and beliefs, but to persuade him to act accordingly. The end of argumentation is action. "Some people are so constituted that they'd rather lose a friend than an argument."

"Many can argue, not many converse," is a saying which is only too true, and offers the spectacle of a verbal battle over religious, political, or ethical points of view opposed to one another. An argument often ends with hard feelings, which are not the result of insane pros and cons but the consequence of slack cooperation. I'm afraid we're all so busy musing our comebacks that we give little consideration to the keen statements of our friends.

Let's begin to talk about things on which we agree, and keep on emphasizing them with our roommates and other friends. "A 'No' response," says Professor Overstreet in his book, *Influencing Human Behavior* "is a most difficult handicap to overcome. When a person has said 'No,' all his pride of personality demands that he remain consistent with himself." You know, it's said, "A woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still!"

Anne Mellin

MORE ABOUT RELIGION

The student response to the articles on religion in the February "Leaves" was unexpectedly eager. To comply with a request for some explanation of less familiar religions, the articles on Buddhism and the Greek Orthodox church are included.

WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST

THE reason that I am a Christian Scientist is that I believe it teaches us the Truth about God, man, and the universe; and shows us that the power of God is here, now, to meet all our human needs, whether they be physical, mental, or economic.

Many people question the term "science" as applied to Christianity. As in every other field of learning, Christian Science has an absolute rule which is logically termed science. Webster's definition of science is "acknowledged truths and laws, especially as demonstrated by experiment or observation." The term Science refers to the laws of God and to His government of the universe, inclusive of man.

In the year 1866 Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, was instantaneously healed of what was called a fatal accident, by reading the Bible; and this Truth, Christian Science, came to her through "revelation, reason, and demonstration." She then wrote "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures" which, as the name implies, is a spiritual interpretation of the Bible. We believe that the so-called miracles of Jesus are possible today by using God as our only physician, and the Bible and "Science and Health" as our only preachers. Our Sunday service each week consists of readings which are selected from these two books, and are the same in every Christian Science Church all over the world. In this way no personality enters into the sermon. And if you are not able to attend church you may read the sermon yourself from these books.

Another aspect of the Christian Science Church that I like is the simplicity of the

meetings. You enter the church, and except for the singing of the hymns, you remain seated until you leave.

Every Wednesday night we have a testimonial meeting, when anyone who has had a healing in Christian Science has a chance, if he wishes, to share it with the congregation. These healings are gained through the realization that God is the father of good only, and therefore man cannot suffer from anything opposite from good.

As every other religion, of course, we have prayer. After a few minutes of silent prayer in church, we repeat the Lord's prayer in unison. On Communion Sunday we commune silently during this silent prayer. We do not have bread and wine, as we try to think only of the spiritual atonement with God.

To Christian Scientists, Heaven is not a place or locality where one goes after death, but is a divine state of consciousness, which may be with us at any time. Heaven is harmony, and the reign of Spirit.

To me my life is my religion, and I try to live it in everything I do. I believe God is "guiding, guarding, governing, and protecting" us every day, and this helps me in making decisions, and in solving problems both social and scholastic. I don't think I could ever get along harmoniously if I didn't have this religion to rely on.

Marjorie Allyn
Constance Engel

BUDDHISM

B UDDHISM is not simply a religion in China—it is a way of life. Many fascinating aspects of this mysterious religion have been related to me by Dorlise Krenz, who lived in China and learned a

great deal about the customs and ritual of the Buddhists.

The best way to comprehend something about Buddhism is to compare it to our Christian tenets, and to realize the similarities and dissimilarities of the two religions. Buddhism is similar to Christianity in that it emphasizes a moral life encompassed by inescapable moral law. Both religions believe selfishness to be the immediate cause of human suffering.

Buddhism is radically dissimilar from Christianity in that a personal God in Buddhism is denied. Buddhists have numerous gods to include every possible field of worship. Desire for any kind of individual life in Buddhism is evil; while in Christianity the desire for a righteous life is indispensable and natural. The earthly life in Buddhism, because of its sufferings, is believed to be hardly worth living. In Christianity, life, despite its sufferings, is progressively worth while.

There are five hundred different gods worshipped in Buddhism. Some of these gods are representative of the sun, happiness, marriage, children, dogs, and even turtles. Each of these gods has a temple of its own, these temples making up much of the beauty of China's landscape.

There is a certain ritual pertinent to the worship of each individual god. If an unmarried girl desires to be married, she goes to the Temple of Marriage, and removes one of the red silk threads from the canopy suspended above the god. She takes this thread to her home, hangs it in an inconspicuous place; and the first man, outside of her family, to touch it will be her future husband. This procedure has proved successful three times in the knowledge of my friend.

Childless wives who desire offspring go to the Temple of Birth, and find, under the altar, a number of small, clay, painted figures representing both male and female babies. They take to their homes the number and the sex they want, keep them in a secret place, and set before the figures small bowls of rice each day. Within a month from this

time, the women are supposed to conceive. In this event, they return the clay figures to the Temple, with a small donation.

The Buddhists hold a very low estimate on human life and the human body. Those worshippers who give their lives to work as apprentices to the older priests in the temples do not ever wash, comb, or cut their hair. Because they believe that dust is holy, they are caked with dirt as a result of never performing ablutions.

In case of death, sickness, or pestilence in the village or in a family, each family or member of a family will do its own kind of penance. Some crawl for approximately six or seven miles on their knees to a temple. Others will walk three steps, kneel down and bump their head against the ground, and continue in this way to the temple. Several penitents go as animals of burden, such as an ox, wearing an ox's yoke while walking along the road. Some wear donkey saddles. Burning incense to the respective gods is a very common ritual in doing penance.

The Chinese people, as a whole, are nonchalant about religion. During festivals and certain appointed times, they do all the necessary worshipping; but after this worshipping is over, they are happy and carefree, giving very little thought to religion between whiles.

In one temple, containing images of all the five hundred gods, my friend inquired of the old priest residing in the temple if it weren't a difficult task to keep all these images free from dust. Whereupon the priest explained that the gods dusted themselves. After questioning the priest's apprentices, my friend learned that this priest was so spiritual that he could actually make the gods perform this work. This is only one of the many inexplicable things in the Buddhist religion.

Unfortunately, many religious missionaries do not realize the beauty and antiquity of this religion and how well it suits the cultural and psychological background of China, and try, in their own way, to force their religion upon the Chinese people. If Buddhism is to

be demolished, the whole mysterious, superstitious, and historical background of China may be annihilated, also.

Constance Engel

THE GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH

ONE of the three denominations of Universal Christendom is the Greek Orthodox Church, which is divided, from an administrative point of view, into a number of subdivisions, such as patriarchates and all autocephalous or independent churches. First among these is the patriarchate of Constantinople, followed by those of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem. There are also independent churches of Greece, Cyprus, Russia, Serbia, and Rumania. The Greek Orthodox Church has about 150,000,000 communicants.

According to the doctrine of the Eastern Orthodox Church, "Man by his disobedience lost his first innocence, and fell from the love of God, cursed with a darkened intellect, corrupt heart and weak will. The Son of God was incarnated, and by His great Sacrifice on Calvary, He reconciled the sinner to His Creator. In order to perpetuate and disseminate the blessings of the Cross, Jesus Christ founded His Church, into which anyone caring for his salvation may enter."

The Greek Orthodox Church accepts seven Sacraments: Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Marriage, Ordination, Unction, and Penance (the highest among them being Baptism and the Eucharist). The Greek Orthodox Church does not believe in Purgatory, but does believe in two states after death: a state of happiness for the saved, and a state of pain for the lost.

As the canons of the Orthodox Church stand today, a Deacon or a Priest can marry, but not a Bishop.

The predominant style of the sacred buildings of the Orthodox Church is the Byzantine with variations. The best and oldest examples of these churches are found in Athens, Mt. Athos, and especially in Constantinople.

The Byzantine Temple is divided inside into three subdivisions: the Narthex, the Nave, and the Holy Altar. Statues are absolutely prohibited in the Greek Orthodox Church. Icons or holy images cover every part of the Church in order to inspire the worshippers to imitate the good deeds of the saints. The "Iconostasion" separates from the altar the part of the Church reserved for the laity. Oil lamps hanging before the holy icons or from chandeliers illuminate the interior of the church, especially during great festivals. The doors of the Orthodox Churches are always open, and anyone may enter to pray at any time.

The greatest festival of the Greek Orthodox Church is Easter Sunday, when "Nature awakens and joy fills the heart of all." Easter Sunday and all the feast cycle are regulated on the basis of the Julian calendar.

The center of the whole Orthodox worship is the Divine Liturgy, which is conducted in the Greek language. The Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom is the most important and most familiar service of the Greek Church. The entire service is a sacred drama which presents to the worshippers the life, words, and deeds of our Lord from His birth to His Ascension. The central and most important part of this service is the Sacrament of Eucharist or Holy Communion. The use of icons, lighting of candles, burning of incense, priestly vestments, and chanting help to arouse the spirit of the worshipper, and to raise him to a level, spiritually, whereby he becomes an actual participant in the service.

Laura Pechilis

DAPHNE

YOU know her well. She is the Emily Post of the campus—the girl with the uncomfortably high standards. She is the one who prides herself on being a steady influence. Perhaps you don't know the one I'm speaking of, but you know somebody like her; because her kind flourishes. Unfortunately.

Daphne has no faults; she is perfection. She is always well-groomed, and I confess grudgingly that I think she has a certain amount of style. Her clothes are always correct. Her posture must be a treat to any physical director; yet when I walk behind her I experience an almost uncontrollable desire to kick her on the posterior.

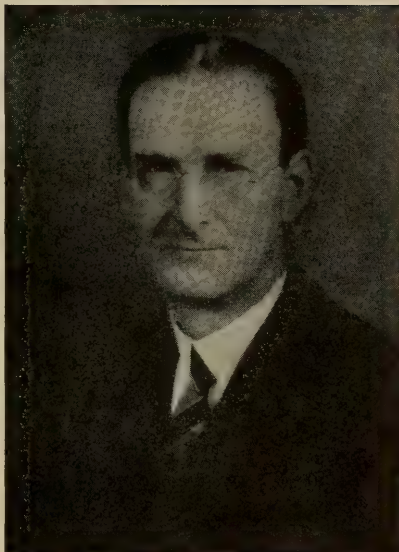
I think of her mind as being enclosed in a little square box. The box has a door which lets out proper little thoughts at the proper time and in the proper place. I'm assuming that all of her thoughts *are* proper, because she never permits any remark which might be considered unconventional to slip from her lips. There have been times actually when she has allowed herself to swear, but with such studied abandon (which she no doubt considered devilish recklessness) that it removes all feeling from the oath.

Daphne is much to be admired and respected. But not by me, thank you. I won't let myself respect her. To do so would make me feel inferior. I do like to be with her—much more than she likes to be with me. She can't bear to be embarrassed, and I take cruel pleasure in embarrassing her. She is extremely uncomfortable when I am around.

Her idea of dashing good fun is to have a quiet bridge game; then go into the kitchen and scramble together a few leftovers. I'll bet my right foot that she works like a fiend all morning preparing an Emily Post-approved salad. And I'll bet they use the best plates and silver.

Daphne is a wonderful girl, and it must be a delight to the old folks to see one girl left who still has principles. But this I know! If Daphne ever lets up on her dignity long enough to get a husband, I am going to feel it my duty to warn him. No man will ever be worthy of her, and he might as well know it before he takes the fatal step. Perhaps, if he has the patience, he can make a human being out of her.

Nina Hobson



DR. NEILSON CAMPBELL HANNAY

DR. HANNAY

A TALL, straight-shouldered man with a brief case tucked under one arm. He walks through Bragdon Hall between classes, looking neither to the left nor the right, but when greeted by an "Hello," he bestows a somewhat startled but nonetheless warm smile upon the courageous soul who dares to disturb his reverie.

Dr. Hannay is an ardent walker. His modest record is an eighty-mile walk in twenty-five and one-half hours. The secret of his intimate knowledge of the European continent lies in his love of walking. In this way he has been able to see people as they actually live and not through the eyes of the typical American tourist.

The academic part of Dr. Hannay's life has been ably summed up in "Who's Who in America."

He has a remarkable collection of postcards and a collection of photographs which he has

taken himself. He amazes us, in his classes, by bringing *negatives* to lectures to illustrate the places about which he is speaking. He cares little about developing them. He shrugs his shoulders in answer to our questions and says, "Why bother to develop them all? I know what they'd look like."

His acquaintance with both men and letters is wide. He knows book dealers in London who have acted as intermediaries in the sale of priceless books and manuscripts. He has availed himself of opportunities to visit the birthplace and burial place of all the men about whom his courses are concerned. His lectures are interspersed with Greek, Latin, or Hebrew references, in which cases he gives us the symbols as easily as he would write a word in English. During his travels abroad, he met a Coptic priest. This priest was later in Boston on a visit, and Dr. Hannay was present at an amazing demonstration. The Coptic priest had trained himself to control his muscles so that, at will, he could stop the flow of blood to his brain. This cataleptic state rendered him completely helpless—almost corpse-like. After the priest was in this condition, Dr. Hannay and another man placed him in a hermetically sealed coffin in which a candle could glow only seven minutes when the air space was empty, and in which an ordinary man would lose consciousness at the end of four minutes, and would be dead after seven minutes! The Coptic priest had set his mind, with alarm clock-like precision, to arouse himself *fifty-five* minutes from the time when he was placed in the coffin. At the end of fifty-five minutes, he was removed from the coffin, placed upright, and almost momentarily regained his normal physical being. How is that one for Ripley?

Another interesting side light in the life of versatile Dr. Hannay is his ability to read character, from the subject's face, either in substance or in print. He has a divided mirror which separates a front view picture so that it gives the appearance of each side doubled. To appreciate the difference be-

tween the right and left halves of one's face, one must see each side as it would appear if it were all like the right side or all like the left! For the right-handed person the right side of the face reveals the conscious phase of life, while the left hand side reveals the subconscious. For a vivid example of the eye being deceived by the conscious side, which is the side visible to society, Dr. Hannay showed us a picture of a minister of the gospel who was a pious man in his community, and who, in his photograph, was next to saint-like. And then Dr. Hannay slipped the snapshot beneath the divided mirror. The response from the class was electric! The subconscious (left-hand) side of his face made him look like a hardened criminal, with small eyes, and a cruel, hard mouth. It appears, to round out our story, that this same minister was a criminal and finished his career in Sing Sing!

And are you asking what courses include these interesting discussions? *Biblical Literature* brought about the tale of the Coptic priest, and *American Literature* fostered the character-reading session. Dr. Hannay, in the latter case, was illustrating the difference between the right and left side of Edgar Allen Poe's face. By this token we should be able to rid ourselves of the time-worn expression which we use to show dislike or disapproval—namely "two-faced." Because, you see, we're *all* inherently two-faced.

There you have a few scattered high-lights about the life of Neilson Hannay, Doctor of Philosophy. To do justice to him is a difficult task. He is much more than an instructor to his students. He is admired, respected, and liked tremendously for what he teaches and for what he is. It is purely assumption on my part, but I feel that Dr. Hannay revealed a portion of his philosophy of life, and certainly a plausible explanation for his aptness in so many fields, one day in Drama class. He said, "It's just human nature if you succeed in one thing to want to succeed in another."

And I say to you, "Go thou and do likewise."
Alice Herrick



Photograph by Derick

OH, A-HOSTELING WE WILL GO!

(Anyone who likes outdoor life, and wishes to travel inexpensively in good company, should read this article.)

What do you know about youth hostels? Nothing much. Aha, I thought so! Although the hostel groups are now well known in twenty countries and are on the increase in America, many young people have not heard of them.

First, let me explain what hostels are. They are inexpensive overnight camps, run by so called "house parents," which are approved by an organization called American Youth Hostels. A group of young people get together and travel via foot, rail, boat and particularly by bicycle, to see the country. The hostels have certain rules and regulations by which the hostellers must abide, and in this way the groups are kept organized.

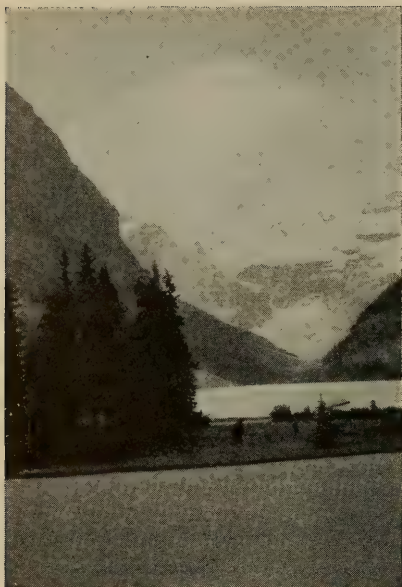
Last summer, Miss Winifred Whittemore, the new secretarial teacher at Lasell, took a nine-week trip across Canada to the Pacific Ocean and back across the United States to Boston. This thrilling trip began on July 2, when several groups of hostellers biked from Northfield, Mass., to the railroad station, and loaded their luggage onto the train.

Their first stop was Montreal, where the group saw some orphans kneeling on each step of the temple where priests were taking them.

In Ottawa, Canada's capital city, the hostellers were able to see, with the help of a police escort, the United States Minister's grounds, the Government House, and the Canadian Houses of Parliament. At Callender, Miss Whittemore was fortunate in seeing the five leading ladies of Canada,—the Dionne quintuplets. The travelers then pushed on to Winnipeg, Calgary, and next to Banff. Traveling by bus to Lake Louise, and then on her first horseback ride, a three-hour one, Miss Whittemore got near a glacier.

The next day, the group went through a mountain pass, hiking twelve miles to Camden. Miss Whittemore said, "Jasper was the prettiest place we saw." The group climbed one of the snow-covered mountains, "The Whistlers." Fun was had on reaching the top; for there was a snowball fight. But bright-colored flowers and birds did not let them forget that it was summer.

When they got back in the train again, a bear got on the train with them and ate a pound and a half of butter, besides some prunes.



LAKE LOUISE

At the Columbia Ice Fields, on an optional trip, Miss Whittemore saw some mountain goats, and a moose crossing the river.

Our "heroine" crossed a swinging bridge made with planks laid lengthwise on the way to Vancouver. She biked forty-five miles the same day. At night the group swam at the Crystal Gardens in Victoria, and in a park near there, they saw the only white non-polar bear in captivity.

They then sailed down to Seattle, Washington, where they stayed at a co-operative house of the University of Washington. Some of the summer students took them on a tour of inspection to see a lighted pontoon bridge and the locks, which are second in size to the Panama Canal locks.

The group traveled on to Tacoma, and rode up Mt. Rainier in a moving van, but the weather was disappointingly foggy.

They left Portland, passed Multnomah

Falls, and finally arrived at Chilloquin, an Indian reservation, where they were forced to sleep on the lawn of the little schoolhouse, and cook breakfast in the kitchen of the church. There was a boat ride around Crater Lake, the place Miss Whittemore liked best. This lake is six miles in diameter, and is one of the most beautiful spots in Crater National Park, Oregon.

San Francisco was the next stop, and time was spent at the Fair. The group also viewed Chinatown from their bicycles, and saw red-wood trees.

En route to Los Angeles, they saw Stanford University at Palo Alto, and Miss Whittemore glimpsed Herbert Hoover's house. The group stayed at a co-operative house at the University of Southern California, and went two nights to the Hollywood Bowl.

By train they went eastward, seeing the
(Continued on Page 47)



SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

PERSONALS



LILLIE R. POTTER, '80
Dean Emeritus

The stirring sounds of marshal music fail to silence the joyous notes of the wedding march:

May 5, 1940—Mabel Russell '38 and Mr. William E. Johnson at Kingston, Massachusetts.

June 1—Mary M. Moore '37-38 and Mr. Robert R. Lake at Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

June 29—Edna Yuill '36 and Mr. Paul Persson.

July 6—Doris M. Twitchell '40 and Mr. Albert J. Drummond at Lunenburg, Vermont.

Aug. 17—Helen Schellenberg '34 and Mr. Albert H. Holgerson at Manchester, New Hampshire. Barbara Erickson Rogers '33 was maid-of-honor.

Aug. 17—Caroline E. McKnight, '35-36 and Mr. Ralph Turner Haskell at Gardner, Massachusetts.

Sept. 7—Margaret C. Wagner '38 and Mr. Willard K. Youngblood at Schenectady, New York. Evelyn Smith '38, Geraldine Watson '38, Elysebeth Lloyd '38, Evelyn Bang '38, and Audrey Slawson Dickinson '38 were bridesmaids.

Sept. 14—Louise Visel '37 and Mr. Howard C. Redfield at New Haven, Connecticut. Helen B. Williams '37 was maid-of-honor for her classmate.

Nov. 14—Sallie Alice Willison '35-36 and Mr. Robert Stadler Mathewson at Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio.

Jan. 25, 1941—Elizabeth G. Jewett '40 and Mr. Kenneth W. Porter at Bourne, Massachusetts.

Feb. 1—Doris Young '39-40 and Mr. Horton N. Meyer, Jr. at Geneva, New York. Ruth McLaughlin '41 was honor attendant.

Feb. 5—Lora Green '39-40 and Mr. Alfred O. Buckingham, Jr. at Clarendon, Virginia.

Feb. 9—Mabel E. Crowe '34 and Mr. Donald Bragdon Sias at Reading, Massachusetts.

Feb. 10—Carole A. Myers '38 and Mr. Philip Lowe at Boston, Massachusetts.

Feb. 14—Marjorie M. Raitt '35-36 and Mr. W. Pomeroy Thomson at Hartford, Connecticut. Evelyn Raitt Blomfield '35-36 was matron-of-honor for her sister, and Meredith Tillotson '37 was a bridesmaid.

Feb. 19—Leona St. Germain '39 and Lieutenant Colonel Horace Z. Landon.

Feb. 21—Barbara Ann Henry '34-35 and Dr. Willem Kop at South Egremont, Massachusetts. Dr. and Mrs. Kop are now living at 108 Elm Street, South Dartmouth, Massachusetts.

March 1—Mary Elizabeth Hutchinson '40 and Mr. Dana Bigelow Poole at Hingham, Massachusetts.

March 8—Harriet E. Newcomb '38 and Mr. Gerald E. Stoughton at Orange, Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton are at home at 475 Greenwood Avenue, Trenton, New Jersey.

March 15—Marian Sleeper '37 and Mr. Robert Foster Hall at Waban, Massachusetts. Priscilla Sleeper '40 was her sister's only attendant. Karin Eliasson '31 played the wedding march.

March 15—Eleanor Ayers '36-37 and Mr. James S. Ware at Ossining, New York.

- March 15*—Barbara E. Rose '39 and Mr. William Herman Wood at Scranton, Pennsylvania. Barbara's sister, Mary Rose Bankes '37, was matron-of-honor.
- March 19*—Charlotte L. Moreau '32 and Mr. George R. Sauve at St. Petersburg, Florida.
- March 21*—Miss Grace L. Watkins (Lasell faculty 1936-38) and Dr. Curtis William Lampson at Richmond, Virginia. Dr. and Mrs. Lampson are now residing at 4209 Grove Avenue, Richmond, Virginia.
- March 22*—M. Janet Hayes '35-36 and the Rev. Riley Herman Pittman at Forth Worth, Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Pittman are at Clark Hall, Texas Christian University, Fort Worth, where Mr. Pittman is Dean of Men.
- April 3*—H. Elizabeth Beamer '37 and Lieutenant Charles William Dahlberg, Air Corps, United States Army, at Hilo, Hawaii.
- April 5*—Mary S. Bradley '36 and Mr. George Edward Brixner, Jr. at Orange, Connecticut. Janice Shutter Grant '36 was matron-of-honor.
- April 12*—Louise T. Cook '34 and Mr. Carleton Bridges Davis at Reading, Massachusetts. Bettina Cook Kalbach '34 was matron-of-honor for her sister. Mr. and Mrs. Davis are residing at 3808 "V" Street, Washington, D. C.
- April 12*—Jeanne K. Daniels '39 and Mr. W. Redmond Wheeler at Liverpool, New York.
- April 17*—Joyce R. Smith '36-37 and Mr. R. Douglas Rogers, Jr. at Winchester, Virginia.
- April 18*—Louise Hamilton '38 and Mr. Weldon Gwynn. Their new address is 43 Florence Street, Natick, Massachusetts.
- April 19*—Emma J. Thompson '30 and Mr. Frank B. Glasberger at Norwich, Connecticut. Dorothy Inett Taylor '30 was matron of honor.
- April 19*—Rosemary Pegnam '38 and Mr. Frederick A. Johnson at Brockton, Massachusetts.
- April 23*—Helen K. Wight '38-39 and Mr. Wesley Harold Petrie at Honolulu, Hawaii.
- April 25*—Churilla Silliman '26 and Mr. Leslie Howard Greer, Radio Officer of the S.S. *America*, flagship of the United States Line, at New York, N. Y.
- May 1*—Dorothy F. Weeks '34 and Mr. William Foster, Jr. at Springfield, Massachusetts. After June 1st, Mr. and Mrs. Foster will be at home in Westover Village, Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts.
- May 5*—Marjorie T. Stuart '36 and Mr. Robert Thorndike Olds at Lyndonville, Vermont. Carolyn Stuart '38 was her sister's only attendant.

We have also learned of the recent marriage of Betty M. Foxwell '37-38 and Mr. Robert Barr Kinnach. Margaret Sage '36-37 is now Mrs. Jack Drake La Rock, 3100 First Avenue, Sacramento, California. Ethelwyn Olmstead '38 was recently married to Mr. Charles Andrew Melnick.

Engaged: Miss Lois Nelson of the Lasell faculty to Mr. Donald James Winslow, son of President and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow; Joanna Foster '30-31 to Mr. George E. Talbot, Jr.; Helen F. Champane '32 to Mr. Paul Wagner Trook; Jane Arend '36 to Mr. William A. Durbin; Mary-De Groff '35-36 to Mr. John Preston Mailler, Jr.; Helen B. Williams '37 to Mr. Wilfred Dresser Hoyt; Katharine Dempsey '38 to Mr. Maurice A. Reidy; Bettina Beebe '37-38 to Mr. Sidney R. McCleary; Barbara Lee Milne '37-38 to Mr. Wallace A. Arneson; Louisa Clark '39 to Mr. Elliot Hersey Harrington; Shirley Raymond '39 to Mr. Roy Terrell Fricks; Phyllis Smillie '39 to Mr. Nelson W. Spence; Barbara Lee Williams '39 to Mr. David Kinney Hammell, Jr.; Marjorie A. Borden '40 to Mr. George Amos Hayward; Barbara Furbush '40 to Mr. Roy W. Bomen- gen; Lois M. Lapham '40 to Mr. Harrie William Miley. Mr. Miley is the brother of Miss Helen M. Miley of Lasell's secretarial faculty; Doris Ohlrogge '40 to Mr. Harold Pottle; Sylvia Curtis '39-40 to Mr. Elliot Babb; Sheila V. Hand '39-40 to Mr. Robert Wallace Ficken;

Annabelle Spence '39-40 to Mr. Dexter Johnson.

In their own enthusiastic vernacular, the reunining classes due this commencement time are already excited over the joys set before them, of returning to their beloved alma mater. We at the Lasell home base are especially thrilled over the plans on the part of the prime movers, not to simply drop in for the Alumnae meeting on June 7th, but to make a real visit, taking time to see all the signs of improvement at the college, and giving the Lasell family in residence opportunity for more than a passing salute. Alumnae and "Old Girls," make your plans for a real visit. We are counting on it; don't disappoint us!

Lasell Alumnae actively interested in home economics are naturally subscribers to *Good Housekeeping*. If you will turn back to the issue of December 1940, you will find on the front page a picture of Carol Morehouse Jones's ('34) little daughter, Nancy. Carol writes that Nancy, though not quite three years old, is able to carry a tune, and really sings several songs accurately. "She makes our life complete," writes the appreciative mother, and adds:

"I so often wish I were back at Lasell. I loved every minute of my two years there, and the memory of them will never be erased. There have been many changes, and I do want to see the new buildings and the familiar places.

"I have kept up with my organ work since leaving Lasell. In October 1934 I obtained the position of organist in the New Canaan Congregational Church, and am still holding that post.

"Muriel Thacker Drury '34 and I see each other quite often, for she lives in nearby Stratford (Connecticut). Mabelle Hickcox '34 corresponds regularly, and we meet occasionally. She is planning to be married in August or September. Ruth Schierenbeck Tamblyn '36, and her husband are living in California. Mr. Tamblyn has an insurance business there and Ruth serves as secretary. We are hoping

their plans for an eastern visit will soon materialize. My best to all. C.M.J."

Harriette Ward Walker '01 sent this bit of news with her request for a Lasell Register:

"Our daughter, Alice, is taking her first sabbatical leave from teaching music in a grade school in Newark, New Jersey, and will go to the southern branch of the University of California for some courses in music education. The route from Connecticut will, I am sure, take us in the path of some Lasell girls, and I would not want to miss seeing a schoolmate for want of her address.

"Emeline Walker Fatherley '31-32 has two boys, aged four-and-one-half years, and seven months. She often sees Betty Bronk '31-32, who is doing welfare work in Greenwich, Connecticut."

A first-hand report comes from Betty who writes to the Alumnae Office:

"After a year's post-graduate work at the University of Buffalo, I obtained a position in the foster-home department of the Children's Aid Society of that city. Have been in Greenwich since last September, at the Center for Child and Family Service. Best wishes to all at Lasell. Betty Bronk '31-32."

During their spring vacation trip to Williamsburg, Virginia, Mrs. Statira P. McDonald and Miss Ruth Emery '19-20, member of the Lasell faculty, were privileged to meet Elizabeth Edson '12. Miss Edson was formerly in the offices of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. in New York City, and at her own request was transferred to the Williamsburg Restoration project where she took over the housekeeping of the Inn after but a few weeks' training. Later she had charge of all the houses which have been reconstructed in that historic city. Finding the work too strenuous, she was forced to resign, and is at present with the central information bureau. Miss Edson was keenly interested in all the changes at Lasell, and hopes to see them for herself at her twentieth reunion in 1942.

In the Lodge at Williamsburg, Mrs. McDonald had a surprise meeting with Peggy

Greene '38-39 and her sister, Sally '39. Their father, Colonel Charles P. Greene, is stationed at Langley Field, Hampton, Virginia.

Elizabeth Robinson Breed '06-07 is now at Lasell as receptionist at Bragdon Hall. Our word to her is, "Welcome home, Elizabeth." Her son, Allen Breed, is nearing the close of his first year at Northeastern University in Boston. We congratulate him on his fine record of twice making the honor list.

The Lasell Alumnae, Inc. is happy to welcome the following Lasell girls as recent Life Members of the association: Gertrude Bicknell Harvey '24-25, Virginia Ogden Hayes '33, and Julia C. Case '32.

This most recent message from Mary A. Mullikin, of Tientsin, China, former head of our art department, is shared with us through the courtesy of Miss Helen Goodrich, one of her Lasell associates. Previous mention has been made of Miss Mullikin's valuable books on the art of ancient China, and of her paintings, so appreciated by a wide circle of residents here and in China. She writes from Tientsin, December 23, 1940, to Miss Goodrich:

"Your Christmas letter arrived on time, and I am following my feeling of answering immediately, even though my New Year's wishes will be a month stale when you receive them.

"I am glad you are finding the change to living at Lasell agreeable. It frees you from the journey back and forth between Auburn-dale and Boston, and gives you a nice old-fashioned house to live in, very different from the noisy, big apartments of Boston. It must be pleasant to look out on trees and lawn with birds and squirrels at play. Dr. Winslow keeps a fine tradition of loyalty for those who have served with him in the past.

"You are almost unique among friends who have written to me, in having voted for Roosevelt. Seeing things from the outside as we do, we like his foreign policy and his ability to bring things to pass. I am glad that unity is being stressed now that the election is over, for things are working toward a greater crisis. It may catch us here, but my invalid sister

would never survive an effort to transport her home. Many have left, but many remain.

"Yes, Britain is magnificent, but the enemy will risk everything, and much is still to be suffered. In spite of isolationism and pacifism, our admiration goes naturally and instinctively to those who resist. Both Greeks and Italians are among our very dear friends here, but the latter have long been anti-Fascist, and have been really persecuted by the local Fascist party for the 'awful crime' of being too international in their social life.

"I am glad to hear that Jenny LeRoyer is looking well. Thank you for your steady friendship; may you have a good new year. M.A.M."

We deeply appreciate this tribute paid to our Edna Thurston Follett '03-07 by one of her bereaved Lasell friends and classmates:

Edna Thurston Follett

"In the passing of Edna Thurston Follett '03-07, we of Lasell and the world who knew her have lost a gallant soul and a real friend.

"After an illness of over a year, she left us on January 4, 1941. Few of us, I fear, have the courage and gallantry to face life and suffering as she did. Never, in the times I saw her during her illness, did she show other than great courage and faith. Always hoping so fearlessly for a return to good health, she was an inspiration to all during her illness.

"Her life had been filled with more sadness than most of us have had to bear. The loss of her husband, then the loss of her daughter, Betty (Lasell '32), in a plane crash a few weeks after her marriage. These tragedies seemed only to strengthen Edna instead of crushing her as they would have most of us. They made her seek a new faith in which she derived much happiness and a clearer, wider vision.

"We, her Lasell friends, shall miss her. Knowing her, I feel, was a privilege, especially these last years, when her courage and faith were so unbounded. Our hearts go out to her family, to her two sons especially, who need her so badly just now.

"The class of 1908 will miss her. Although

she was with us for four years, she did not graduate, having left in her junior year. We have always felt that she belonged to us, and she attended all our class doings and reunions.

"Lasell meant much to Edna, and I know Lasell must feel proud that it had some part in moulding the life of such a fine person. Her courage and life should be an inspiration to all of us who knew and loved her.

Charlotte Ryder Hall '08"

Lasell students of years ago will recall the mistress of the stone mansion on the hill just opposite the Hawthorne of today. We still have a vivid picture in our memory of this Lasell senior (Martha Haskell '05) as she dashed by in her jaunting car, invariably wearing a crimson cape well suited to her vivacious personality. Later she became the wife of Dr. Eugene Clark, son of Dr. and Mrs. Francis E. Clark, founders of the Christian Endeavor Society, and moved to Hanover, New Hampshire where her husband was a member of the Dartmouth College faculty. We met her seldom, but were always eagerly scanning the press for still another of Martha's poems. It seems especially fitting that we should, at the Lenten season, share her "Roads of Easter" with the Lasell girls of today as well as with her classmates of '05.

"The Roads of Easter"

"The city streets of Easter, they heard His step, I know,
Through dusky, purpled pavements, past twinkling lights a'row,
For every gleaming blossom-shop that opened to the night
Was sweet with Easter fragrance, and lilies tall and white.
The furred and broadclothed people beneath the arc-lit skies
Bore something new and tender and giving in their eyes;
Down every dingy alley-way rang children's laughter glad,
And weary work-worn faces smiled less wistfully and sad,

Each sooty, cinder-laden breeze seemed cleansed by robes of snow,
The city streets of Easter, they heard His step, I know.

"The country roads of Easter, they felt His footsteps pass,
They watched through greeting meadows the windless-stirring grass,
The buds broke into leaf-mist along the poplared hill,
The bluebirds' rippled homing song, the red-winged blackbirds' trill
The first lone thrush-note, silver-soft through hemlock boughs a'start
Held sudden joy so piercing sweet it brushed the naked heart.
And down the roadways' southern banks from brown earth-scented sod
There blossomed frail white bloodroot stars like finger-points of God.
Each tiny hill-farm window shone with sunset-gloried glass,
The country roads of Easter, they felt His footsteps pass.

"But oh, the pathways of my heart, they knew Him most of all,
They saw no jewelled city lights, they heard no bluebirds' call,
But sudden-sweet as lily breath through winter dusk I knew
That Death was but the gathered dreams of Life and Love come true;
That never faith went unfulfilled, that never hope was vain,
That never hands are parted but will grip with hand again.
One passed me in the dawning, and all the road He went
Was bright with Easter sunshine, and sweet with lily-scent.
On roads of dew-fresh morning, or city even-fall,
My heart's small hidden pathways, they knew Him most of all."

Martha Haskell Clark

Mildred Peirce Fuller '06 has been again honored by being elected for the fourth year, president of the Boston Young Women's Christian Association. The association's recent celebration of Founders' Day was represented not alone by local leaders, but many delegates from other states were among the guests. Dr. Rufus M. Jones, professor emeritus at Haverford College, in his optimistic message declared his belief that a good cause is never lost, only postponed. Mrs. Herbert Edwin Hawkes, member of the Executive Committee, National Board of the Y. W. C. A. was one of the welcome speakers. Massachusetts' beloved Bishop, the Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, D.D., who laid the cornerstone for the Boston association's new building in 1929, forsook his seclusion of recent years to attend the convention. An impressive part of the program was the procession of the years, depicting the forward march of the Y.W.C.A.

On the initial page of the program was published this worthy purpose of the association:

"To build a fellowship of women and girls devoted to the task of realizing in our common life those ideals of personal and social living to which we are committed by our faith as Christians. In this endeavor we seek to understand Jesus, to share his love for all people, and to grow in the knowledge and love of God."

Congratulations to Jane Jones '40, who was one of thirty-three students to make the dean's list at the School of Store Service Education, College of William and Mary Extension, Richmond, Virginia. Jane is vice president of the Retail Club and feature editor of the yearbook. Frances Haley '39, a senior at the School of Social Service, is business manager of the yearbook. Both girls sent greetings to friends at Lasell, and expressed the hope that they might return soon to their alma mater. We wish them Godspeed in the remaining months of their year at college, and indeed through all the years to come.

Kaye Moore Silverwood '26 and Betty Van

Cleve Giersch '26 are planning to meet at Lasell in June for their class's fifteenth reunion. "May we have information about the Commencement week activities? With two small children neither of us can plan positively to come, but we are bending every effort in that direction. It seems too good to be true that I shall soon see Betty and you, and our grand alma mater again. K.M.S."

"All good things come to those who wait." After a long waiting on Lasell's part, Kathleen Knight '11 returned to her alma mater late in April. What a joy to have her home again! Her success as the author of *Death Came Dancing* and other mystery stories, has not lessened her loyalty to Lasell. Our congratulations, Kathleen, on your literary achievements. Your enthusiastic outlook on life has proved most contagious.

Just one year ago Lasell was honored in having as her guest, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, the speaker at one of our Sunday vesper services. At that time he planned to return this fall for an informal campfire meeting, when our students could and would ask questions freely, concerning the land of his adoption as a missionary field, with the hope that they might select it for their missionary project.

At our recent Labrador vesper service, Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Brown, who are superintendents of the work at St. Anthony, Labrador, brought a vivid and appealing illustrated message concerning their special work. The April issue of *Among the Deep Sea Fishers* pays tender tribute to Sir Wilfred Grenfell, and suggests important plans for carrying on his Labrador work. Although absent in person, we still believe that their beloved founder is carrying on through the able assistance of his former consecrated co-laborers.

Are you too in love with little children, and are you always on the lookout for a new, fascinating story well pleasing to these little adventurers? We recommend Anna Andrews Barris's ('01-02) recent book, *Red Tassels for Huki in Peru*. It is a charmingly illustrated story of a little white llama living high up in

the mountains of Peru, the land of this former Lasell girl's temporary adoption.

There is still "a healing touch to children's hands." Thrice welcome then to this latest company of little Lasell recruits:

July 25, 1940—a daughter, Roberta Gail, to Mr. and Mrs. David S. Loveland (Alice Buck '38-39).

Jan. 30, 1941—a daughter, Carol Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. William R. Steele, Jr. (Mary B. Korper '29).

Feb. 17—a son to Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Mercer (Louise Hedlund '37).

March 22—a daughter, Miriam Evelyn, to Mr. and Mrs. Langdon Hooper (Evelyn Douglass '28).

March 26—a daughter, Judith Barry, to Mr. and Mrs. John V. Ponte (Doris Barry '40). Judith is 1940's class baby.

March 29—a son, Lewis Carl, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl S. Leinbach (Madeline Robinhold '27).

April 1—a son, John Jameson, 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. John J. Chickering (Alice McDonald '26-28).

April 4—a son, George Martin, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert F. Mayer (Marjorie Keller '29-29).

April 10—a son, Daniel Lotan, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold De Wolf (Miss Madeleine Marsh, Lasell faculty 1935-40).

April 14—a son, Phillip Burnham, to Mr. and Mrs. John M. Rice (Barbara Burnham '37).

April 22—a daughter, Susan Alice, to Mr. and Mrs. Hubert L. Hayes (Doris Jones '35).

Among the charming likenesses of Lasell children recently received is a group picturing Marjorie Winslow MacCuspie's ('28) Bobbie and his baby sister, Jean. Jean is securely tucked in her little carriage, but has succeeded in liberating one hand, and is about to seize the ear of her unsuspecting brother. We wish we could have another snapshot entitled "After the Seizure." What a delightful moving picture that would be.

Thank you, Jeannette White Hutchinson

'29, for this latest news of your doings. Jeannette writes from Mission Road, Green Bay, Wisconsin:

"Every time an issue of the LEAVES arrives I devour it, and vow I will sit right down and write to you. But somehow I procrastinate, and so today waste no time in longer delay. Think of you often and of the year we planned and worked for the Missionary Society. Since graduation in 1929, I have returned to Lasell only once, and that was a flying trip during the holidays of 1936.

"Last July our twin daughters, Cynthia and Linda, were born. You may remember that my nickname at Lasell was "Twinnie". Evidently Dorothy Brown Kessel '31, who gave me that title, was psychic.

"We enjoy our new home in Green Bay, but I am often lonesome for my Chicago friends and Lasell Club meetings."

To Helen Beede '21 of the Lasell staff, her classmate, Jeannette Geist Stanley, writes:

"Just think, our twentieth reunion this June! I had hoped to get back, but do not know definitely yet. We (my husband, son Bob, mother, and father) are planning a few weeks' trip to California soon. We will leave our younger son, just two years old, at home.

"I see Dorothy Chandler '20-21 once in a while, as well as Kay Rice Brock '20 and Jane Draper Dansard '20-21. Have visited Herma Schweitzer Rogers '21 in Toledo; she was my roommate at Lasell. Also hear from Maurine Moore Allen '19-20 of Chicago often. Peg Perley Downey '20 used to live near me, but moved to South Bend, Indiana last year.

"Please give my best regards to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, and Señora."

From Marjorie Parker '25-27 comes word that she and Churilla Silliman Greer '26 have been made presidents, respectively, of the Phi and Tau chapters of Beta Sigma Phi in Boston. It is an international sorority and the largest one in the world. Lasell Junior College extends congratulations to these two former students, and wishes them success in their new office.

It is seldom that one of our staff members in active duty is suddenly summoned by the Master of us all into higher service. Under the skillful care of physicians and nurses, Miss Lillian Gerrold fought a courageous battle, but the Master had need of her, and called her home. We are missing you, dear co-worker, and extend tender sympathy to your bereaved parents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Gerrold.

Here is not only a wayside note or two but a real letter from Elizabeth Hunter Walsh '28-'29. She is not yet in the war zone, but alas, seems to be facing that way. She writes from Old Point Comfort, Virginia:

"My dear *Personals* Editor,

"I have been intending to write to you for so long, and just now am free to do so. Am living in a hotel, and have so little to do that I feel very useless. How I would enjoy getting out to my own kitchen and cooking a good meal. [A direct tribute to our domestic science department. *Ed.*]

"My husband is stationed at Fort Dupont, Delaware, but at present is taking a ten-weeks' course at the coast artillery school here at Fort Monroe. He has the rank of captain, and is with an anti-aircraft unit. Our little son, who is almost ten years old, attends school at the army post.

"I have been reading the latest copy of the *LEAVES*, and enjoyed it. It does not seem possible that almost twelve years have passed since I left Lasell. Have wanted to return, but never seem to travel in that direction.

"I hope to see Mary Saunders Houston '22-'23 and Mrs. Saunders when we return to Fort Dupont. Have not seen them since they moved to Delaware.

"Please give my best regards to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and any others who may remember me. E.H.W."

How friendly and kind of Olive Bates Dumas '10 to share with us these excerpts from a recent letter from Cornelia Stone '10 of Kankakee, Illinois:

"Christmas was a rather strenuous time with my relatives here. It is so confusing with all

the friends coming and going that when it is over it seems as though we have had little time to visit the family, but I wouldn't change it at all.

"The Wednesday following New Year's I entertained the bank employees and their wives and husbands at a buffet supper and pictures in the evening. It was quite a task to prepare for the thirty-five who came. Since that night I have had the missionary society at an all-day meeting, serving the luncheon and giving the afternoon program.

"My chief occupation right now is reading seed catalogs. The Latin names are a stumbling block, but each year they grow easier. I am encouraging Father to plant more perennials and fewer annuals so that his work in the garden will be less strenuous each spring."

In Olive's letter was enclosed a brief but tender note from Stella Wadhams '83 who recently lost her eldest sister. Stella refers to the happy summer of 1911 when she visited the beautiful countries of Europe with a group under the chaperonage of our Dean Emeritus. It will be a long time before any peaceful visit may be made to those countries overseas.

Dear Anna Savage '31, how distinctly and gratefully we recall you and your helpfulness to your schoolmates. So you are still binding up wounds literally and figuratively. Anna writes from the Thayer Hospital in Waterville, Maine:

"I have just been reading the *LASELL LEAVES*, and it brought back so many memories that I thought I must write a line. Do hope I may be able to join my classmates at the college for our June reunion. A.E.S."

Jane Jensen Bailey '34 writes that after April 15th her address will be 1221 North River Boulevard, Independence, Missouri. She adds, "My husband has been transferred here by the Remington Arms Company, and is at present with a munitions plant which is part of the great national defense program. My best to all, and remember me especially to Miss Worcester."

"Do You Like Heirlooms? Why Not Weave Your Own?" is the arresting title of an article recently published in the *Christian Science Monitor*. The editor devotes the larger part of one of its sections to an illustrated sketch of the story of Myra L. Davis '95-97 and her success in handcraft which has placed her among the best known weavers in New England. Miss Davis told the writer of this article about her work—a new old-type of handcraft, which is engaging the efforts of thousands of women all over the United States today. She explained that the revival started in Rhode Island about forty years ago, "with a group of people who took instruction from a survivor of the old-time weavers living on a farm in that state. Today, according to Mrs. Mary Atwater of Basin, Montana, head of the Shuttle-craft Guild, the largest organization of its kind in the country, there are at least 10,000 weavers in the United States."

Referring to the silk she was weaving for a dress at the time of this interview, Miss Davis stated, "I think you appreciate hand-weaving in dress materials more than in anything else. It means that your fabric will not wrinkle, that it will hang and wash beautifully, and that it is, of course, practically everlasting."

"Most women do not take up weaving with a view to making it a full-time occupation unless they enjoy teaching and plan to spend part of their time at that. It is a delightful way to make 'butter and egg' money, though, even if all these stories about 'how my weaving sent little Johnny through college' often do not mean quite that. Women in Vermont, New Hampshire, and western Massachusetts have already taken it up, and last spring I spent a month introducing weaving at that new craft center in Bluehill Village, Maine."

"The Vermont and New Hampshire women often use old looms which they have brought down from 'up attic'—my own 45-inch loom was made in 1810 in Rochester, Vermont. But the Maine women were almost as fortunate for, though they did not have family

looms, their husbands are nearly all ship's carpenters, and made looms for them."

Those who do not have access to a class in weaving may learn through correspondence courses, by studying books on the subject, or from instruction material given out by loom manufacturers and yarn companies.

Lasell Junior College extends congratulations to Myra L. Davis, '95-97, who has added her name to the list of Lasell girls who have persisted and achieved.

Mother Cushing (Ella Richardson Cushing '73) is always kept in remembrance through the words of appreciation which come, not infrequently, from her devoted daughter, Elizabeth Cushing Taylor, who is spending the winter with her father in Florida. Friends of little children will remember Mrs. Taylor's poems which often appear in the children's section of current magazines.

From Betty Pfeiffer Rivenburgh '39 comes word that her husband has been sent to Maryland for a year's service in the United States Army. He was originally ordered to Texas, but we are glad that this change brings them nearer home.

In response to a card from the Lasell Alumnae Office requesting her address, comes this news from Helen Campbell Sawyer '27-28. She has just recently moved from Chicago to 35 Kenwin Road, Winchester, Massachusetts, owing to a change in Mr. Sawyer's business. We are glad that this former student is now near Lasell and trust that she will soon call in person.

It was a disappointment all around when Lois Nichols Arnold '18 missed the surprise party at Barbara Vail Bosworth's ('05) last fall. She has assured us that she will return to Auburndale in June. The *Personals* Editor promises then and there to be present in order to extend a glad welcome to each homing dove.

The forty-seventh state conference of the Massachusetts Daughters of the American Revolution was held March 18th and 19th at the Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston. The entire

program stimulated us with patriotic fervor. We were especially interested to note that our Susan E. Tiffany '15 is state chaplain of the organization. This high calling has been filled by her forbears for many generations, her great-grandfather, Samuel Bird, having served as chaplain in the Revolutionary War. We feel that she is signally fitted for this spiritual calling.

In a personal note from Susan she writes that a self-appointed committee is attempting to stir up interest in the 1915 class letter. She closes with reference to a recent word from Katharine Thorp '15, from whom the class had not heard for some time. Katharine is a graduate of Cornell, and holds a master's degree from that university.

At the Christmas holiday season we never failed to receive a bright greeting from Mary Lippitt '38. Today we must share the sad tidings of her sudden passing. We have only a glad remembrance of this friendly student, whose faithful devotion was deeply appreciated. We send an affectionate message of sympathy to her dear mother, Mrs. Francis S. Lippitt, brother, and host of friends.

Thank you, Mrs. Statira P. McDonald, for these news items gathered from the four corners of this continental Lasell campus and even from Lasell's campus overseas:

Dorothy Shove Kelloway '21 writes of her seven-year-old son, "My husband and I are very proud of him. He brings us so much pleasure." Dorothy's note came from San Francisco, California, where she and her husband were stopping during their travels. Their home address is 5604 Western Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska.

We wonder if Lucile Norris Leyda '24 retains her delightful vivacious spirit. We will soon know, for she announces that she will be in Auburndale for Commencement. Lucile has two children, a boy and a girl.

Marjorie Shetland Bates '33 writes to Mrs. McDonald from San Francisco, California, February 28, 1941:

"Two weeks from today my husband and I

leave for Havana, where Frank will attend the Inter-American Bar Conference. We sail from New York for South America, April 12th, going through the Canal and down the west coast to Valparaiso, Chile. We will fly over the Andes to Buenos Aires, and then up to Rio de Janeiro for a two-weeks' stay. Tell Señora I am 'brushing up' on my Spanish. Frank speaks it very well. If we have time after our arrival in New York, I shall take a day or two to hurry to Boston and Lasell."

Marjorie did find time to call on us, and we were delighted to see her again and to meet her charming husband.

The last, but certainly not the least important of these items from Mrs. McDonald is this letter from Hildur Brekke Akerman '19-'20, of Ringsjagarden, Sweden. She writes:

"There was a time when I was very young that I believed it must be blasphemy to call anything God's country when it was on Earth. But how well I understand it now. The world is spinning a very un-merry-go-round rate, and now and then a thought of you across the ocean makes us feel that it must stop sometime. Today (December 6, 1940) I had a letter from Dorothy Shove Kelloway '21 and a cable from my sister in New York, the first United States mail since April 9, 1940. So it is a very happy day, and minor troubles, like strict rations and very little coal, are fading into the background. We become rather materialistic in these times. I wouldn't have thought that I could become poetic at the thought of a bit of soap, or that the sight of a ham would make my heart go pitter-patter.

"The people in Norway are suffering from cold and homelessness. They do not get coal at all, and 30,000 people are without a decent roof. We have formed a Norwegian Club for Southern Sweden, made up of Norwegian women who are married to Swedes. We have begged, sewed, had concerts and parties, and so have been able to send several carloads of clothes and some money to Norway.

"I have been singing in concerts, and shall sing at one in connection with a speech by

Prince Wilhelm, the King's youngest son. I am very much flattered.

"America is a land of dreams as Norway was. I trust that America will keep her soul in spite of this war stealing."

Notwithstanding her frequent reference to her "grown up" daughter, Helene Jones Presel '32 gives no sign of advancing age. Her time is happily divided between her two homes, one in Michigan, the other in Florida. Only one sad note was sounded during Helene's call at Lasell when she referred to the recent passing away of Dr. Loring B. Packard, father of Elinor Packard Hills '29-30, a former student and member of Lasell's faculty. Sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

Members of the New York Lasell Club certainly deserve special mention because of their originality in sending personal greetings from their annual luncheon. We are still guessing as to whom we are indebted for the temporary change of the title of white doves to carrier pigeons, for under the tiny wing of each air pilot was tucked a love note to the *Personals* Editor.

Marieta Howland Bloom '26 could fittingly qualify as a Lasell scout, Ace Number One. From her home in Peoria, Illinois she writes:

"I hope very much to come back to Lasell for my fifteenth reunion, and trust that Madeline Roth White '26 and Margaret Anderson Gage '26 will answer to our class roll call on that eventful anniversary day.

"This year the Puerto Rican government published (at the Harvard Press) my translation of the Hostos' essay on *Hamlet*. I think perhaps Miss Witherbee and Señora may be pleased to look over this Shakespeare and Spanish combination. Love to all Lasellians. M.H.B."

We are indebted to explorer-photographer Boone Saxon (Mr. Edwin C. Myers, husband of our Rosalind Winslow Myers '20-21), for a most thrilling account of three months spent among the Huichol Indians of Mexico. We quote from an article which appeared in the

December 22, 1940 issue of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*:

"There is a region of some 13,000 square miles in the mountains of the State of Jalisco, Mexico, which is virtually a state within a state. It is the territory of the Huichol Indians, and in this domain they live practically independent of the outside world, governed by tribal laws, following their ancient customs, practicing pagan religion. There are no roads, no schools, no missionaries in their region, nor do Mexicans live there. Undisturbed by civilization, the Huichols—there are about 6000 of them—hunt with bow and arrow, plant corn with sharpened sticks, elect their chiefs, practice polygamy, sacrifice bulls to their gods, and color their existence with the drug, *peyote*.

"*Peyote*, which comes from the small cactus known as mescal, is a strong mental and physical stimulant. Under its influence these mountain Indians are insensitive to heat, fatigue, and hunger; they see bright, glorious visions, and fancy themselves in the very presence of their many gods."

Justice is not tempered with mercy among the Huichol Indians. Two of their unfortunate tribesmen were placed in the stocks for two days and nights, without food or water, as punishment for petty thievery, while one culprit was most cruelly lashed for immorality.

One picture was of a wild and impressive pinnacle which bore the name of Winslow. This was of special interest to us as on the difficult point there stood a small figure which one who knows declares is Rosalind Winslow Myers '20-21, daughter of Lasell's vice president, Mr. E. J. Winslow.

We are hoping that the unusual experiences of this intrepid explorer will later be put into permanent form for the benefit of a host of interested readers.

From far-away Honolulu, where she and her mother are enjoying a brief holiday, comes a card from Ruth Weymouth '39. We hope that they may find time to call on Lasell friends in the vicinity, and await a more com-

plete report of the trip when they return to their New England home.

While wending his way through the quaint close neighborhood of ancient Edinburgh, a fellow-traveler was suddenly arrested by the unexpected song of a skylark. He located the little captive high up on the balcony of one of the historic homes. The owner explained that he had just brought from the countryside a generous piece of sod, and had placed it in the cage of the little skylark. At the sight of his native heath, the bird suddenly raised a song of thanksgiving. The nature-loving pastor declared, "This incident suggested a theme for a future message, 'Liberty within Limitations.'"

Hard by Lasell Junior College today there is convalescing our former efficient and beloved head of Home Economics, Miss Roxana Tuttle. During the first World War, her work as director of war relief was outstanding. Recently word has come that her recovery from a serious accident of last October seems extremely slow, and that in addition she is hampered by greatly impaired eyesight. But she is meeting these afflictions gallantly and has prepared and already sent to the British Relief more than twenty articles of her own making. Thus our beloved "Captain Courageous" is bravely proving that there is "liberty within limitations."

We have learned recently of the passing away of Mr. Horace J. Davis, father of our Marjorie Davis Lothrop '10-11 and the late Gladys Davis '07-09. Mr. Davis was president of the Kingsbury and Davis Machine Company, and favorably known and honored among the Masons. Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to the members of the bereaved family.

Mabelle Whitney '03 of Winterport, Maine writes:

"This is a busy little town; I don't know where the winter has gone. I have been brushing up on my Braille as I am to give a paper on "Transcribing Braille" for the Women's Club, and want to show them how it is done. I can write it and read it, but not with my

fingers. If there is any Lasell girl who has to use it, perhaps she would like to correspond with another Lasell girl. I thank God that I have my sight, and hope I always may, but I want to transcribe books for those who have not.

"Miss Emily Genn, so well known and beloved by students of earlier years, lives near here, and very kindly sent me a copy of the *Lasell News*. She has been ill this winter, but is much better now. God bless you and keep you. Kindest regards to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and Miss Rand."

We are indebted to a former member of our faculty, Dr. Desdemona Heinrich, for this thrilling account of her experiences in the great earthquake at Lima, Peru, just one year ago:

"At 11:30 A. M. on Friday, May 24, 1940, in the city of Lima, I went to my room to dress for lunch, and was just passing through the door when I heard a rumble and felt the house shake. I did not leave the doorway, so rapidly was I conscious that I was mistaken in thinking the jar was caused by a heavy camion.

"I can recall exactly what went through my mind: 'So this is my earthquake; I thought it would come in Chile. Now for keen observation and a cool head. Stay under a door jamb.' I was standing where I could look into my room, into the hall, and down the stairs. From between the boards in the wooden ceiling of my room the dry dirt from the tiled roof was sifting down. Pieces of plaster were falling from the intersection of the wall and ceiling in the hall. The water pitcher in my room fell with a crash. The clock on the bookcase danced and jumped. There had been one shake followed by a severe one. 'Now it is over,' I thought, but there were two more, and I felt as though I were standing on a rug that was being dusted.

"At the foot of the stairs my hostess was standing under the jamb of the door leading into the living room. 'Our house has resisted very well,' she said. The worst seemed to be

over. Our friend across the way had rushed out with her baby, and the plaster from the cornice of the next house had struck her—fortunately only on the leg.

"We went back into the house. My hostess brought brooms and dustpan upstairs and began to clean. I, in my vast ignorance, prepared to go to lunch and then to teach my afternoon classes.

"Went to the Pension around the corner where I took my lunches. There was not a house without a crack or which had not lost pieces of plaster from the cornice. And everywhere the bright flowers against walls and over fences smiled tranquilly.

"Nothing was injured in the dining room, but upstairs the rear wall of the back room was almost entirely gone. Downstairs lunch was being served.

"After lunch I went to the omnibus to go, as I supposed, to a regulated life and regular duties. There were no students as usual before the school. In the director's office I heard what had happened to the three-hundred children. It had been dismissal time, and the little ones had already gone. The older girls came out with some consternation but not too much confusion, and means were found to send all of them home.

"It still didn't mean much to me. I thought, 'Well, I'll profit by this free afternoon and go to the National Library to read.' The busses were crowded, but in due time I got onto one. From the window I could see plaster on the walks everywhere. One must remember that Lima is still an adobe city. Convent walls, dating back a century or more, had collapsed, and in more than one case had buried parked automobiles beneath them. We passed Plaza Dos de Mayo, where eight streets come together, and about the place eight apartment houses, all of the same style, have been built. They were intact; there seemed to be no damage whatever. But the pavement on the plaza had a yawning crack, and dear old Liberty on the high pedestal had lost her head and arms. How significant to have this happen in the spring of 1940!

"The question of some houses resisting and others not, is not alone a vagary of fate. There were plenty of people who were looking at things with a critical eye from the standpoint of building, and questioning if and how one can resist earthquakes. Down the street the Italian Legation stood solid in its horizontal Renaissance lines. There is a North American construction company here; every house it had built withstood the shock.

"I went to the library. It is in the building of an 18th Century monastery. In the reading room the portraits of Peruvian notables were hanging zig-zag, as much at sixes and sevens as their lives in the tumultuous political history of the country. The inner rooms were worse; it would take weeks to clean up and return to normal.

"The beautiful tower of Santo Domingo Church was a skeleton, and threatened to fall, while great piles of adobe lay at the base and in the street. As for the Cathedral, the fine plain front and the towers were cracked. Santa Rosa de las Monjas had tumbled part of its convent into the street where the rubbish lay twenty feet high.

"The horror of it all possessed me as I passed houses yawning to the street, stores without fronts, the owners trying to carry their stock of goods out over the ruins. Immediately upon the shock, gas and electricity had been shut off to prevent fire. The earthquake had extended far to the north. Lima was the center, but the city had not suffered as much as Callao and Chorrillos, both on the coast.

"On my way home I saw that many had put up sheets and canvas on the boulevards and in the parks, and were preparing for the night. And all the time there was that pleasant, smiling nature. I was baffled.

"There was another shake that night, and every day for the rest of the week there were mild ones, but they were enough to make people jittery. A rattle of a window would make you alert. The bang of a door would bring you to your feet. The children at school were fidgety. One day a week later, a day

like that of the earthquake, it was impossible to keep their attention; they were like skittish ponies. I felt it too. The calmness, the profound ignorance of the first day passed when I saw and heard more, and learned to know what it means.

"I went to Callao. It is the seaport of Lima, full of old colonial houses, and with a dense working population. The parks and streets were filled with tents. A school had fallen and had buried some of the children. Workers were trying to recover the entrapped bodies before life was gone. We have a friend who lived here in an upper story. When the shock came she hurried down the stairs to the street just as the house collapsed behind her, killing all of the family below. We went that night to bring her to our home, but she had made a shelter for herself, and there she sat, day and night, guarding her possessions until she could get help to extricate her clothing and such household articles as were still intact.

"At Chorrillos the shops on the main street were, for the most part, completely in ruins. Here and there a persistent oriental had uncovered his stock from the debris, and in an open shelter was selling dry groceries.

"For weeks the earthquake was the subject of conversation. The following Sunday I was at Miraflores for tea. The gentleman of the house told how a customer who was talking with him at his desk at the time of the shake, suddenly jumped up with a shout, '*terremoto, terremoto!*' and rushed out into the street. The proprietor stood in the doorway with outstretched arms, to keep the people from running out to the hazard of falling walls. Across the way is a dry goods store, and all the girls employed there were out front on their knees, praying to Santa Rosa, while all along the street, tiles and plaster were falling. My hostess told how she had seen one of the houses sway, the gable of the roof making an arc of a meter. Possibly it was not a meter, for the house never would have stood, but I am sure it seemed more than that to see what we think is stationary moving through space.

"Now the relief work began. The President's wife headed a movement of collecting used clothing. The British women set up a soup kitchen; the American colony made children's clothes. The government prepared plans for building temporary quarters. Within a week the Y.M.C.A. had a crew of volunteers building houses all around the fortress of San Felipe in Callao.

"The museums suffered greatly. Dramatic beyond dramatic was the fate of the great stone of Chavin in the Archaeological Museum. Hundreds, maybe thousands, of years it had stood on the high Andes in its temple, this image of the god of gods, a stone ten feet high, three feet across, and six inches thick. It had resisted two earthquakes after being brought to Lima. On the landing at the entrance to the museum, it was well weighted and fastened, so that it would not topple over. At the moment of the earthquake, the people who were above hurried down the stairs. One man fell as he came down, and had just picked himself up and gone on when the great stone jumped from its setting and fell face downward over the place where the man had just been. It broke into three pieces, and chipped every one of the ten marble steps.

"When reading of disasters such as this I used to wonder why people continued to live where they occurred. I do not ask that question now. The tie of environment is so strong that even to me, a passing tourist, it does not occur to shun Lima. So much is man a creature of his achievements that he makes compromises, and adjusts himself to the demands of what filled his ancestors with awe and terror. *Desdemona Heinrich*"

The following gratifying notice appeared in the October, 1940 issue of the *Cranberry Co-operative News*, published at South Hanson, Massachusetts:

"Miss Mary J. Murray (Lasell '36) of Brockton, Massachusetts, has just joined the Cranberry Cannery Staff as Home Economist. Miss Murray is an honor graduate of Lasell Junior College, and trained as a dietitian at the Cam-

bridge Hospital. She has taught cooking in public schools, and has had experience in demonstrating, sales work, and journalism."

Our congratulations, Mary, on this fine position. We were especially interested in your delightful recipes printed in the December and February issues of *The Cranberry Kitchen*.

During Lasell's spring vacation, the members of the Class of 1940 in and near New York City held their fifth meeting at a dinner in the city, and were joined by Miss Margaret Dunham of the faculty, members of the present senior class, and Virginia Kull, Lee Smith, and Marguerite Nuoffer, '39-40.

A short time later, three of our New England leaders of the Class of 1940 called to tell us that they too have been meeting regularly during the winter months. These representative loyalists were Ruth Sullivan, last year's president of Executive Council, Dorothea Karnheim, and Barbara Mayhew. Ruth and Dorothea are happily employed in Boston, while Barbara is continuing her studies at Simmons, where she is majoring in English. Their April meeting was held at the home of Patty Kieser in Auburndale. About forty members were present, together with Karin Eliasson '31, class adviser, for a most enjoyable evening. The May meeting will be held at the home of Jean Hale, 39 Bemis Street, Newtonville.

CHICAGO LASELL CLUB

The North Side group of the Chicago Lasell Club, and others not too far away, met on Tuesday, April 15, 1941, at the home of Catherine Morley King '29 in Wilmette. Our group was smaller than usual as several of our most faithful members were globe trotting. We have been meeting every month, and enjoy these informal get-togethers. In March, Marion Westphal Newhall '19-'21 was our hostess, and we all had a grand time looking at the Lasell memory book. There were fourteen present that day.

The girls enjoyed Miss Potter's letter. We

send our love, and are delighted that she is convalescing. Please remember us to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow.

Those present at the April meeting were: Helen Carter Johnson '07, Lisinka Kuehl Dawson '21-'22, Dorothy Taggart Krumsieg '32, Elizabeth Buettner Lang '23, Helen Buettner '23, Gertrude Wagner '28, Gladys Purdy O'Connor '28, Eleanor Rinebold Struve '24, Betty Parrish Newman '32 (with her four-months old daughter, Georgia), our hostess, Catherine Morley King '29 (with her two sons, one seventeen months old, an adorable, smiling youngster, and the older one a handsome boy of five), and Margherita Dike Hallberg '10.

Submitted by: *Margherita Dike Hallberg '10*
President.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY LASELL CLUB

We are indeed indebted to Helen Wahlquist Wolcott '25 for sending us news of the Connecticut Valley club. Mrs. Wolcott has very kindly consented to act as secretary-treasurer in place of Mary Jane Selby Guerry '35, who moved to Pennsylvania after her marriage last December.

On April 5th, the club held a dinner-dance at the Sunset Ridge Golf Club in East Hartford. Ninety-six members and guests were present for a very enjoyable evening. We regret that time does not permit us to get a more complete report of this gathering before the May issue of the *LEAVES* goes to press, but we are glad to learn of this latest club activity.

NEW HAVEN LASELL CLUB

The New Haven Lasell Club held its annual luncheon on Saturday, April 5th, at the Oakdale Tavern, Wallingford, Connecticut. Twenty-three members and guests were present.

Cornelia Hemingway Killam '22 spoke briefly on the club scrap-book which she is preparing. In it there is a page for each member which will contain her picture and interesting items about her. One of the first entries was on the page of Mary Bradley '36,

who was being married that afternoon to Mr. George E. Brixner, Jr.

The guest of honor from college, Esther Sosman '36, was introduced by our president, Virginia Wilhelm '38. Esther brought greetings from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, and members of the faculty and administration. She spoke of activities at Lasell, and of the many improvements on campus.

Those present were: Esther Sosman '36, Adele Brown '38, Leota Fulton '19-20, Maude Williams Gittleson '29, Ritamae Hinchliffe '38, Barbara Jeppesen '38, Cornelia Hemingway Killam '22, Mary King '38, Ida Barber Longley '26-27, Margaret McEnerney '38, Elaine Meiklem '38, Mildred Munson '32, Miriam Nye '38, Geraldine Nye, Charlotte Ockert '33, Emma Ockert '26, Eleanor Pfaff '41, Louise Visel Redfield '37, Barbara Schilf '40, Jeanette Gessner Somers '30, Frances Stephan '38, Virginia Wilhelm '38, and Elsie Flight Wuestefeld '18.

Submitted by:

Mary King '38, Secretary

SOUTH SHORE LASELL CLUB

It is cause for extending congratulations to Alumnae and former students for their new departure in forming good-neighbor Lasell clubs. The small units make for more intimate acquaintance, and frequent meetings offer opportunity for delightfully informal programs. Let the dear instigators of this latest movement speak for themselves. President, Eleanor M. Dresser '36-37 writes:

"The South Shore Lasell Club held a Valentine Day party at my home on Wednesday, February 12th. Those attending were: Glennys Preston '37, recording secretary; Isabel Hughes '40, corresponding secretary; Norma Hill '36, treasurer; Eleanor Wentworth Moreton '36-38, Ruth Ellsworth '36, Marjory Sherwin '37-39, Ruth Weymouth '39, and Eleanor Dresser '36-37.

"Betty Jackson Dunning '38, vice president, has planned a business meeting for the club officers, to be held at her home on March fourth.

"Earlene Muenz '39, our second vice president, a senior at Mount Holyoke College, has been able to attend but a few meetings because of her heavy academic program. Elizabeth McAuliffe '38 is spending a month in the sunny south.

"Our group is keenly interested in hearing from other Lasell clubs."

Isabel Hughes '40 kindly adds these valuable notes on the March and April meetings of the club:

"Early in March we were the guests of Eleanor Wentworth Moreton '36-38. After a very enjoyable bowling party in Norwood, we returned to Eleanor's home where she served refreshments. The table was beautifully decorated in keeping with St. Patrick's Day. At the brief business meeting which followed, we decided to have a covered-dish supper at the next regular meeting in April. It is to be held at the home of Eleanor Dresser '36-37, and Ruth Weymouth '39 will be our hostess in May.

"Those present at the March meeting were: Eleanor Wentworth Moreton '36-38, Valerie Timmins '39, Margaret Hill '35-37, Ruth Weymouth '39, Betty Jackson Dunning '38, Norma Hill '36, Marjory Sherwin '37-39, Ruth Ellsworth '36, Eleanor Dresser '36-37, Barbara Dresser, and Isabel Hughes '40.

"Eleanor Dresser '36-37 held a whist party at her home on March fourteenth for the benefit of our scholarship fund. It was most enjoyable and successful.

"At the April meeting we were fortunate in having a number of new members present. The club is growing larger at each meeting, and we are all pleased with its progress. Those attending included: Eleanor Dresser '36-37, Earlene Muenz '39, Glennys Preston '37, Marjory Sherwin '37-39, Isabel Hughes '40, Norma Hill '36, Frances Monks '38, Marjorie Furbush '38, Audrey Spiller '38, Elizabeth McAuliffe '38, Mary Mehegan '38, Dorothy Stuart '38, Ruth Fulton '38, Betty Jackson Dunning '38, Eleanor Wentworth Moreton '36-38, and Evelyn Towle Blaisdell '37."

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LASELL CLUB

(The following welcome news has just been received in time for the May issue of the LEAVES. We are grateful to Ellen Chase Wood '02 for her prompt report which follows. *Ed.*)

The thirty-second annual meeting of the Southern California Lasell Club was held on Tuesday, April 15, 1941, at the Beverly Hills Hotel, Beverly Hills, California. Twenty-two members were present.

The luncheon table was decorated with yellow spring flowers. Each member wore a paper white-dove identification tag. Our president, Mildred Melgaard Rees '22, welcomed the group. Because of the absence of secretary Jean Church Jahns '36-39, Ellen Chase Wood '02 was appointed secretary *pro tem*. Dr. Winslow's letter, thanking the club for the mementos which we sent to be kept at Lasell, was read and enjoyed by all. The nominating committee presented the following list of officers for the ensuing year: president, Elizabeth Lum '01; vice president, Catherine Kendrick Cole '02; and secretary-treasurer, Kate Wheldon Plumb '02.

A delightful program was presented by Harriett Holt Lee's ('29) drama and voice students. After a social hour and the singing of Lasell songs, the meeting was adjourned.

Those answering to the roll call were: Louise Wadleigh Bedall '02-03, Ethel McKeig Butler '11-12, Maudie Stone Chapman '88, Laura Chase '02, Isabelle Bowers Church '00-01, Catherine Kendrick Cole '02, Helene Davenport Denbo '18, Marguerite Miller Eggers '11-12, Lucy Muth Kinney '98-99, Harriett Holt Lee '29, Doris Wilson Lehnars '25-27, Elizabeth Lum '01, Katharine MacLean '30, Frances Holmes Ott '92-93, Kate Wheldon Plumb '02, Myrilla Annis Rathwell '08-11, Mildred Melgaard Rees '22, Bertha Gray Richards '87-88, Eva-May Mortimer Riffe '25, Anna Hendee Sheehan '24, Helen Ebersole Swartzel '01-02, and Ellen Chase Wood '02.

Submitted by: *Ellen Chase Wood '02*
Secretary *pro tem*.

WORCESTER LASELL CLUB

Our congratulations are extended to the publicity committee of the Lasell Junior College Club of Worcester. Fine pictures of six representative graduates, chairmen of committees for the club's Washington Birthday dessert bridge, appeared recently in one of the Worcester papers. The object of this meeting was to raise money for the scholarship fund of their alma mater. Seldom have we seen such an attractive group of Alumnae, beginning with Eleanor Ramsdell Stauffer '35, club president, and including Eleanor Farmer '39, general chairman; Barbara Ordway Brewer '35, hospitality; Gladys Kennedy '27, hostesses; Margaret Christie '35-36, tickets; and Lucille LaRiviere Disbrow '40, candy. Other committee chairmen were Frances E. Wright '14-15, prizes; Marion Kingdon Farnum '29 and Dorothy Quinn '27, reservations; and Muriel Blackwood '39, tables. The bridge has been an annual affair ever since the club was organized six years ago.

THE MIDWINTER REUNION OF LASELL ALUMNAE, INC.

On Saturday, February 15, 1941, 185 guests met at the Hotel Vendome, Boston, for the annual Midwinter Reunion and luncheon of the Lasell Alumnae, Inc. Identification tags in the form of paper white doves were given to all on registration, and on each table were cookies in the shapes of white doves and lamps.

The meeting was called to order by Hester Shaw '28, vice president and very efficient chairman of the luncheon, with a word of welcome, particularly to the thirty-two members present from the Class of 1940. Elizabeth Jackson Dunning '38 read an invitation from Eleanor Dresser '36-37, president of the South Shore Lasell Club, to attend their group meetings on the second Tuesday of each month. Hester Shaw then turned the meeting over to the "Lady of the Day", Dean Emeritus Lillie R. Potter '80, who in her ever-witty, friendly manner, carried on as our toastmistress.

Miss Potter first introduced Mildred Strain Nutter '17, able L. A. A. president, who expressed the hope that all those present would become members of Lasell Alumnae, Inc. and that they would urge their friends to do the same. We should like to reach, and better, surpass our goal of one thousand members. Mrs. Nutter made special mention of Marion Ordway Corley '11, who is so loyally serving the Alumnae in the difficult position of treasurer.

At this time our president extended a cordial invitation to all former students to attend an informal social evening at Lasell on May 2d. All who come will have an opportunity to roam about the campus, see the latest improvements, and later in the evening, view pictures of life at Lasell.

We were very fortunate in having present former Alumnae Association presidents, Josephine Woodward Rand '10, Maude Simes Harding '06, Susan E. Tiffany '15, Priscilla Alden Wolfe '19, and Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22. Each spoke briefly, and stressed the importance of our support of the association by becoming members. They commended the work of the present officers, and pledged their co-operation.

Evelina Perkins '15, who made the lamp and dove cookies which were at each place, was called on to rise, and received a well-deserved round of applause. Miss Perkins also designed and fashioned the cookie cutters.

Miss Potter expressed appreciation for the many notes which she received during her recent illness. We are all glad that she is now feeling better.

Dr. Winslow warned that we must prepare for the storm ahead, into which we are unquestionably sailing. Lasell has approximately 520 students at present, and a fine enrollment for next year is in prospect. However, we do not plan to do much expanding in the near future because of the uncertainty of what is ahead. Next year Lasell will offer three years of academic work instead of the present four, eliminating one year of high school.

Our institution has never been in better shape than at present. The greatest need now is a new recitation building. Last summer the Barn was made over, a new dormitory added, improvements made to other houses, and the Woodland annex remodeled.

In 1939 an act was passed by the Massachusetts legislature, permitting qualified Junior Colleges to grant degrees of Associate in Arts and Associate in Science. Lasell hopes to obtain authorization to grant these degrees in the near future.

Dr. Winslow is to represent Lasell at the annual meeting of the American Association of Junior Colleges in Chicago this spring. The title of his remarks will be, "Greetings from the Earliest Existing Private Junior College." How ancient we have come to be, now in our ninetieth year.

Miss Potter, in introducing Miss Margaret Rand, commended her on her magnificent service as Dean. We learned from Dean Rand of the "domestic" improvements at school: the sound-absorbing ceiling in the Bragdon dining room; the napkin clips, one for each girl with her name imprinted and the popular and successful Saturday night buffet suppers.

February is the month of birthdays of famous persons. Miss Rand made special mention of one which is of particular importance to all associated with Lasell, that of Miss Lillie R. Potter '80, on the twenty-fourth of the month. Miss Potter is internationally known when one considers that copies of the LASELL LEAVES are sent all over the world.

Mr. Walter R. Amesbury advised everyone present to be sure to get a map of Lasell before trying to find her way around, because of the college's great expansion. Our secretarial department has grown so that there are now eleven faculty members in that division. Lasell girls are being well placed; in fact, we have more positions offered than we have girls to fill them. Mr. Amesbury closed his remarks by urging every graduate and old girl to keep in close contact with her alma mater. If any Alumna wishes help, or knows of op-

portunities, please communicate with the Treasurer's office. All suggestions are gratefully accepted.

Miss Irwin spoke very highly of our Dean Emeritus whom she renamed Dean *Pro-meritus* (because of merit), and read a poem which was particularly fitting.

The student representative at this annual luncheon was Janet Jansing '41, president of the Executive Council. Janet spoke of changes at college, and of how much she and her classmates would hate to leave Lasell in June.

Asked to stand and say a word were our Assistant Dean, Mrs. Statira P. McDonald, Mademoiselle LeRoyer, who responded with a wave and "*Bon jour, bon jour!*", and Señora Orozco, whose daughter, Maria Orozco Cobb '17-18, recently joined the Lasell faculty.

Appreciation of the Alumnae's interest in and loyalty to their alma mater was expressed by Mrs. Winslow, and she wished everyone much success and happiness.

Our Dean *Pro-meritus* thanked all those present for their gracious welcome. The meeting was adjourned at 3:40 P. M. with the singing of the Alma Mater.

Signed: *Esther B. Sosman '36,*
Recording Secretary

(Continued from Page 28)

Grand Canyon, to Santa Fé, where they saw ancient Indian cave dwellers' abodes.

Still heading eastward, they stayed for a short time in Colorado Springs.

On to Denver they went. There they spent very little time, but had a bird's-eye view of the city from the Capitol. Later, bicycling through Kansas City, they took pictures of the stockyards, and, as they got into the city rather late, slept on a tile ballroom floor.

From St. Louis, they sent their bikes and took the train to De Soto. There they saw "The Great Waltz" at the opera house, and a Negro parade. Reaching Washington, they went to the House and the Senate, where conscription was being discussed; they biked to Mt. Vernon; went through the F. B. I.; and



FEEDING DEER NEAR GRAND CANYON

puffed up to the top of the Washington Monument.

At New York the group divided, and Miss Whittemore returned to Boston, sorry to come to the end of her summer journey.

Pat Kieser
Ellen Visscher

The actual cost of Miss Whittemore's trip was \$209.50. However, she carried an extra fund of \$30 emergency money, as all hostellers are required to do.

The customs observed in all the youth hostels in twenty countries are substantially the same. There is no drinking, and almost no smoking. Lights are out at 10 p.m. Rooms are left tidy before the hostellers leave in the morning.

Anyone interested in youth hostel trips may write to American Youth Hostels, Inc., Northfield, Massachusetts.

—Ed.



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LASELL LEAVES



AUGUST, 1941, Vol. 66, No. 4

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LASELL LEAVES

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LASELL LEAVES STAFF FOR 1940-'41

Editor-in-Chief

PAT KIESER

Editors

ELAINE SULLIVAN

JEANNE WALSH

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BACCALAUREATE SERMON

June 8, 1941

(A condensed account of the address by
Reverend Charles E. Park, D.D.)

During the last four hundred and fifty years, many ships have crossed the ocean, and each has been an improvement on its predecessor. Each type of vessel requires its own trained captain and crew, but the ocean which they cross is the same unchanging Atlantic, containing the same dangers and opportunities. You of this modern generation are beginning your life-voyage in a type of vessel of which we older ones know little. But the voyage is the same as that which we have made; and we have the right to speak to you about that voyage—its dangers and opportunities.

First, keep your self-respect. We all know how pleasant it is to have the admiration and approval of our friends. To win the approval of that deepest and truest part of us, that little fragment of the Divine Spirit which is our individuality and which we call the Self, is one of the richest experiences that life can contain. It means that, though other people may misunderstand and criticize, we are true to that holiest of all standards, the voice of God speaking to us: "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." There is no higher duty and no richer reward.

Keep your self-confidence; not your conceit or self-esteem, but your humble-minded self-confidence. Young Saul was an unknown herdsman until he met the prophet Samuel and was anointed king. Such a sudden change in fortune would have been disastrous, but that God gave him another heart. Sudden changes are still to be met in our life; sudden burdens and sorrows, sudden promotions to larger duties and terrifying responsibilities. But God is still ready to give us the new heart to fit us for each new duty. Trust yourself. Trust the spirit of God that lives and works in you; and plunge in. The strength and skill for each new task will come with the task.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,

So near is God to man,—

When duty whispers low, Thou must,

The youth replies, I can.

Finally, keep your self-integrity. Sometimes we call it Character. It is the great objective in life. Our daily tasks and interests, our hopes, hobbies, projects, and ambitions, are only a sort of scaffold on which we stand and work while we build up something unseen, hidden away in the center of the scaffold. By and by the scaffold will be worn out, knocked apart, torn down, burned up, buried in the ground. What of it? It was good for about three score years and ten. But that which we have been building secretly, the little inner sanctuary of self-integrity, the temple of character will become visible for all to see and admire and love and gratefully remember. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God? The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

Self-respect, self-confidence, self-integrity:—these are the choicest treasures of life. Guard them jealously. Work for them. Your voyage will be successful and happy to the extent that you enrich yourselves in these treasures.

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

June 9, 1941

In his Commencement address to the Class of 1941, Dr. Walter Crosby Eells, secretary of the American Association of Junior Colleges, Washington, D. C., compared three fundamentals of democracy—education, travel, and slavery—in ancient Greece in the fifth century B. C. and in America in the twentieth century A. D.

In Greece, universal public education was required until about age 20, the last two years as organized learning, constituting perhaps the world's first junior college. In Greece, smaller in area than the state of Massachusetts, the citizens could easily gather for consideration of affairs of state. They had time, too, for devotion to cultural phases of life and to civic duties because of their possession of

slaves—an average of four slaves to each free man in the city of Athens. This combination of factors was instrumental in producing the Golden Age of Greece.

The same underlying principles hold in America today, although conditions are vastly different. The junior college, with its increasing emphasis on both cultural and vocational training for all young people, at least until they are 20 years of age, is needed if we are to have an adequately educated citizenry as a basis for an intelligent and effective democracy.

The development of improved methods of transportation has reduced effective travel distances in the United States until people can get together in this widespread nation today more easily than the people of Greece could. A map of the United States constructed on the basis of time instead of distance has shrunk to tiny proportions during the past century.

We also need the services of slaves to free us from many menial tasks so that we may give attention to productive living, to personal culture, and to good citizenship. Our slaves today, however, are electric slaves, machine slaves, power slaves, which are much more efficient than human slaves and also more plentiful. Each person in the United States, on the average, has the equivalent of 98 human slaves.

With the benefit of all these educational and social and economic factors, the Class of 1941 has a special opportunity and obligation, particularly in these troubled and uncertain days, to make effective the motto attributed to a Belgian nobleman before the war, "More is you." Members of the class are fitted not only to earn a better living but also to live better lives as a result of their years spent at Lasell.

JUNE, 1941

PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES

WINNING CREW

The Senior RED Crew and Senior GREEN Crew tied for first place.

<i>Senior RED Crew</i>	<i>Senior GREEN Crew</i>
Janet Jansing— <i>Captain</i> —	Marvine Weatherby
Barbara Clawson	Janet Brown
Nancy Maguire	Nancy Keach
Dorothy Macomber	Marguerite Cartier
Shirley Lyons	Lucille Hooker
Susan Paisley	Peggy Card
Harriet Hanson	Jane Gray
Norma Forsberg	Meredith Ingalls
Geraldine Bixby	Ellen Visscher

GOLF

Rhoda Stafford

ARCHERY

Priscilla Blakemore

Dorothy Green, runner up

BADMINTON

Martha Pangborn

THE ATHLETIC SHIELD

Won by the WHITE team. Presented to Marvine Weatherby, leader of the Whites.

SPECIAL DANCE AWARDS

Elizabeth Allen	Lorraine Harrison
Betty Barrow	Louise Johnson
Athena Constantine	Laura Pechilis
Dorothy Donaldson	Barbara Smith
Betty Davis	Priscilla Woodward
Jane Gray	Arax Zulalian

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Mary Frances Cameron

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Honorable Mention: certificates not given because of marks in one subject 1st year, but have done excellent work this year.

Judith Birch

Gene Grant

Polly Irvin

Jeanne Partisch

Elna Pollard

Elizabeth Poore

Grace Sheffer

Awarded to:

Mary Elizabeth Allen

Susan Strong Cairoli

Marguerite Marie Cartier

Anita Marie Fitzgerald

Dorothy Lois Green

Harriet Hubbard Hanson

Patricia Matthews Herke

Janet Lee Jansing

Ruth Helen Kilbourn

Jacqueline Lander

Louise Margaret Lorion

Frances Louise McBride

Dorothy Margaret Martin

Susan Lattner Paisley

Dorothy Louise Stone

Lucille Goebel Wielandt

Touran Arax Zulalian

SEWING PRIZES

Honorable Mention: Marguerite Cartier.

Awarded to: 1st—Ruth Kilbourn

2nd—Jane Gray

FOOD PRIZES

Awarded to: 1st—Louise Johnson

2nd—Barbara McCormick

Ellen Marron

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Virginia Black
Marvine Weatherby

SCHOLARSHIP PRIZES

Honorable Mention: Gertrude Fischer
Marjorie Morss

Awarded to: 1st—Dorothy Macomber
2nd—Patricia Matthews Herke



CALIFORNIA FIESTA

THE twin towers of the mission loom up against the sky, and the heavy scent of eucalyptus blossoms fills the air. The moon is full, and there is a general air of activity; the annual fiesta is about to begin. For the next four days the pages of history will turn back to the time when the Spanish inhabited California. During the fiesta almost all of the spectators abandon American dress for brightly colored shawls and mantillas. A young girl is chosen to take the part of Saint Barbara, the patron saint of the city, for the duration of the festivities. The opening of the celebration takes place at the mission, which in Spanish days served not only as a religious center but also as a fortress

for protection from hostile Indians. There is a mirror above the high altar which in days past was used by the priest to sight any unfriendly Indians who might plan to attack the congregation from the rear of the church. Those taking part in the religious introduction to the celebration stand in the courtyard, listening to the blessing of the padre on the festival. El Paseo, a street off the main boulevard, is a replica of a street in Spain, and is the scene of much activity at this season. The Spanish night club, also called El Paseo, offers an exhibition of Mexican tribal dances, rhumbas, and folk dances.

On the second day of the fiesta, a parade takes place which shows various events in the history of California. There are many Palamino horses, with silver-covered saddles and bridles that glisten in the sun as the horses prance along. The Palaminos are a rare breed of horse. They are silvery-grey, or tan, with silver manes.

On the last day of the fiesta, we leave the merrymaking and go to an Indian church in a nearby suburb. The church is a reproduction of one outside Taos, New Mexico. It is patterned after the mission style of architecture, but the interior contains ornate silver chandeliers and hand-hewn pews. When my friend and I went there, we took a seat well at the back of the church for a few moments of quiet thought. At the front of the church we saw an old Indian woman with her black shawl drawn closely around her shoulders as she knelt on the stone floor. The light coming through the stained-glass window fell on her face. There was a certain serenity about her person. Her copper-colored skin, her high cheekbones, and her well formed brow all were symbols of a vanishing race.

We returned to town as the fiesta was drawing to a close. We remembered that there was one thing left undone. In the courtyard of the mission is a large fountain; there is an old belief that if you cast a pebble into the fountain, you will return again at another fiesta season.

Mary Elizabeth Corliss

CHOCOLATE-MINT SODAS

EXAMS were on up at the University, and my little Dubble-Dip Joint was running all day and most of the night.

But even though business was good, I couldn't help worrying about that letter from Mom, who said she was getting old and lonesome and wouldn't I please come home to Clackamus County, to live with her. Well, it would be fine to go home to Oregon if I had wings or something. But getting all the new red leather booths for the Dubble-Dip Joint had taken all my earnings from the past year—and probably for a year or so to come; and it costs more than a nickel to travel clear across the country, you know.

But the atmosphere was not conducive to worry. I had to laugh to see Froggie Thomson and Bill Harwin and Bill's girl Marion crammed into one side of a new booth, all hunched over a thick blue book. Froggie was mumbling, "Pope Gregory the Sixth. . . . King Henry Third." It seemed that Froggie and Bill thought they had passed all their final exams so far, and would graduate next week if they managed to get through Medieval History-B. Marion was sort of coaching Bill so he could graduate with her—probably she didn't want to wait another year to be married. Froggie needed it too, definitely; so he'd horned in on Bill's tutoring, and the three of them had been working hard—harder than Froggie'd ever worked in all his life, I guess. The exam was the next day at 1:15.

"Okay, boys," Marion said, "we're nearly half through this book. Want to get something to eat before we start on some biographies?"

Froggie yelled, "Squirt me a chocolate-mint soda, will ya, Joe?" And Bill said to make his the same.

"I guess you'd most go out of business without me and my passion for chocolate-mint sodas, huh, Joe?" said Froggie; and I answered, "Sure, Froggie, but Bill there eats a powerful lot of 'em too."

"Yeah, Bill *likes* 'em, but he's not serious competition."

"Hey," said Bill. "I can drink more chocolate-mint sodas or anything else in ten minutes than you can drink in an hour and a half."

"Go on," hollered Froggie, and they argued some more. The other kids in the Joint urged them on, and pretty soon they'd decided to hold a soda-drinking contest. Marion was mad as anything at "the ice-cream soda marathon," as she called it, but Froggie and Bill were tired of medieval history and felt like doing some crazy stunt.

When I saw that they were really going through with it, I made a deal with them. They'd pay for the first four sodas, and the rest—if the boys lasted more than four—would be on the house. But, knowing the capacities of those two and not wanting to go bankrupt, I made everyone that wanted to watch the contest buy a nickel cone. Angry as she was, Marion said she'd take a vanilla and stay and watch Bill make a fool of himself.

Well, Froggie and Bill moved up to the little stools in front of the counter; somebody yelled, "Go!"; and they'd each drained down a soda by the time I had the second round ready. After their third, Marion began to worry. "Even if you don't care whether or not you graduate, I do," she said. "Now listen to me while you drink your fool heads off."

"Go ahead, Toots." Froggie stopped for breath in the middle of his third soda. He and Bill were slowing down some, and didn't seem to enjoy their sodas so much as they had before. I was going easy on the mint, figuring they'd be sick enough on just chocolate sodas.

"When he was about twenty, Mohammed began the management of a wealthy widow's affairs," read Marion from the blue book, "and in 594, he married her."

Bill said, "Was it love or was it the draft?"—which didn't have much point but gave him an excuse to stop drinking for a minute. He was taking a long time to drink his fifth soda.

"In 619, Mohammed suffered a great loss through the death of his wife, Khadiha."

"How d' you spell her?" asked Froggie,

making that noise that means you've hit the bottom of a soda.

That girl sure has patience, thought I, trying to teach history to those oafs.

"About 631 he proclaimed a calendar of twelve lunar months.—Bill! Stop; you'll be sick."

Bill was looking pale. He and Froggie were starting their sixth sodas, and I was getting worried: I was paying for the sodas from four on:

"—and died in 632, an uncrowned king of Arabia. Now we'll start on Charlemagne. Are you listening?"

Bill pushed his glass across the counter. "You win, Froggie," he said.

"Ugh," Froggie groaned. He was just about to quit to Bill, I think. "Gimme a bicarb of soda, Joe." They each had one. I should have given them four or five.

"Okay, Marion, Charlemagne it is. I hope you appreciate your title, Frog, after what I've been through."

"Uh-huh," Froggie said, looking as though he wanted to curl up in a corner somewhere.

"Charlemagne subjugated the Saxons to the north, and annexed—"

"Scuse me," gulped Froggie suddenly. "I can't concentrate with all these people here—going up to the room and study—"

Marion said "Okay," but Froggie was already out the door. "Now, Bill, on Christmas, 800, he was crowned emperor of the Romans at the church of St. Peter. Remember that—800."

"Guess I'll go up t' see Froggie. See ya later, Marion." Bill walked out of the Dubble-Dip sort of unsteadily. Marion yelled, "Bill," and ran after him.

I didn't see either Froggie or Bill for several days after that. Someone said that they were in the infirmary. But what about their exam, I wondered.

Saturday noon, Marion came in for a sandwich and a coke, and told me that both boys had been real sick Thursday night, but had

taken the history exam in the infirmary. She didn't suppose Bill had passed it, and seemed downhearted. I was downhearted too, thinking how long it would take to save enough train fare to get to Oregon. It was time to answer Mom's letter, and what could I tell her? Marion said that the Graduating List would be posted any minute now, but that she was scared to look and see if Harwin was on it. Well, just as she said that who should barge into the Dubble-Dip but Froggie Thomson and Bill Harwin. They'd just gotten out of the "death house," which is what the kids call the infirmary, they said, and were both on the list posted at Winston! Marion and Bill let each other—and everyone else—know how glad they were; and Froggie said, "Gee, I pulled a 73 in history. Wrote the swellest essay on Mohammed. Gee, 73! Those chocolate sodas gave me a lot of energy, I guess. I'm gonna graduate, Joe."

"That's great, Froggie," I said. "What about next year?"

"That's what I gotta worry about now, Joe. Dad says he won't hire me in his plant, and that I've got to find myself a job. He's goin' to give me a thousand bucks when and if I find one. But what can I get a job doing, Joe? Hey! You don't want to hire a soda jerk do ya, Joe?"

"Listen, Froggie," I said. "My life ambition at this point is to save enough money to take me home to Oregon."

"Joe, you wouldn't consider selling the Dubble-Dip Joint would you, huh, would you, Joe?"

"Would I! It's all yours for that thousand dollars that's coming to you now that you have a *job*—as owner and manager of the Dubble-Dip Joint."

Froggie came behind the marble counter, and grabbed my white hat and apron. "For once in my life—no, *twice*," he said, "I'm going to have enough chocolate-mint sodas to drink! But you won't catch me drinkin' one."

Pat Kieser



JUNE QUEEN, ATTENDANTS, AND JUNIOR MARSHALS

Nacher, Colleser, Armand, Akeson (Queen), Jansing, Smith, Titcomb, Strachan

Missing: Ruch and Lucey.

THEY ARE SUCCEEDING

(Letters from a few alumnae who specialized in music at Lasell.)

IN 1936, I entered Grinnell College in Grinnell, Iowa, to study for a bachelor's degree in music, with piano as a major. This required two public recitals, which were somehow survived, and the degree was granted in June, 1939. The next fall, I did some vocal and violin accompanying, and began studying for an M.M. at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago.

On September 23, 1940, I took my first lesson from Tomford Harris, who has done remarkable things for me. My final examination is in August, after which my degree will be awarded. I have made application at a college teachers' agency, and hope to find a position by September.

Jeanne Keck, '36

THIS year marks my tenth year of teaching—private teaching of piano, violin, Hawaiian guitar, Spanish guitar, mandolin, tenor banjo, and piano accordion. While at Lasell, I studied only piano and violin; but my knowledge of harmony and solfeggio gained at Lasell has made the other instruments easy to learn. I think there are not better teachers anywhere than at Lasell.

I still have my studios in Danielson and Putnam, Connecticut, teaching there three days a week—with a few added pupils in Webster, Massachusetts, where I now live.

Being unable to handle all the students who wished to study with me, I had my sister study principles of music under me; and she now teaches twenty beginners. I have thirty-nine advanced pupils. We call our school the Winslow School of Music.

My student orchestra this year consists of twenty-two players, the largest student band that I have had yet. Regards to all at Lasell.

Ruth Winslow Neulieb, '31

SINCE my graduation from Lasell, I have been teaching public school music in the village and rural schools of the following towns: Corinna, Detroit, Palmyra, Plymouth, and St. Albans, Maine. Along with this work, I have twenty-five private piano pupils.

I have continued my education by attending the Northern Conservatory of Music in Bangor, Maine, and the Summer School Session at the University of Maine, Orono.

Doris Lewis Folsom, '33

AFTER my graduation from dear Lasell in 1937, I entered the junior class at Ithaca College, Ithaca, New York, as a major in public school music. Besides the instruments I played at Lasell—piano, organ, clarinet, saxophone—I studied every other instrument of band and orchestra.

After receiving my degree, I returned for a semester of graduate work, at the end of which I was offered my present position, supervisor of music of the first nine grades in Apalachin, New York. Besides this, I supervise seven other schools of the district once a week. I enjoy my work very much. It takes in all the vocal work, theory, music appreciation, music history, and rudiments of music. Also I have a girls' glee club, of which I am very proud. Last spring, we went to one of the state contests, and came out second.

I have come across many people in the world of music who know Mr. Dunham and Mr. Schwab. It always makes me proud to say that I studied under them.

While at Ithaca, I became a member of the Sigma Alpha Iota National Music Fraternity, for Women, and also the Delta Phi Zeta sorority.

There is certainly never a dull moment in this work; every bit of it is most enjoyable.

Sarah Gwen Davies, '37

SOME OF OUR NOTABLES

PRESIDENT GUY M. WINSLOW

IN THE midst of a busy life, Dr. Winslow took time to give a few random facts about himself.

He was born in Brownington, Vermont. For further statistics of his life, the following account in *Who's Who in America, 1940-41* is cited:

"WINSLOW, Guy Monroe, educator; b. Brownington, Vermont; s. James M. and Mary A. (Powers) W.; A.B., Tufts Coll., 1895, fellow in biology, 1895-97, asst. in biology, 1897-98, Ph.D., from the same college, 1898; m. Clara M. Austin (A.B., Smith Coll., 1899), of Orleans, Vt.; Children— Richard Austin, Marjorie, Donald James, Priscilla. Teacher of science, 1898-1908, pres. since 1908, Lasell Junior Coll.; instr. in histology, Tufts Coll. Med. and Dental Sch., 1903-13. Mem. Bd. of Aldermen of Newton, 1913-18; mem. Mass. Constl. Conv., 1917-19; trustee and vice pres., Newton Savings Bank; dir. Auburndale Co-operative Bank, Newton Nat. Bank. Trustee Tufts Coll., Chandler Sch. for Women, Newton Library. Mem. Am. Assn. Jr. Colls. (v.p. 1935-36). Republican. Conglist. *Home:* 145 Woodland Road. *Address:* Lasell Junior College, Auburndale, Massachusetts."

Dr. Winslow loves animals, especially native wild animals. He majored in biology in college, and played chess as a diversion. His high school principal, who is still living in Rhode Island, had taught him how. He attended Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Center, Vermont, a preparatory school. His class celebrated its fiftieth reunion in June.

He was lost twice, once while fishing, when he finally found his way out of the woods; and once when on a sailboat with a friend during a fog, at which time another boat just missed hitting them.

For the past five or six years, Dr. Winslow has been actively interested in color photography. He made his first camera when a fresh-

man at Bates college out of a box for chessmen, and paper, glue, and a five-cent lens.

He worked on a farm when eleven years old, from the thirteenth of March till Thanksgiving, going home just once. He was paid six dollars for the whole time. The next year he earned five dollars a month working on a farm.

During his graduate studies he majored in biology. He made models of salamanders and fishes in the course of his work for the doctor's degree. Copies are in the Natural History Museum in New York and in Tufts College Museum.

Dr. Winslow came to Lasell in 1898. There were twenty Lasell girls in his house when he and Mrs. Winslow went there to live.

Shirley Lyons

LILLIE R. POTTER, DEAN EMERITUS

MISS LILLIE R. POTTER'S birthplace was in "Dixie Land." Her father, a native of Rhode Island, had business interests in the South which kept him for thirty years a resident of Charleston, South Carolina. He was always loyal to the Union, but because of his genial and generous nature he numbered a host of friends on both sides of the national conflict.

As far back as she can remember, Miss Potter recalls a never-to-be-forgotten midnight when she was rushed in the arms of a faithful slave to a safety zone beyond the reach of the shells. This temporary refuge was in Charleston, situated at the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper rivers, and claimed to be the only metropolis in our country directly facing the sea.

Later the family moved to Evanston, Illinois, where our former Dean entered the Academy of Northwestern University as a pupil of Frances E. Willard, the founder of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Some years later Miss Potter became a pupil at Lasell Seminary, now Lasell Junior College, from which she was graduated in 1880.

She declares that life in those old days was truly the simple life. It was "early to bed, and early to rise," so conducive to sound health. Ample time was provided for mental, physical, and spiritual training. The Principal Emeritus of long ago was especially interested in exercise in the open, and used often to make this statement (challenged by the students), "Girls, you can walk off every disease on earth but a broken leg." Possibly Mrs. Browning was like-minded when she said, "The little cares that fretted me, I lost them yesterday out in the fields with God."

Miss Potter adds, "We were singularly favored in those days by having among our regular instructors in Shakespeare and Wordsworth such outstanding scholars as Professors William James Rolfe, Henry Hudson of Harvard, and later Colonel Homer B. Sprague. John L. Stoddard's lectures on Latin authors, followed by charming descriptions of foreign travel, were first given at Lasell Seminary.

"Lady Henry Somerset and Mary Livermore were among the guest speakers, Mrs. Livermore delivering a Commencement address. Also, the late Annie Payson Call came frequently to instruct a restless group of Lasell students in her much-needed philosophy of 'Power Through Repose.'

"The Lasell curriculum has changed during these later years to meet the demands of new-world conditions. We rejoice in every forward movement, but still look back with gratitude to the simple life of those earlier years."

DEAN MARGARET RAND

A SWEET, sympathetic smile and an understanding nature help to make up the beloved figure of Dean Margaret Rand.

When you first come to Lasell, there is much talk of permission cards and attendance on various functions requiring an interview with the Dean. The first time, you stand trembling before her office and wonder just what sort of person you are about to face. Will she be an ogre,—or a cold and retiring person? Walking into the office, you perceive

a nice looking woman, with kindly, twinkling eyes, and white hair drawn back from her aristocratic face. As you sit down all your qualms disappear.

Dean Rand is always willing to face a situation fairly and squarely, listening attentively to both sides before submitting a verdict. Perhaps it is that "all-round" air, and her way of giving an equal chance to all, that make her so loved at Lasell.

She works laboriously in her office, writing out those demerit slips, just as dreaded in her eyes as in ours, and discussing with us our various problems and mistakes.

Because of her intensive reading, traveling, and outside interests, Dean Rand is a fluent and interesting speaker. She confided that she has thought about writing a book, but has never had the time. No doubt some interesting stories could be recorded about her many trips: for example, the time that she and her mother were locked in a cathedral courtyard where the ancient kings were buried, and only escaped by hoisting their hats on a pole and frantically waving them over the towering stone wall. Many experiences such as this (sounding a little on the "Tish" side) have gone to make up a truly full life.

She is a graduate of Smith College, and has a master's degree from Columbia University. She was formerly Dean of Hiram College, Ohio.

She has been house-mother in several of Lasell's senior houses, and great times were had by all who were under her supervision. Many times after a hard day's work she used to prepare tea for her girls, and they would sit and chat over the occurrences of the day, or take long hikes to picnic spots around Lasell.

Many, many girls have been intimate friends with her, passing through Lasell's halls to stay only two years, but in her heart she has found room for each and every one, and remains a loyal and dependable friend to all.

Ellen Visscher

HELEN L. BEEDE

POPULARITY gained early in life has continued for Miss Beede, but we might examine the reasons; they *have* changed. She used to be surrounded by an admiring throng eager to partake of candy, of which her pockets were a never emptying storehouse (the compensation for being the daughter of the owner of a general store). She is still surrounded, but her gifts have now rightly earned for her the title of "Pink Slipper." "Why were you absent from Orphean?" "Bring an excuse from home for your absence." "Report at my office some time today." All are quite familiar pink slips, and every Lasell girl is as familiar with Miss Beede and her slips as Miss Beede is with every Lasell girl.

Helen was born in Newport—not one of your fashionable resorts but a tiny city far up in Vermont, the border city between that state and Quebec. She later moved to Orleans to live in her grandfather's hotel, which was as famous for good food in that section of the country as the Toll House is in the vicinity of Boston. The small granddaughter did everything from washing dishes to waiting on table. One of her aunts taught her to play the piano, and she continued her musical studies later at Lasell and at the New England Conservatory of Music.

After graduation from Orleans High School, Miss Beede attended Bryant and Stratton for a year. At that time her aunt, Mrs. Hooker, was working at Lasell, and she had opportunity to study there. She was graduated from the academic music course in 1921, with certificates in both organ and voice. Mr. Henry Dunham, uncle of Mr. George S. Dunham, was at that time teacher of organ at Lasell. The following year found Helen at the New England Conservatory. This year of study was followed by three years of teaching music and commercial subjects in the Orleans schools. She returned to Lasell to work in the Woodland office and to finish her work at Bryant and Stratton. On completion of that

work, she began her full-time position as secretary to Mr. E. J. Winslow, Dr. Guy Winslow's brother, who at that time was registrar at Lasell. She has continued as secretary for his successor, Miss Grace Irwin.

We find in Helen Beede somewhat of an individualist. Her aunt is organist and choir director in a Congregational church; all her family belong to the Congregational church; but she has been president of the Methodist church choir in Auburndale for the past ten years.

During her month's vacation each summer, one is quite apt to find her in Orleans for at least a part of the time, being an efficient housekeeper, doing everything from answering the doorbell for her young cousin's callers to preparing basket after basket of strawberries for canning. Oh yes, and answering questions of numerous future Lasell girls. In recent years she has been to Europe, Bermuda, and Labrador, and last year went to the World's Fair with her young cousin, Dorothy Domina, who will soon attend Lasell.

During her high school years Miss Beede was seen wearing a three-quarter-length sheepskin coat on most occasions, and one old timer was heard to remark, "That girl is blessed with a lot of good common horse sense." Maybe we do not have to wear a similar coat, but would that each of us might have a little more of that horse sense (if that is how it's classified) which has made Miss Beede an indispensable part of all our lives at Lasell.

Ilene Derick

CHARLES LANE HANSON

"WE'D like the story of Mr. Hanson's life for the August LEAVES. Will you write it up?"

"Why, er—ah, certainly."

And with that I accepted one of the pleasantest assignments I have ever undertaken.

I rang the bell at Mr. Hanson's Cambridge home, not knowing quite what to expect, and was greeted by a friendly smile and a warm handclasp. He led me into a cozy living room

which had that rare quality of looking as though it was really lived in. We talked about Lasell, about the graduating class, about the *Lamp*; we talked of everything but Mr. Hanson, and yet I knew that I was becoming acquainted with him. The conversation turned somehow to his workshop, and he volunteered to let me see it. I followed him up innumerable stairs till finally he opened the door of his sanctum sanctorum, a library in perfect order.

Seated in a comfortable chair, I began my inevitable questioning. I learned that Mr. Hanson was born in Newfields, a small New Hampshire town. Speaking of Newfields naturally recalled memories of his boyhood, when he spent many happy hours selling goods in his father's village store; when he rode and drove horses; and when he found time for baseball, his favorite sport. His mother had been a teacher, and through her he became interested in the profession for which he trained at Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard University. Shortly after his graduation, *magna cum laude*, from Harvard, he began to teach English at Worcester Academy. He then taught at the Worcester English High School, the B. M. C. Durfee High School, Fall River, and finally at the Mechanic Arts High School in Boston, where he was head of the English Department for forty-two years.

In his forty-eight years of teaching he has naturally come in contact with thousands of students, many of whom remember him from time to time with accounts of their doings since leaving his classes. He is genuinely interested in former students, and speaks of them with a happy gleam in his eye.

Author of several textbooks, Mr. Hanson is as meticulous in his speech as in his impeccable appearance. Among other books he has written: *English Composition, Two Years' Course in English Composition*, and, with Professor John F. Genung, *Outlines of Composition and Rhetoric*. He has edited *Representative Poems of Robert Burns with Car-*

lyle's Essay on Burns; Macaulay's *Life of Samuel Johnson*; and, with W. J. Gross, *Short Stories of Today and Travel Sketches of Today*. He has recently edited *A Journal for the Years 1739-1803* by Samuel Lane, his great-great-grandfather, and is now writing a history of the Mechanic Arts High School.

His interests are by no means limited to writing. An enthusiastic traveler, he has visited England and Scotland and most of the European countries. He has been in Palestine, in Constantinople, and has traveled along the Nile, seeing famous tombs. America's own magnificence has lured him to the West, where he has seen many of the wonders of the new world. On one of his trips he used over a mile of motion-picture film to catch the beauty and significance of what he considered the most interesting places. On trips and during vacations he has climbed mountains with great satisfaction. For forty years mountain climbing and tennis were his favorite avocations, but now they have given way to country dancing and gardening.

Mr. Hanson's interests seem to have no bounds! He is richly endowed with a joy of living which makes it a pleasure to talk to him and a treat to be his friend. He was among the first to appreciate the poetry of Robert Frost. They met long ago in a literary club, and have since become fast friends. Asked what he most admired in Robert Frost, Mr. Hanson answered, "Kindliness and his genuine interest in people." Were I asked what I most admire in Charles Lane Hanson, I should reply in those same words. Dr. Winslow must have been thinking of these two most prominent characteristics when he asked him to become Administrative Assistant. As such Mr. Hanson's purpose is to establish friendly, helpful relations between the students and the administrative body. The selection was well made; for in one short year he has made a place for himself on the Lasell campus. The 1941 *Lamp* called him "our guiding hand" not without reason; for he has

succeeded in carrying out his aim: "to show students how to keep fit, how to study, how to budget their time so that they will get what their parents want them to get and what they feel the need of year after year."

Students of Lasell should and do avail themselves of the opportunities for helpful friendship which this genial gentleman so freely offers. Those of us who have taken our troubles to him have learned the value of his efforts in our behalf. May those who have not yet had occasion to speak with him have the wisdom to seek his aid whenever the need arises.

Claire de Conto



DOG DAYS

HALF an acre of the property in back of Janet Brown's house is devoted to kennels and a runway for her dogs. At present the Browns have eight Cocker Spaniels, six black, one red, and one black-and-white. These dogs are relatives of My Own Brucie, voted "best all-round dog" at Madison Square Garden last year. My Own Diana is a daughter of My Own Brucie; every dog of this pedigree must have a "My Own" before its name.

Three of the Browns' dogs are kept exclusively for showing; the rest are offered for sale at from \$25 to \$50. Each year Janet's family enters dogs in the Morris-Essex show as well as the show in Madison Square Garden. Moocher, so named because of his friendly attitude, Diana, and Janet's special dog, My Own Popover, are the three show dogs. Moocher, four years old, has to his

credit a blue ribbon won at a Morris-Essex show.

These dogs need constant care and attention. They must be groomed every day, but should not be washed more than every six months in order to preserve the gloss of their coats. Each dog has a cedar pillow in his kennel to keep away the doggy odor.

In preparing for dog shows, one must bear these points in mind:—Head cannot be too wide; neck cannot be too short or too long; legs must be in proportion; ears must come beyond tip of the nose. Dogs should be shown when in perfect condition, and should have had previous training in showing before being exhibited. They are judged on appearance in the ring, and should be well schooled on collar and lead and taught to display themselves to best possible advantage.

Each evening the Browns bring all the dogs up to the house to train them to be house dogs. The dogs are continually reminded: "Head up, tail up, and legs back."

Janet has taken up photography as a hobby, and has a collection of prints of the dogs. Oil paintings have been done of Jocker and Lady.

Jane Ansley

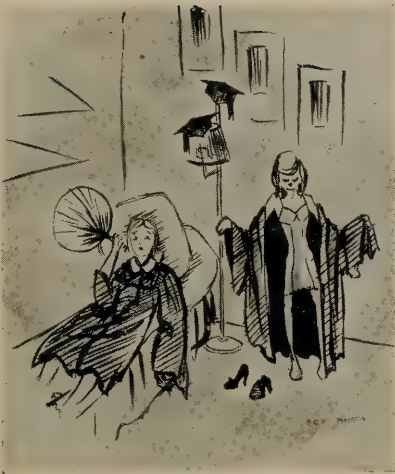




WHITE COAT WINNERS, 1941
Jansing, Black, Weatherby



SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS, 1941
Morss, Macomber, Herke, Fischer



PROPHECY FOR THE CLASS OF 1941

Station *KRAX* signing on.

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen; this is your keyhole reporter bringing you, through television, the latest news of those fluttering little doves, the debutantes of 1951!

Mary Corliss now has quite a large business to manage. She's teaching girls how to grow bangs successfully. Her associate is *Cyrilla Williams*, who was a great diplomat before becoming Mary's guinea pig.

Flash! Those "Beautiful Brown Bettys" have just returned from their long-awaited trip to Florida. In case you don't recognize them with those tans, they're *Betty Reama*, *Bette Haggood* and *Betty Jean Murdey*.

Here's a special broadcast from West Newton. *Barbara Hale* and *Eleanor Miller* have just taken over the West Newton Theatre, where they are planning to show a full afternoon of "Superman" for the kiddies. We wonder who will enjoy it more, the kiddies or the new managers.

And now for the young married set. The former *Marjorie Morss*, we hear, has just finished her first cake. She's letting the neighborhood boys use it for a baseball.

Lt. and Mrs. Oberg, nee *Jane Gray*, are rejoicing over the birth of a son. This is their fourth little bundle from the stork, the other three being girls. Jane makes all of their clothes, too. She's helping *Marie MacGregor* with her cooking, as Marie is also one of the happily married group.

Flash! The former *Virgie Whalen* has just been rushed to a hospital, having cut herself severely trying to open a tin can with a finger-nail file. That's what she gets for letting *Jean Roper* convince her to try S. S. Pierce's canned peaches.

Sue Paisley Hanbury is visiting her family in Iowa. With her is her friend, the famous Dr. *Mary Hale*, who recently was awarded her Ph.D. in Heartbreaking.

We have just received the news that the transcontinental air-race between the famous female pilots of today has ended in a tie between *Dorothy Donaldson* and *Marguerite Haldeman*. We never knew that they were very interested in flying. We wonder who could have influenced them to try it!

Here's the latest news from Hollywood. *Jane Abbott* has just finished designing the clothes to be worn by *Dorothy Stuhlberg* in "Around the World by Airmail." She's been studying the part for more than ten years now. Also in the picture will be *Jeanne Partisch*, Lasell's languid blonde, who is taking Virginia Bruce's place in the cinema world. The costumes are made by *Geneva Davis*, and the photography is being done by *Natalie Zimmermann*, with *Eleanor Rawson* and *Madeline Vivian* as assistants.

From Boston comes the news of Society's largest event of the Season. *Arax Zulalian* was the guest of honor at a party given by her parents in honor of her reaching the enormous height of five feet! Among the prominent socialites there were: *Barbara Hover*, Dean of Women at the Harvard Business School; *Corinne Werner*, who owns an exclusive shop in Falmouth, Mass.; and *Helen Savery*, Army Hostess at Camp Edwards, on the Cape. *Connie King* and *Barbara Mauro-*

yenis were the guest performers, Connie playing the harp and Barbara giving her famous rendition of "Frankie and Johnnie." She was accompanied by the famous concert pianist, *Dorothy Riley*.

The affair was held in the Hotel Statler, now owned by *Jayne Hein*, *Lea Armand*, and *Jane Palmer*, and the lovely decorations were done by the famous interior decorators, *Elna Pollard*, and *Jane Bishop*. *Gene Grant* was also going to help decorate, but she was in a dayze, spelled *d-a-y-z-e*. It is rumored that *Jane Palmer* wanted to sing *Intermezzo*, but *Arax* wouldn't hear of it.

While we're in Boston let's look at the news from Lasell. First Prize has been awarded to *Polly Mudgett* for the well-balanced meals she has planned for Lasell students. *Carol Hutton* deserves to be congratulated, also, for she has just received permission from Dr. Winslow to serve breakfasts to occupants of Briggs in bed! *Norma Forsberg*, who now owns the school store, has enlarged it so much that there's now enough room in the Barn for students. *Jackie Lander* is running the Merchandising Department in her spare time. The rest of the day she spends in her date bureau, which is being well managed by *Jay Ransom* and *Anita Fitzgerald*.

Here's a flash from the House of David basketball team. . . . They report a very successful season having been coached by those three prominent sportswomen, *Virginia Denyse*, *Mary Doig*, and *Petie Visscher*. Their last game was played in Hawaii, which *Kay Patton* made famous by raising thoroughbred snakes. She keeps them in a house which was built by *Shirley* of-the-same-name.

Miss House has also just finished a cottage for *Despina Spring* which consists of nothing but closets for her meagre (?) spring outfit. *Mary Makes* stores a few of her clothes there, too, and speeds over for them in one of her Packard convertibles.

Here's some news from the travelers. . . . *Marian Timpson* is touring the United States, Canada, and South America on another of

her traveling sprees. *Mary Lou Allyn*, and *Shirley Lyons* are on a trip to Sun Valley, where the Canadian Ski Team is vacationing. *Pat Herke*, *Harriet Hanson*, and *Tex Weatherby* have just returned from Havana. *Pat* will now buy a farm and run it herself; *Harriet* is planning to reside in Detroit; and *Tex* has accepted a position as head coach of the Olympic Crew Team, which will train in Texas.

And now from the Navy comes the item that *Terry Akeson* was the most beautiful bride the Midshipmen had ever seen. She had a large Naval Wedding. Rumor has it that *Nat Ashton* is teaching her how to sail a boat. We wonder how *Nat* learned? The former dietitian of Annapolis, *Eldora Anthony*, will resign her position to teach *Terry* the fundamentals of cooking, and *Ellen Marron* is to help her with her sewing.

And now for the Army, which mustn't be slighted. *Ruth McLaughlin*, *Barbara Mitchell*, and *Barbara McCormick* are still wearing a well-trodden path to West Point. *Ruth* convinced *Barbara Mitchell* that she shouldn't run the spinster's home that she wanted to, and *Barbara McCormick* that she shouldn't spend all her time running around in her limousine.

We hear that *Jeanne Walsh* has just returned from Europe, where she has been a guide to tourists. While there she reports having seen many of her friends, some of them being: *Reba Campbell*, who is a receptionist in a large hotel in France; *Jane Scanlon*, who is president of the Little Mothers' Club of Eastern Europe; *Helen Parlee*, who owns an information bureau in Switzerland; and *Betty Davenport*, who is the principal of an exclusive girls' school in England. *Betty* absolutely forbids the children to have any initiation week. We wonder why?

Flash! *Janet Miller* has just been taken to the hospital for rest. She collapsed from overwork while attending to her duties in *Meredith Ingalls'* reducing studio, where she was the head stenographer.

Here are a few comments from the Metropolitan Opera, which opened last night. *Dorothy Mellen* did very well in her part in the Opera *Tannhauser*, singing the soprano, but we hear that she is to have competition tonight, when *Suzanne Schaum* (the new soprano) will sing in "Il Trovatore."

Miss *Dorothy Green* was one of the many "First Nighters," having driven from Hartford in her new convertible Mercury. With her was *Mary Elizabeth Allen*, who is in New York, buying more fashion merchandise for her Specialty Shop in Muncie, Indiana. Becky looked very well, having had her hair done for the occasion by Mlle. *Margot Cartier*. Mlle. Cartier is noted for her very attractive hair stylings, you know, it having begun when she wore braids ten years ago. Mme. *Dorothy Heagy*, also very popular in the beauty field, is the proprietress of a beauty salon.

While in New York, Miss Allen hopes to be able to visit the Rockettes in Radio City, where Lasell's *Betty Davis* is a star. *Polly Irvin* designs the costumes for the Rockettes, and *Marian Ramhofer* is doing the make-up work.

Charlotte Lakeman, the beautiful divorcee, has now become the country's leading photographer, having achieved her success last winter at the Dartmouth Winter Carnival, where she took pictures of the queen, *Ruth Mattson*.

In her column of the *Eaglesmere News*, *Grace Sheffer* writes that *Nancy Bommer* is spending all her week ends at Cape Cod, where she dashes every Saturday afternoon from her duties as a secretary in Boston.

From Maine, now, we hear the news that *Peg Goodrich* has had her own telephone system installed to accommodate her millions of admirers. Also from the East we receive the news of the new transportation agency that is being run for the benefit of Lasell students who want to make a train in three minutes from Woodland Hall. This agency is being capably managed by *Pat Chumbani* and *Kay Annino*, the latter having finally acquired a driver's license.

Turning to New York once again, we find that the secretaries are wearing themselves to a frazzle, typing and taking dictation all day. *Gertrude Fischer* is now the head secretary for a prominent specialist in New York City. Also working for a doctor is *Betty Sayles*. We didn't know that "he" had changed his profession. *Rhoda Stafford* has just won the first prize for being the fastest woman typist the world has ever known. Rhoda has been working for society's leading dentist.

Lucille Hooker is busy these days transcribing the doctor's dictation, the doctor being her husband. She is frequently interrupted, we hear, by her two small sons, asking her for a few pointers about baseball.

Flash! Have you seen the new assortment of birthday and "Please-write-to-me cards," designed by Miss *Janet Brown*? She creates special envelopes, too, for the interests of Dartmouth College students.

There's a new game out, called "A questionnaire for doubtful students." It's really fascinating, and no home should be without one of these delightful pastimes, published by *Mary Benner*.

Back to the news of the day. Society will all be on hand next Saturday for the wedding of *Jane Gallup*. They say that she will make her home in Detroit, as her husband-to-be is connected with the Ford Plant. *Marion Greene* will fly from Northampton, leaving her sports shop in the capable hands of *Betty Pfeiffer*, who is vacationing from her duties as a teacher at Smith.

Next week, the N. B. C. network will experiment with a new program, starring many notable debutantes. *Athena Constantine* will be on hand to entertain the radio audience with a few of her blues songs. Miss Constantine is now singing and swinging at the Oak Grove Club, New York's newest night spot. *Dorothy Macomber*, a prominent society columnist, will give a talk entitled "Advice to Sub-Debs." Also to be featured on the program is *Jeannette Jahn*, a noted torch singer.

Here's a bit of news in brief from the

National Defense Club of the United States. *Bette Rogers*, Head of the Tin Foil Savers' Club of Vermont, reports that the Vermonters have taken up smoking and drinking tea, because the tin foil is "Powerful Heavy," as they put it. *Betty McGrath*, captain of the Phillip-Morris-Wrapper Savers' Club of Cincinnati, has been awarded the first prize of \$500, which Betty says will go to National Defense. *Judy Birch*, of Montana, was awarded second prize of \$250, which came all in silver dollars.

Many socialites attended the grand opening of Miss *Janet Jansing's* exclusive shop in Albany last week. Career woman Jansing is really not Miss Jansing any more; she was married several years ago, and is now bringing up three very well-mannered children.

As I was walking by Hovey's in Boston a few weeks ago, I saw debutante *Ruth Kilbourn* offering her services, by demonstrating Singer Sewing Machines. *Betty Poore* is also in Hovey's, selling men's hosiery. Betty was offered a position in Wanamaker's but she just couldn't leave Boston. Mary Haller works in Hovey's too, demonstrating a gadget for peeling radishes.

Here's a special bulletin from *Kay Davis'* "Advice to the Lovelorn" column. She suggests that all forlorn lovers try *Barbara Peterson's* Date Bureau. She guarantees an enjoyable evening, and even furnishes a chauffeur, *Betty Dungan*, who got her experience when she drove Lasell students to and from classes in 1941.

Betty Hertel is spending a few weeks with *Marjorie Karnheim*, who is the admiral of Lake Winnepesaukee's fleet. Betty is busy writing her book entitled "A Spinster's Dream."

The head supervisor of the House Furnishings Department of New England's largest department store, Miss *Peggy Baldwin*, has given up her position to return to Lasell Junior College to teach geology. It is said that Miss Baldwin still can't tell a Windsor chair from a Jacobean.

A bit of news from the girls in white. Miss *Marion Parmer* is now supervisor of the Los Angeles Hospital. She was formerly a medical secretary. In Hartford, Connecticut, *Dorothy Brewer* sits behind the typewriter day after day in the Hartford City Hospital. She has just resigned her position as the secretary to the vice president of the Hartford Accident Insurance Company.

Another secretary who is making good is Miss *Berna Bishop*, who very efficiently keeps the records of her father's store. As Berna says, "the hours are super!"

Tomorrow is to be a very important day in my life for I am to accompany Miss *Ruth Bayles* on a buying trip. Ruth is now the buyer of infants' wear and tiny tots' clothes in Arnold Constable's Long Island store. We are also going to stop at Altman's Fifth Avenue Store to call on Miss *Sue Cairoli*, the new Personnel Director.

Another program which N. B. C. plans to experiment with in the near future is a variety program, with a children's hour as its first feature. *Alice Jean Townsend* will do the sound effects, and *Gene Caney* will describe the current trends in children's clothes. She will also design the clothes worn by the children, in case the officials decide to use television. The second feature will be a cooking school, led by *Virginia Black*. The first guest speaker is to be Miss *Thelma Batchelder*, Director of the Cooking School for Army Camp Cooks.

During the program, a talk on "The Trials and Tribulations of Being a Doctor's Wife" will be given by the former *Louise Kelly*. The last part of the program will be devoted to *Josephine Caruso*, who, capitalizing on her name, is giving concerts in all the small towns of the United States. She will explain the secret of her success.

Two famous dog-raisers, *Jean Bohacket* and *Ann Buckle*, will speak briefly. The Misses Bohacket and Buckle are living on a farm, and devoting their time to their dogs. Their favorites are called Uncle Bud's!

Flash! Here's a new way of making cooking easy! *Louise Johnson* has perfected a way of making records of tried and true recipes. The busy housewife will listen to the record, instead of looking at a cookbook. She is going to sell the idea to *Marcia Clark*, who just doesn't like to waste her valuable time glancing at a book, and then back to her cooking again. *Marcia* is much too busy playing bridge with the expert *Arlene Ryan*.

I imagine that Central Park will be crowded tomorrow, when *Lois Newton* gives a soap-box oration on the subject "Operettas Should Be More Serious." *Ethel Boudreau* will roller skate from her attractive Riverside Drive apartment to hear the speech. *Florence Reynolds* will also deliver an oration, her subject being, "Girls Should Not Have to Sell in Men's Department Stores!"

Well, what have we here? *Beatrice Bennett* has finally been granted her R.N. from the Boston General Hospital. It seems that *Bea* has been spending too much time talking to the patients instead of trying to cure them. She will now take a much-needed vacation, and will drive to St. Lawrence School with *Marian Fitts*, who is very much interested in the college, and not only because her brother is a student there. Also traveling with them will be *Eleanor Flemming*, who is leaving her seven children in the capable hands of *Dorothy Martin*. *Dorothy* received her experience while selling babies' booties and rattles in the infants' wear department of a Plattsburg Department Store.

Mary Murphy, style commentator in Youngstown, Ohio, writes of the visit to Ohio of *Gage Titcomb* and *Virginia Reynolds*. Miss *Titcomb* was recently elected the most attractive girl in the country, and Miss *Reynolds* was voted Miss America of 1951. The column also tells of the exclusive wardrobe of America's best dressed sportswoman, Miss *Jean Cooney*.

Betty Danker, another invaluable woman in the newspaper field, tells of the appearance in Boston of *Lola Carota*, the singer, who was

accompanied by *Mary Cameron*. Miss *Carota* has certainly proven herself capable of hitting many a high C, and *Mary's* playing deserves much praise. *Mary* has herself made numerous personal appearances, having played many pieces of her own composition. Miss *Carota* sang several numbers written by Miss *Gerry Bixby*, who is famous for her original composition of "Theme Song of Farmer Russ."

Have you seen the poster that *Barbara Clawson* just made announcing the opening of the new exclusive specialty shop in Fitchburg, owned and operated by *Shirley Johnson*? Miss *Johnson* is hiring the services of Miss *Ruth Brady*, the tennis champion, to instruct her customers who wish to know more about the fascinating game.

Speaking of instructors for sports, *Dorothy Welch* is now coaching the U. C. L. A. basketball team, and *Gertrude Royce* is there as riding instructor.

Here's a real news item! The circus is to be in town very soon. In fact, it opens on June 11. I saw it a few weeks ago when it was in Washington, and it really is worth seeing. The stars in it are really terrific, and I do mean terrific! For example:

There is a spectacular parachute jump done by *Jane Ansley*. *Nancy Burnham* insists on standing underneath some sort of covering, for she doesn't think that *Jane* knows how to aim her jump. Nor do we!

The flea circus is being run by *Peggy Card*, who recently gave up raising little lizards.

In this circus there is a very, very strong woman, *Nancy Keach*. You should hear her talk! She has a basso profundo voice. The midgets are headed by *Doris Wanless*, and the giants by *Rosemary Ermilio*. The three famous tight rope walkers, *Gertrude List*, *Clara Voorhis*, and good old *Samantha Jane*, are doing very well for themselves in the circus, too, having given up their secretarial work.

The circus is owned by *Mary Kulos* and *Laura Pechilis*, who started out by running a menagerie.

We have reason to believe that *Evelyn Endresen* is trying her best to find a ride to New York to see this great show, but she can find one only as far as Yale. She is planning to hitch-hike the rest of the way. She will be accompanied by *Connie Fulton* who always did like New York for one reason or another. This hitch-hiking plan is very much opposed by *Doretta Garcia*, who heads the Missionary Society of the New England States, and by *Ruth Montgomery* and *Kay Kemp*, who are the President and Vice President of the W. C. T. U.

Also to be traveling is *Alice Herrick*, who is headed for Bowdoin College, where she will take her new position as a house mother. This is the first time that Alice will have seen this college, and she is quite excited about it.

In fact, there are quite a few new house mothers of various colleges. To mention a few: *Mary Sawyer* is at Amherst, and *Frances McBride* at Babson.

The R. H. White Company of Boston is becoming quite popular. Perhaps it is due to the fact that *Lucille Wielandt* is now running the famous Pine Room. *Amelia Yankus* is the cashier, but she always seems to short-change the customers.

A new book of poetry has just been published by *Elaine Sullivan*. It is entitled "Collected Poems of How to Walk to Wellesley Every Night." The title was suggested by her secretary, *Elaine Cook*.

Nancy Maguire became so attached to the South on one of her trips there that she decided to become a tobacco auctioneer. She's doing very well at it, too.

Next Wednesday is a big day in Massachusetts, for on that day the great marathon will take place. *Barbara Gorely*, *Virginia Wilde*, *Phyllis Nicolson*, and *Emily Morley*, are to hasten from Woodland to Bragdon, at Lasell Junior College.

That night, too, Boston will witness the great performance of two very talented persons, *Anita Monge*, who will play *I Found My Date in a Phone Booth*, and *Lorraine Harrison*, who will sing. Anita has been

awarded first prize by Tommy Dorsey for this original composition which she sent in to his program ten years ago. *Lorraine* has been busy traveling from Boston to New York, trying to visit her sisters and do secretarial work at the same time.

Speaking of working, *Virginia Loveday* has been doing her share lately. Besides being a buyer in Chandler's in Boston, a hostess in a very prominent hotel, and writing joke books, she spends her time deep-sea fishing. . . . (In a gold fish bowl.)

Louise Lorion and *Janet Lowe* were seen actually skipping home from their work as salesclerks in Lord and Taylor's the other day. As merchandisers, they are really making good.

Flash! Word comes to us from the police that some fifth columnists have been taken into custody. . . . Five to be exact. They revealed their names as *Fern Drumheller*, *Helen Nickerson*, *Eleanor Pfaff*, *Phyllis Rees*, and *Dorothy Walker*. They were engaged in various practices before they were arrested. Miss Nickerson was an interior decorator, Miss Rees was a taxi driver, and Miss Walker, Miss Pfaff, and Miss Drumheller were occupied in keeping people happy.

Here's a news bulletin from Society's Blue Book. Miss *Marjorie Mead* is to be married soon, the wedding to take place in Boston. She is to buy her gown in *Mae Hartsfield's* exclusive Bridal Shoppe.

Miss *Dorothy Gillis* has written an interesting article on "Interior Decoration." Miss *Mildred Lane* is to publish the article in her magazine, *The New Yorker*.

And one more flash before we close. The great flag-pole contest that has been continuing for two weeks is finally at an end. The winner was *Ilene Derick*, who was presented with a flute.

Well, as the walrus says, "The time has come" . . . The old clock has ticked along too fast, and it's time to sign off. Your roving reporter now takes leave of you, and says, not good-bye, but au revoir!

Rocky Stone

NICKNAMES

Sometimes it seems to me absurd
To name a helpless, squalling child
Cornelius Egbert Smithson, Third,
(Cornelius Egbert sounds so mild)

When all his life he'll probably be
Called Corn or Egg or something short—
Cornelius is too long, you see.
A Mortimer is cut to Mort,

And Edward's Ed or Gum or Fat.
The same thing happens to a girl:
For Margaret's Peg, Patricia's Pat,
And Shirley's shortened down to Shirl.

Most every person that you meet
Is nicknamed to save breath and time.
But I think that we should delete
What some folks do—it is a crime

To *lengthen* names, as,—Ruth to Ruthie,
And John to Johnnie; because I claim
That it would make more sense, in truthie,
To call each person his *real* name.

Pat Kieser

PRÈS DU PARADIS

AYANT reçu une bourse du Gouvernement Italien, consistant d'un prix pour voyage en Italie pour mon progrès dans la langue Italienne, et accompagné de mon père à la fin de Juillet 1937, je me suis embarquée sur le luxueux Conte di Savoia. Vous pouvez imaginer comme j'étais contente que finalement j'allais voir la terre où mes parents sont nés, et de connaître les parents de mon père qui vivent encore en Italie et que je n'avais jamais vus.

C'est difficile de vous donner une description de l'enchantement que j'ai vu le 7 août. Vers midi nous commençons à voir la baie de Napole avec le Vessuve qui était au-dessus de cette ville pleine d'harmonie. Son ciel, le Bleu Méditerranéen, la gaité du peuple, l'enchantement de ses isles, Capri avec son ancien proverbe,—“Veder Napoli e poi Mori,” je voudrais ajouter qu'il faut être à Napole pour vivre. Une autre sensation que je n'oublierai jamais fut quand je voyageais sur le “Diretto Napoli Roma” où j'ai vus le crépuscule du soir. Je n'avais jamais vus un ciel si beau, si

plein de couleurs, que je pensais être dans un autre monde.

Dans “Roma la Città Eterna” on voit partout les indications de “Roma Imperiale” qui unit avec “La Roma Moderna” forment une ville unique. Quand au Vatican, la grande cathédrale de San Pietro, San Paolo, San Giovanni, Santa Maria Maggiore, les grandes places, les grands bâtiments qu'on voit partout: Il Colosseo, Il Phanteon, Il Giannucolo, où se trouve le monument de Garibaldi, et où on peut jouir du panorama de Rome et plusieurs autres monuments des travaux d'art incalculables, ils me font penser:—comment a-t-on pu accumuler dans une seule ville tant de merveilleux chef d'oeuvres?

“Venezia la Regina del Mare” est la ville qui impressionne le plus l'étranger avec ses petites rues, les canaux, et les gondoles caractéristiques. La merveilleuse cathédrale de San Marco et La Piazza, Le Lido, tous laissent un souvenir indélébile dans l'esprit de l'étranger.

Mais ce que j'aime le plus est le peuple. En visitant mes grands-parents dans le petit village de l'Abruzzo, j'ai eu l'opportunité de connaître de plus près ce grand peuple, qui, quoi qu'il n'ait pas de luxe et la commodité qu'on a en Amérique, ont toujours un sourire sur les lèvres et font leurs possibles pour offrir tout ce qu'ils avaient pour que mon séjour avec eux fût plein de joie.

Pour finir je veux citer le grand chanteur, Russe Fedoro Chaliapin, qui dit: “Vivre en Italie veut dire être plus près du Paradis”.

Lola Carota

MEIN KORRESPONDENT IN DER SCHWEIZ

ALS ich den Namen meines Freundes in der Schweiz bekam, hatte ich drei Jahre lang deutsch studiert, schrieb aber meinen ersten Brief auf englisch. Ich wartete ziemlich lange, ehe ich seine schöne Antwort erhielt. Der erste Satz seines Briefes lautete:

"Erschrecken Sie bitte nicht zu sehr, denn mein Brief ist in deutscher Sprache geschrieben." Er hatte noch keine Stunde englisch gehabt.

Seine Art zu schreiben ist entzückend, und ausserdem hilft mir diese Korrespondenz sehr im Gebrauch deutscher Wörter und Grammatik.

Hans wohnt in einem kleinen malerischen schweizerischen Dörflein, das nur vier hundert Einwohner hat; aber er besucht ein Lehrerseminar in Zürich. Er ist neunzehn Jahre alt, scheint aber viel älter und ernster, als unsere gleichaltrigen amerikanischen Jungen. Der Sport interessiert ihn sehr, und er ist ein vortrefflicher Skiläufer.

Als er mir seinen Stundenplan der Schule zeigte, war ich ganz beschämt, denn er studierte sechzehn Fächer. In der Schweiz spricht man die drei Sprachen,—deutsch, französisch, italienisch, die er auch beherrscht. Ausserdem studiert er in der Woche vier Stunden Chemie, je drei Stunden Mathematik, Geschichte, Geographie, je zwei Stunden Physik, Klavier, Turnen, Religion, und eine Stunde Naturkunde, allgemeine Methodik, Singen, Männerchor und Zeichnen.

Jetzt fängt die arme kleine Schweiz an, die Härte des Krieges zu fühlen, aber sie schauen dort der Zukunft mit Vertrauen entgegen. Die Schweizer sind friedliebend, aber dabei geht ihnen ihre Freiheit über alles. Sie haben ein System von Rekrutierung, das mir sehr gut scheint. Jeder Mann muss nur siebzehn Wochen in der Armee dienen. Dann muss er jedes Jahr, bis er fünfundvierzig ist, ein paar Wochen dem Militärdienst widmen. Auf diese Weise kann jeder Junge seine eigene Militärzeit wählen, und es nimmt ihn nicht aus der Schule. Ich führe die Worte von Hans an:

"Krieg! ein schrecklicher Begriff. Unser armseliges Europa ist wiederum von schwarzen Kriegswolken überzogen. Aber mit ruhig festem Blick schaut unser Schweizervolk der Zukunft entgegen. Unsere gesamte Armee steht nun an den Grenzen unsres lieben Vater-

lands, um es zu verteidigen. Möge Gott uns beistehen, dass wir unser Land vor den Schrecknissen des Krieges bewahren können."

Stolz, Vaterlandsliebe und Freiheitsdrang der Schweizer spricht auch aus folgendem Zitat:

"Ich glaube kaum, dass Hitler unser Land an das Grossdeutsche Reich angliedern will. Er hat uns oft versichert, dass er das nicht tun will. Wir sind Schweizer, und keine Deutschen!! Wollte Hitler aber dennoch diesen Frevel begehen, so würde er auf energischen Widerstand stossen. Wir würden uns auch ohne äussere Hilfe bis auf den letzten Blutstropfen wehren. Wir haben eine tüchtige, starke Armee. Jeder Soldat weiss, worum es geht, um unser herrliches Vaterland!!"

Beinahe sechs Monate lang haben die französischen Internierten die Gastfreundschaft der Schweizer genossen, aber diesen März kehrten sie wieder heim. Was diese Zeit der Ruhe und des Friedens in jenem herrlichen Lande für sie bedeutete, das drückt ihr Abschiedslied aus:

"Adieu, O Suisse hospitalière!

Un grand merci pour le séjour.

Adieu petite patrie si fière.

Que ton grand calme règne toujours,

Terre bénie,

Toute fleurie;

Je pars heureux, mais du fond de mon coeur

Adieu, O Suisse hospitalière,

Que ton partage soit le bonheur."

Diese Korrespondenz ist mir sehr lieb und wertvoll, und ich hoffe, dass die nächsten drei Jahre so interessant wie die letzten sein werden.

Janet Miller

DAMON Y PHINTIAS

ESTOS eran dos amigos quienes hace miles de años vivieron en Syracuse. Un día Phintias fué arrestado, llevado a la prisión y condenado a muerte por el rey Dionysius. Como la sentencia debía cumplirse en pocos días y Phintias queria arreglar sus negocios y ver a su familia antes de morir, Damon fué ante el rey y le suplicó que per-

mitiera a Phintias ir a su casa quedándolo en su lugar en la prisión y si Phintias no volvía él moriría en su lugar.

El rey se lo permitió y el prisionero fué a despedirse de su familia dejando a Damon en la prisión. El día de la ejecución Phintias volvió a la cárcel. El rey, conmovido ante este acto de verdadera amistad, lo perdonó y declaró que estos eran verdaderos amigos.

Laura Pechilis

THE COOL WELCOME

JOHN HARSTONE walked along the familiar main street of Middletown. Everything was the same—the dusty path; the old houses with their cupolas, turrets, gingerbread trimming, front stoops, and broad verandas. Even the same curious eyes peered from behind the lace curtains of the bay windows. But one thing was different—no one waved or called a cheery greeting. *There was a time, long ago. . . .*

A group of aged cronies sitting on cracker boxes in front of the post office averted their eyes and stopped talking until Harstone had sullenly passed. Clay Parker bestirred himself and began one of his infrequent speeches.

"That there man," said he pointing a bony finger at the departing figure, "used to be the most respected person in this here town." He paused, sucked on his cornob pipe, blew out a cloud of blue smoke, and resumed.

"But something changed him."

"Well, what happened to Young John?" inquired Eben Dow.

"Well, Eb, Young John's Pa left him the whole store—lock, stock, and barrel. But danged if he didn't sell and move out to Troy. He set up a new store, and got on quite well (according to my cousin Mort who lived there).

"One spring when I went up to Troy to buy a drill for my new well—you recall what trouble I had—I came across Young John's store. Its moniker was Harstone's *Emporium*, written in big gold and red letters across the whole front.

"Young John sat at the desk, his face in

his hands, unashamedly sobbing. The whole room reeked of whiskey. Some was trickling onto the floor.

"I shut the door darn quick, and hied myself off to Mort's to find out the reason for such a change.

"It seemed that he had undersold all competitors, pushing the small fry about him out of business, and making an enemy of every person he met. Now and then he would have a sip to ease the memory of the frigid reception he got from old friends. 'Now and then' became a habit.

"Young John was glutton with power. He felt he couldn't lose. So when a chance came to make more money, he gambled everything he had on the stock market. But this time he lost. He salvaged a few stocks and ran out on his stockholders—mostly old ladies.

"And that there man goin' down the street—the one with grey hair and shiny pants is Young John, almost fifty years later." Clay stopped and yawned; then bid his friends farewell, and strode away to his home.

Elaine Sullivan

BECKONING CALL

When the days were unbearably stifling, yet the schools kept us in Newton, very often in the early evening we would drive to Lake Walton to swim and rest by its shores.

One evening I was swimming in my usual awkward and strenuous fashion, unaware of the swift current, when I decided to rest. I reached for the bottom. There were but icy cavities. I couldn't get my head up to the top. I seemed to be pulled down into a black, freezing pit. I was so petrified that I could only flap my useless arms. A maniac must feel as I did,—a wild, frantic feeling engulfing my senses until I thought that I would burst with these emotions. I believe I had a glimpse of heaven; but some power intervened. I clawed at it and fell exhausted.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death" will not soon lose its significance.

Janice Donovan

PERSONALS



LILLIE R. POTTER, '80
Dean Emeritus

After scanning the unprecedented long list of recent weddings published in the May issue of the LEAVES, we wondered if there would be left other marriage announcements for our Commencement issue. Our doubts were dispelled as the following invitations were received:

Sept. 21, 1940—Ethel Noyes '27 and Mr. John Thomas Hathaway, Jr. at Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Oct. 12—Virginia L. Ripley '34 and Mr. Richard E. Lent. Frances M. Day '34 was a bridesmaid.

Jan. 11, 1941—Priscilla D. Clark '38-'39 and Mr. Irwin William Kresser, Jr. at Waltham, Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. Kresser are now residing at 209 Kelton Street, Suite No. 8, Allston, Massachusetts.

Apr. 6—Bettyanne Hewit '32-'37 and Mr. Ned Kornblite, Jr. at Ouaquaga, New York.

Apr. 19—Anna E. Savage '31 and Mr. Norman L. Mathews, Jr. at Starke, Florida.

Apr. 19—Sansee L. Courtney and Mr. Daniel Webster O'Neil at Appleton, Wisconsin.

The bride is the daughter of Mary Lumbard Courtney '10.

Apr. 26—Florence E. Rawson '38 and Mr. Harry Skitt, Jr. at Abbott Run, Cumberland, Rhode Island. The bride's sister, Eleanor Rawson '41, was maid of honor. Mr. and Mrs. Skitt are living on May Street, Adamsdale, Massachusetts.

Apr. 26—Marjorie A. Rendall '38-'39 and Lieut. Edwin Arthur Fisher, U.S.A., at Watchung, New Jersey.

May 6—Janet Kunkel '38 and Lieut. Edward Allen Fielden, U. S. Army Air Corps, at Fall River, Massachusetts. Lieut. Fielden is stationed at Losey Field, Ponce, Puerto Rico.

May 7—Mary Ann Fishering '38 and Mr. John E. Feuling at Warsaw, Indiana. Their new address is Locust Street, New Hampton, Iowa.

May 10—Marion L. Inglis '31 and Mr. Robert Edwin Leonard at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

May 15—Elaine B. Frank '36 and Mr. Abbott Lieberman.

May 17—Elizabeth Steep '30-'31 and Mr. Raynor Keese Fitzhugh at Detroit, Michigan.

May 22—Margaret Q. Christiansen '39 and Mr. John Charles Marbach at Montclair, New Jersey. Jean Burns '39 was the bride's only attendant. Mr. and Mrs. Marbach are at home at the Saxon Garden Apartments, White Plains, New York.

May 24—June G. Paul '38-'40 and Mr. Charles Milton Strosnider at Boston, Massachusetts.

May 24—Shirley Raymond '39 and Mr. Roy Terrell Fricks at Riverside, Connecticut. Helen L. Hamilton '37-'39 and Anne Brooks '39 were bridesmaids.

May 25—Etta Eldredge '40 and Mr. Albert Nelson Long at South Orleans, Massachusetts.

May 31—Mary-Carolyn Porter '40 and Mr. William Kenniston Morison at Brooklyn, New York. Beverly Burkhardt '40 was

- maid of honor. Mr. and Mrs. Morison's new address is 39 Hancock Street, Boston.
- June 1—Elizabeth Sue Smith '40 and Ensign Walter Bernard Miller, U.S.N., at Honolulu, Hawaii.
- June 4—Wilmine S. Lane '33-'38 and Mr. David Malcom Humphreys at Maryville, Tennessee. The bride is the daughter of Pauline Rowland Lane '11-'12.
- June 7—Jane Arend '36 and Mr. William A. Durbin at Newtonville, Massachusetts.
- June 7—Barbara Wheeler '37 and Mr. John Roger Casey at Worcester, Massachusetts. Louise Tardivel was maid of honor for her classmate. Betty Tracy '37, Lasell roommate of the bride, caught the bouquet. Mr. and Mrs. Casey are in Scotia, New York, at 17 Irving Road.
- June 7—Winifred Cheng '39-'40 and Mr. Henry J. Huang at Auburndale, Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. Huang will live in West China where he will engage in architectural work.
- June 7—Sylvia H. Curtis '39-'40 and Mr. Elliott Earle Babb at West Springfield, Massachusetts. 8 Ludington Court, West Springfield, is their new address.
- June 8—Barbara Lee Williams '39 and Mr. David Kinney Hammell, Jr. at Brookline, Massachusetts. They have moved to 102 Oakdale Road, Roland Park, Baltimore, Maryland.
- June 14—Diana E. Gardner '35 and Mr. Joseph Hocker Wetherell at New York City.
- June 14—Jane R. Leckie '39 and Dr. William F. Tracy at Rome, New York.
- June 14—Jean E. Akeson '41 and Ensign Selwyn H. Graham, U.S.N.
- June 14—Marjorie Hale Morss '41 and Mr. Herbert Raymond Smith at Reading, Massachusetts. Marian Timpson '41 was honor attendant. Marjorie's new address is 34 Chestnut Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.
- June 15—Eleanor C. Skinner '38 and Mr. Frank L. Stoughton at Orleans, Vermont. Betsy Bassett Wells '38 was matron of honor for her classmate. Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton are at home at 2 Laurel Street, West Medford, Massachusetts.
- June 21—Nina M. Williams '35 and Mr. Frederick O. Newton at Upton, Massachusetts.
- June 21—Mildred E. Billinge '37-'38 and Mr. Bernard Francis Eames at Newtonville, Massachusetts. Shirley Johnson '37-'38 was maid of honor, and Dorothy Davis '40, a bridesmaid.
- June 22—Florence Christopoulos '38 and Mr. Charles William Patterson at Boston, Massachusetts. Lasell girls in the bridal party included Cora Pratt '39, Janice Marr '39, Sophia Regas '37, and Sophia Latchis '35.
- June 24—Jacqueline Lander '41 and Dr. Richard Clark Schofield at Arlington, Virginia.
- June 27—Jean Bond '39-'41 and Ensign Guy Nelson Cagle, Jr., U.S.N.R., at Virginia Beach, Virginia. Ensign and Mrs. Cagle are residing at 5505 Alson Drive, Apt. 162-A, Norfolk, Virginia.
- June 28—Muriel Bowlen '31-'33 and Mr. Eric Winton Smith at Annisquam, Massachusetts.
- June 28—Doris E. Connington '37 and Mr. Robert Francis Bryant at West Newton, Massachusetts. Alice Dohoney '37 was a bridesmaid.
- June 28—Meredith Tillotson '37 and Mr. Alden Reynolds Richardson at Hartford, Connecticut. Helen Richardson '39, sister of the bridegroom, and Elizabeth Barton '36-'37 were bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson are living at 101 Manning Boulevard, Albany, New York.
- June 28—Virginia Deal '37 and Mr. Thomas Gardner Allen.
- June 28—Helen Williams '37 and Mr. Wilfred Dresser Hoyt at New Haven, Connecticut. Louise Visel Redfield was matron of honor for her classmate. Frances Stephan '37 and Louise Tardivel '37 were bridesmaids. Helen and her husband are living at 109 Linden Street, New Haven.

June 28—Jean S. Allen '38 and Mr. Kenneth Thomas Bird at Manhasset, New York. The bride is the daughter of Dorothy Stewart Allen '17.

June 28—Charlotte E. Braden '38 and Mr. William Gamble Elliott at Mount Vernon, New York.

June 28—Marjorie Borden '40 and Mr. George Amos Hayward at Auburndale, Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. Hayward are at home at Topsfield Road, Ipswich, Massachusetts.

June 28—Sheila Hand '39-'40 and Mr. Robert W. Ficken at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

July 1—Eldora Kirton '40 and Dr. Leslie S. Jolliffe at Newton Highlands, Massachusetts. Marjorie MacNaught '39 was a member of the bridal party.

July 12—Miss Bettina Hall, of the Lasell faculty, and Mr. John William Harrison at Foxboro, Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison will live in Lewiston, Maine.

July 17—Jean Elizabeth McCutchen and Mr. Robert Wilson Steakley, Jr. at Sherman, Texas. The bride's mother is Gladys Wilkes McCutchen '15.

Engaged: Marjorie E. Parker '25-'27 to Mr. Ronald Everett Simonds; Phyllis Gunn '36 to Mr. Arthur Cecil Rodgers; Norma Hill '36 to Mr. Robert Keith; Persis-Jane Peeples '35-'35 to Mr. Leonard H. Mayfield; Ruth E. Tyacke '37 to Mr. H. Lewis Stone; Martha Sill '38 to Mr. Albert K. Wolstenholme; Virginia Heyer '36-'37 to Ensign William Wallace Perkins, U.S. N.R.; Mary Curtin '39 to Ensign Warren Potter Strong, U.S.N.; Nancy C. Bailey '40 to Mr. Paul Gillingham Black; Rena M. Ridler '40 to Mr. Merrill A. Symonds; Katharine E. Koehler '38-'39 to Dr. Bruno Riemer; Peggy C. Kingsbacher '38-'39 to Mr. Robert S. Cooms.

At our earnest request, Maude Simes Harding, a gifted member of the reunion class of 1906, has shared with us a short excerpt from her poem dedicated "To Those Who Teach." We are moved to introduce the Commence-

ment *Personals* with a brief quotation from this ode, which was written at the request of Dean Wilder, and read first before the closing assembly of the Boston University School of Education:

There are high places on which youth would stand
To look for beauty that hope cannot cheat.
Yours to guide safely the confiding hand;
Yours to build beauty that outlasts defeat.
Teach them to be aware of simple things,
The trifles that make up the living whole;
To tower above the petty and uncouth;
To hear in printed words a voice that sings;
To drink pure water from a wooden bowl;
The sacredness of labor, love, and truth.

Blessings on Charlotte Lesh Coats '12, president of the Indianapolis Lasell Club, for these valuable items. She writes:

"Mary Hoke Lesh '21 has accomplished much this year. As president of the Board of the Indianapolis Orphans' Home, she discovered that the Indiana laws on child welfare were very inadequate and ancient. She had worked in previous years to better the Indianapolis Juvenile Court, and brought about a much-needed reform. This year she was chairman of the Indiana Citizens' Committee on Child Welfare Legislation. This committee wrote and introduced into our legislature three child welfare bills, and brought about their successful passage. Mary also had a very interesting winter as an interviewer for the Gallup Poll. Her older son is a senior at the Taft Preparatory School in Connecticut. Fred, her younger son, is in high school.

"Marjorie Lewis Vonnegat '22 has a gift shop which has been in operation for two years.

"I had a letter from Emily Butterworth Pritchard '12, telling of the passing of her mother, Annie Clark Butterworth '87-'88.

"For several years I have been interested in the Foreign Policy department of the Indianapolis League of Women Voters. My time is pretty well taken with that, the board of the Indianapolis Home for the Aged, and the Public Health Nursing Association."

Barbara Vail Bosworth '05 was prevented

from joining us at Commencement time as she was enjoying a deep-sea fishing trip with her husband, Mr. Bernard D. Bosworth. But she had Lasell in mind as this recent letter from her testifies:

"Here is a bit of news from Mildred Nickerson Hamblen '01-'02, who, with her sister, Bessie Nickerson Tufts '98-'99, is in Leominster closing her father's estate. Mildred is now Mrs. Charles Hamblen of New Rochelle, New York. Her son, Robert, and his two daughters also live in that city. Bess is Mrs. Nathan Tufts, and has a son, Nathan, Jr., in the advertising business in New York. Her younger son, David, was graduated from Amherst College a year ago, and her daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Scheicher, is living in New York. Bess plans to spend the summer months at Manomet Point, Plymouth, where her husband is manager of the Mayflower, one of the popular hotels on the south shore.

"Bess enjoyed a recent meeting with Eva Raymond Perkins '00 and Nellie Horstmeyer MacMaster '98-'99, when they recalled this amusing incident of their Lasell days. A spread had been planned, and Bess was delegated to bring the butter. In their day, students were required to attend Sunday night supper, so while the rest of the girls at Miss Carpenter's table were eating, Bess filled her blouse with butter pats. When all had finished and were waiting for Miss Carpenter to give the signal to leave the table, the latter said, 'We will be excused as soon as Miss Nickerson eats the butter that is in her blouse!'

"Mildred Shaw Curtis's ('09-'10) daughter, Constance, received her cap at the Newton Hospital this June. She attended school in Switzerland before the hostilities in Europe began.

"Miriam Nelson Flanders '05, writes that she is busy with her flower garden. Her son, Charles, is one of the Post Headquarters Military Police at Fort Devens.

"Clara Paton Suhlke '15 and her family will move soon to Kansas City, where the

Dupont Company is opening new plants. We shall miss them."

Barbara's letter closes with reference to Charles Bragdon Wagner's wife and their daughter, Margaret, who has just graduated from Duke University where she was repeatedly cited for fine scholarship. This dear family, to our great joy, took time to visit Lasell.

It was special cause for rejoicing to have with us at Commencement time our Lasell trustee, Josephine Chandler Pierce '96, whose prolonged illness had deprived us for a time of her cheering presence. At our Alumnae meeting Mrs. Pierce was surrounded by a circle of devoted classmates and former college associates. To each member of this elect company Lasell extends a loyal salute.

The May 1st issue of the Brookline (Massachusetts) *Citizen* contained a report of a most successful entertainment given by the women of the Leyden Congregational Church, in which our Harriett G. Scott '94 took an important part. This favorable, unsolicited comment from a friendly reporter pleases us:

"The scene from *Romeo and Juliet* was beautifully enacted. Miss Scott's traditional Juliet costume, her pure diction, and warm sympathetic nature created a charming, not-to-be-forgotten Juliet."

Audrey Slawson Dickinson '38 called recently and gave us a glad surprise. Audrey's husband, Mr. Alfred W. Dickinson, is history instructor and director of athletics at the Adirondack-Florida School. During the winter months the school is in session in Coconut Grove, Florida, and in the fall and spring is in Onchiota, New York, about eighteen miles from Saranac Lake.

During our visit Audrey referred to some worth-while reading she and her husband were enjoying, and spoke modestly of an important voluntary part she has assumed, serving the impressionable group of boys at this preparatory school along the line of character building. We are proud of you, Audrey, and wish you and your husband Godspeed.

While in Florida, Audrey met her roommate, Evelyn Smith '38, of Waukegan, Illinois. Evelyn finished her studies at Sophie Newcomb College this spring.

Still-obedient Betty Oppel Morris '26 kept her word to drop us a line concerning her rather unusual activities. She writes:

"I am tenant advisor for a low-cost housing, slum-clearance project in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Each day is so different from another that I do not have a chance to become bored, for I never know what the problem or situation will be. Sometimes it is to decide between a coat or a cape for little Angie at Easter, or how to stop Mrs. Smith from 'making eyes' at Mrs. Jones's husband. I sponsor a high school girls' club, and have several other activities.

"It was grand being at Lasell again; I wish that reunions were held more often than once in five years. I particularly enjoyed my visit with Rosalie Brightman Rosen '27, and was most interested in hearing about her lecture at Lasell a few weeks ago. [Miss Editha Hadcock of the merchandising department declared that it was one of the most interesting and profitable messages the girls had received this year.—*Ed.*]

"Kindest regards to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow."

Our reluctant farewell had scarcely been said to the last of our departing doves when Madelene Halberstadt Kynor '05-'06 and her most attractive nineteen-year-old daughter arrived from their Pennsylvania home. We naturally and selfishly hoped that the latter was an oncoming Lasell girl, but found that she had already planned to attend Wellesley College. However, she promptly fell in love with Lasell, declaring that she would call it her New England home and report often for a visit.

A few days later we welcomed Emma Perley Dewar '19-'20 of Medford, Massachusetts. It took us some time to be convinced that this young woman was the mother of one of our next year's students. Her husband, Mr. Allan S. Dewar, is a member of the Reconstruction

Finance Corporation. Emma was the guest, recently, of Louise Orr Daniels '18-'23 at her beautiful Winchendon home. She also keeps in friendly touch with Cassie Lindsay Williams '19-'20, who with her husband, Mr. John P. Williams, owns and successfully carries on a sporting camp in Maine.

Lasell's Commencement celebration with Mary Packard Cass '89 absent seemed incomplete, but her excuse, which was unusual, was sufficient. She writes:

"Mary Fiske Cass '16-'17 and I talked of returning for the weekend, but we felt that this year our call to Tilton was imperative. My two sons and daughter were having reunions, and Mary's son, Donald, a senior, represented the fifth generation of the Cass family in the school. Mr. Cass and I worshipped in the old Tilton church and met many of our former friends."

Trustee Irene Sauter Sanford '06 withdrew from her classmates long enough to report that her daughter, Mary Ruth '35-'36, has had a very successful year as head of the 'Toddlers' School, with the encouraging assurance that next year the enrollment will be larger.

Agatha Canfield '31 has certainly had a successful career. Her most recent award is a scholarship to the Norfolk Music School of Yale University for the summer session. The press notice reads:

"This recognition has come as the result of Miss Canfield's musical ability and background. Starting her career majoring in music at Lasell Junior College, she next studied at the New England Conservatory. She is region chairman of the Berkshire Symphonic Festival, and a member of the honorary musical society, Mu Phi Epsilon. Miss Canfield richly deserves this award, and is to be congratulated upon it."

Lasell Junior College wishes for this gifted alumna, uninterrupted future success.

Annie Kendig Peirce '80 is enjoying an unusually happy vacation during the months of June and July as the guest, in turn, of her devoted daughters, Mildred Peirce Fuller '06,

and Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender '04-'06. She again plans to close her summer outing in the inspiring hill country of New Hampshire.

Mary DeWolf '24 writes from the Massachusetts General Hospital where she is in training:

"To be successfully responsible for a life which has been placed unreservedly in one's hands for even a few moments may become a treasured memory. If, by chance, we have been able to aid another through a crisis, we remember that with great satisfaction, for at such a time there is revealed the true significance of hospital training.

"The Massachusetts General Hospital has an ideal setting. It has been designed around a series of quadrangles, green and tree-shaded, and in summer gay with flowers. This intricate plan, which includes many buildings, has the population of a town and the efficiency of an excellently organized army. Here are practiced 'the noble austerities of courage and duty.' One is constantly in the midst of a drama in which the battle is on all sides against Death.

"Probably 'night duty' is as interesting as any. These notes are being written at two-thirty in the morning, as I am watching over a ward while the night nurse is out for a fifteen-minute rest. The head nurse's desk is placed in the center of the room, which is darkened. Around me there are all varieties of breathing, and now and then bedsprings squeak as someone turns heavily. A whisper issues from the darkness, 'Nurse, Nurse!' I pick up my flashlight and tiptoe over to the whisperer's bedside.

"Along with the training in the wards there are classes in many subjects as well as a constant and meticulous training in nursing technique. Excuses, exceptions, the easy dismissal of small failures,—these simply do not exist.

"Does all this seem hard? Perhaps so, but for those who continue, there is the ever-present satisfaction of working, in even a minor way, with those who, despite a destruc-

tive and maddened world, are renewing and rebuilding the lives of their fellow men."

Carrie B. Sessions Dodge '06-'07 was luncheon hostess recently to a group of Alumnae and Old Girls at her home in Douglaston, Long Island. The guests were Louise Paisley '09, Julia DeWitt Read '10, Sophie Mayer March '08, Florence Swartwout Thomassen '09, Louise Morrell Nestler '08, Anna White Drake '06-'07, and Emmeline Guernsey '06-'07. There was a great deal of hearty laughing over the old school pictures which Mrs. Dodge brought out for the occasion, and a most delightful afternoon was enjoyed by all.

Eleanor Ronimus Dawber '32 and her husband were transferred last winter from the United States Marine Hospital at Norfolk, Virginia to that at Mobile, Alabama. Their two-year-old daughter keeps them busy. Eleanor writes that she hopes to have a month at home in Brookline this summer. We trust she may find time to call on her friends at Lasell.

The Boston *Daily Globe* of June 9th published a fine picture of the memorial window unveiled recently at the Tremont Street Methodist Church. It is one of eleven windows commemorating the work of the church branch of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society. Grouped near the window were Miss Clementina Butler '80-'80, the pastor of the church, and two great-grandsons of William F. Warren, founder of Boston University, whose wife, with Miss Butler's mother, was among the seven founders of this missionary movement.

If you are touring through New England this summer, and are looking for an ideal tea room or place to stay overnight, follow the Boston Post Road, Route 20, to the Sudbury Tea House in South Sudbury. Why? Because our efficient graduate, Evelina Perkins '15, is now in charge there. Those of us who have tasted her ability as a chef know that you are running no risk. Success to you, Evelina.

Julia Potter Schmidt, a member of the reunion class of 1906, remained following Commencement for a real visit with her aunt, our

Dean Emeritus, Lillie R. Potter '80, Julia rejoiced over the improvements at Lasell, and greatly appreciated the cordial welcome received from President and Mrs. Winslow as well as from her former teachers and the present members of the faculty.

A surprise glimpse of our beloved former English teacher, Miss Mary P. Witherbee '92, followed immediately after Commencement. Also we had just a glimpse of Miss Edith Eastman, recently of our domestic science department. Both of these valued teachers looked well and happy. One of her former pupils declared after an interview with Miss Witherbee, "I declare, one must still go some in order to keep up with our beloved Miss XYZ."

If Edith Eastman is taking a sabbatical year as a rest cure, she has already accomplished more than one-half of her objective, for she looked the picture of health. Her former associates must know how attractive that picture is.

Catherine Worrall Clarke '28, president of the Washington, D. C. Lasell Club, arrived, as they say "up country," "a day before the fair," just before Commencement. She sends this good advice from her summer camp in Bridgeton, Maine:

"If you are unable to make your return visit to Lasell at the time of any special celebration, go as I went, out of time if not on time, but go! The joy of having the teachers and old friends fuss over you does you a lot of good. I wish I could come at reunion time; in the future I shall plan more wisely."

Catherine's one regret was that she missed seeing Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, who were at their summer retreat in the Vermont woods.

The latest addition to the modernized "Barn" is a sandwich "bar" which opened a few days before Commencement. Here may be bought sandwiches, coffee, ice cream, and soft drinks. Marjorie Furbush '38 is in charge.

We find it difficult to realize the passing of our Gladys Stults Schenck '09-'10 president of the New York Lasell Club. A recent word from her devoted father to President Winslow

brought the sad news to us. We are comforted in the belief that our Gladys, according to the Psalmist's promise, is still watching tenderly over her loved ones.

Two members of the Lasell faculty have recently received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy: Miss Elsa T. Liefeld, from Boston University, and Mr. Russell E. Waitt, from the University of Wisconsin. Our hearty congratulations to these members of our teaching staff.

Miss Liefeld had as luncheon guest at Lasell in June, her cousin, Mrs. Benjamin F. Rungee, of New Haven. Mrs. Rungee was particularly interested in the school as her daughter, Elinor, is secretary to the Zoölogical Department at Yale University, a position previously held by Helen Kowalewski Hamilton '28. Helen is now working in the Personnel Department of the Intercontinent Aircraft Corporation in Florida.

In a personal note from Amy Tuthill Smith '18 of Middlebury College, Vermont, she refers to her visit in Honolulu, Hawaii last spring, as the guest of her sister, Ruth Tuthill Green '13-'14, whose husband, Major Thomas H. Green, is judge advocate of military affairs there. Her loyal closing words please us. She writes: "I loved Honolulu as everyone does. It is very different from New England, but may I add, no lovelier than New England at its best."

Amy's reference to New England at its best reminds us of a cheery note recently received from our Mrs. Marion. She writes from Enfield Centre, New Hampshire that she is enjoying her domestic life, and often takes time to run out onto the porch for a vision of the lovely hills and the nearby friendly trees.

From Barbara Stover Van De Bogert '33 of Bangor, Maine, comes news of Lasell girls in that vicinity. She writes:

"Between my husband's vacation and the care of our new daughter, I have been very busy. Here is a little news which I have been able to gather:

"Lydia Adams '18 is at nearby Green Lake for the summer.

"Charlotte Ryder Hall '08 and Lela Goodall Thornburg '08 each had as her guest recently, their classmate, Grace Emerson Cole, of Peoria, Illinois. Mrs. Cole's older son has just been graduated from Cornell University; his younger brother will enter there this fall.

"Florence Rogers Hilton '05-'08 reports that her son, William, a graduate of Harvard Business School, is now employed by the Remington Arms Company.

"Marian Harvey Higgins '15-'16 just wanted to say that she is the proud mother of four: Leon, aged seventeen; Betty, sixteen; Donald, Jr., fourteen; and Julie, five.

"This past winter, Geraldine Watson '38 has been conducting a morning nursery school, and has been furthering her education by attendance at night school.

"Marguerite Murray Bean's '24 daughter, Nancy, is now eleven years of age.

"Barbara Blaisdell '34 spent the past winter with her family in Clearwater, Florida. They have returned to Rockland for the summer."

Thank you, Barbara, for this fine report. The greatest surprise is the news of the arrival of your own daughter. Lasell extends greetings to you and your dear family.

Some years ago we chanced to be in Munich, Bavaria as the guest of Helen Hunt Jackson's well-known German landlady. Our hostess then told us the story of a serious plague which once visited their city. The older citizens were greatly depressed over this grave affliction. One day a group of fun-loving children were suddenly moved to stage a merry masquerade in the open. Their elders, following in the wake of these voluntary leaders, soon caught the spirit of the little merry-makers, and gradually the depression was dispelled. May we not be comforted in the belief that the advent of these little Lasell children in this, our time of world-wide depression, will teach us to take heart again, as did the followers of the little Bavarian masqueraders of long ago.

March 7, 1941—a daughter, Gladys Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Melnick (Ethelwyn Olmstead '38).

May 1—a daughter, Mary Caroline, to Capt.

and Mrs. Sidney K. Pope (Caroline Jameson '30).

May 1—a daughter, Barbara Condit, to Mr. and Mrs. Werner H. Kessel (Betty Condit '31).

May 5—a daughter, Pamela Tift, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard W. Jeffcock (Jeanette Tift '36).

May 13—a son, Gilbert Lloyd, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert L. Heath (Virginia Hausler '36).

May 19—a daughter Susan, to Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Fletcher (Mabel Gleason '23).

May 19—a daughter, Robin, to Mr. and Mrs. Norwood A. Ball (Natalie-Claire Bodwell '39).

May 20—a son, Charles Ramsdell, to Dr. and Mrs. Charles H. Stauffer (Eleanor Ramsdell '35).

May 22—a daughter, Marcia Florence, to Mr. and Mrs. Denton M. Locke (Barbara Gould '32).

June 1—a daughter, Janice Elisabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman G. Tompkins (Audrey Seeley '36).

June 2—a son to Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur L. Grindell (Dorothy Woodard '38).

June 8—a son, Harry Deets, 3d, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Weller, Jr. (Betty Allenbaugh '35).

June 13—a daughter, Judith Marilyn, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Hasey, Jr. (Pearl Thompson '31).

June 15—a son, Barton, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Roberts (Lorraine Lombard '31).

June 15—a daughter, Mary Lou, to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond C. Grady (Hildreth Weigold '35).

June 16—a daughter, Flora Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Spigner (Carolyn Sproat '32).

June 20—a daughter, Molly Putnam, to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald C. McKinnon (Mary Parker '38).

June 28—a son, Edwin Avery, Jr. to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin A. Brewer (Barbara Ordway '35).

From Barbara King Haskins and the Lasell

Alumnae Office come these items of interest concerning the Class of 1935. May we also refer you to the marriage and birth announcements in the *Personals* of this issue. Betty Allenbaugh Weller has moved from Monroe, Michigan to 19229 Winslow Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio. Barbara Iris Johnson visited "Cindy" King Haskins in Washington, D. C. this spring, but had to fly back to California as her husband was called for duty in the United States Army. Her address is now in care of Lieut. Stanley N. Johnson, Office of Zone Constructing Quartermaster, 74 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Priscilla Winslow's secretarial duties have been transferred to Auburndale for the summer, as her employer, Dr. Walter C. Eells, Executive Secretary of the American Association of Junior Colleges, is giving summer courses at Boston University. Phyllis Stuart Rosebery is in Aberdeen, Maryland, where her husband, Lieut. Hugh Rosebery, is in the Ordnance Department, stationed at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds. "Phyll" mentioned the possibility of their being transferred to Camp Edwards on Cape Cod this June, but we have heard no further word from her in reference to such a change.

Shirley Hanson '38 a graduate *cum laude* of Pembroke College, Class of 1941, is at present working for Jordan Marsh Company, Boston, where she hopes to become a buyer.

Just a suggestion born of this year's experience and presented to you by Lasell's D.D., not Doctor of Divinity, but "Dean Demeritus" (a title innocently given by one of the youngest Lasell girls). Why not follow the example of classmates Betty Van Cleve Giersch and Kathryn Moore Silverwood '26 who came early and gave us the opportunity for some delightful intimate visits before the onrush of Commencement. We were also pleased to welcome the sisters, Helen Hinshaw Toohey '23, and Virginia Hinshaw Wilks '31 accompanied by their dear mother, Mrs. William N. Hinshaw.

A recent message from Gertrude Taggart '97 was shared with us by a member of the

Lasell LEAVES staff. Miss Taggart's interest in her alma mater never fails. She suggests that the LEAVES secure contributions from a wider circle of Alumnae and Old Girls who are engaged in worth-while work. We welcome most heartily this appeal and trust that it will be heeded by many who have hitherto felt too busy, or perhaps modest, to share with their alma mater their programs of successful service.

"Kupe" Shepard '39, alas, very few are in your class when it comes to the art of chirography. Thank you for your legible letter and the good news it contains. "Kupe" writes:

"My business manager gave me a day off so that I might attend River Day at Lasell; I never mean to miss that! My new job is at a submarine plant where I trace plans to be made up into blue prints. It is interesting work, and I am learning a lot about 'subs.' Am also a volunteer Red Cross ambulance driver 'on call.' When I accepted the position I also got a new station wagon. All owners of station wagons in Connecticut must register them and have them in good condition at all times for use as ambulances, just in case they are needed right here in our own country. Sounds awful, doesn't it?"

Yes, "Kupe," it does sound awful, but if you are actually called to service we are quite sure that you will be a brave soldier.

We are most grateful to Louise Tardivel '37 for news of the recent weddings of several of her classmates. "Tap" also informs us that Virginia Tarbell has a new position with Loomis-Sayles, Inc. of Boston, and that June Rogers is off on another trip. After returning from Cuba, June could not resist the temptation to visit the Jacksonville (Florida) Naval Station to see whether or not "things are progressing as they should."

Glennys Preston '37 writes to Helen Beede '21 that she has been promoted to the position of Record Librarian at the Weymouth Hospital. Lasell's congratulations to this former student, and success to Glennys in her responsible work.

Avis D. Ballou '24, now of Boston, and Brenda Copeland Marshall '24, of Wellesley Hills, called one evening early in June, giving us opportunity for a satisfactory visit. Avis has a fine position in a Boston lawyer's office, and Brenda devotes her spare time, which I gather is all her time, to the training of her two dear little children.

Dorothy Meeker Pearce '30 is now at home at 3305 Circle Hill Road, Alexandria, Virginia. She writes, "We're in the Army now! Captain Pearce is with the Engineer Corps at Fort Belvoir. It is a liberal education to live so near Washington, and we love it."

Alberta Taylor '40 is spending the summer at Rockport, Massachusetts where she has a position as dramatic coach for young students at the Hibbard School of Painting. Miss Ruth Spoor, of the Lasell faculty, is instructor in painting and drawing at the same school. Alberta plans to return to New York this fall for another year's training in dramatics.

Only a postal card from Dorothy Cole MacRae '29, but note what welcome news she crowded into a few lines. She writes:

"Wish I had time for a newsy letter, but as we have recently purchased a small farm, we are very busy remodeling, gardening, and moving. On and after June 1st my address will be 205 Elm Street, East Bridgewater, Massachusetts."

A recent discovery! Two of our near neighbors are Mildred Baldwin and Euphemia Burr of the Class of 1940. Euphemia, true to her bent for merchandising, is serving at the Sears Roebuck and Company in Boston. Mildred is specializing in X-ray at the Waltham Hospital. Imperative duties prevented them from attending our Commencement functions, but their enthusiasm over their daily round seems sufficient excuse. Our hearty congratulations to these earnest workers.

In the May issue of the Lasell LEAVES we published the news that Betty Pfeiffer Rivenburgh '38 had moved to Maryland where her husband, Mr. George J. Rivenburgh, Jr., was

ordered for a year's service in the United States Army. Now we learn that he has been transferred to San Francisco, California, and that Betty is accompanying him. She writes from Nebraska, July 1st:

"We left Aberdeen, Maryland on June 26th, and have come 1358 miles. There are ten private cars and sixteen trucks in our convoy. It is a marvelous trip. E.P.R."

Barbara Leonard '42 writes to the *Personals* Editor immediately following Commencement:

"I am to be a counselor this summer at a girls' camp in Connecticut. It will be hard work I know, but fun."

No days off for this energetic Barbara, for she adds: "Tomorrow, June 13th, I begin work in our local gift shop, built by the Visiting Nurses Association. The money raised will be devoted to the poor of the community."

Success to our own little worker who seems to be obsessed with the blessed desire of going about doing good.

The Hawaiian Room of the Hotel Lexington in New York City was the scene recently of a post-commencement reunion, with the classes of 1931, 1932, 1937, and 1938 represented. Those present were Karin Eliasson '31, Ethelyn Whitney Lenzi '32, Agnes Metcalf Cannon '32, Irene Dreissigacker Brimlow '37, Jane Eldridge '37, Rae Salisbury '37, Jane Sherman '38, and Alice Seidler '38. Karin has returned to the Black Estate in Ellsworth, Maine after two weeks' vacation in New York and Washington. Rae is working for her father in New York, and is living at 518 Siwanoy Place, Pelham Manor.

Thank you, Patty Kieser '40, for these news items concerning members of the Class of 1941:

Dorothy Macomber has a secretarial position at the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company in Boston. Dorothy Stone is working in the Bridal Shop at R. H. White Company, and Virginia Loveday is trying out for the place of assistant buyer in Chandler's

corset department. Gene Caney is doing secretarial work in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Gene Grant moved to Los Angeles, California in July, but we have not yet received her new address. Shirley House is secretary to a Hartford, Connecticut, doctor.

Representing the Class of 1941 at Lasell are Janet Miller, who is working in the main office, and Ellen Marron, who has taken Ruth Fulton's ('40) place as student dietitian.

In nearby Springfield, Massachusetts, Lucille Hooker '41 and Arlene Ryan '41 are in the office of Dr. Thomas F. Reilly. From Marjorie Midgeley '40 we learn that Ruth Mattson '41 and her classmate, Lorraine Harrison, have secretarial positions.

Virginia Black '41 plans to attend Western Maryland College next fall. Alice Herrick '41 and Jean Bohacket '41 are awaiting word of their acceptance at Mount Holyoke. Their Lasell classmate, Diane de Castro '39-'40, has just completed her sophomore year there. Wellesley College is the destination of Barbara Gorely '41.

At the end of the summer, Muriel Topping '40-'41 will move to California where she will attend Whittier College.

Polly Donovan '40-'41 has been accepted as a student for next year at Forsyth Dental School in Boston.

Julia Rankin '40, having completed her hospital training in dietetics, is now serving in the Travelers Insurance Company in Hartford, Connecticut. Two other Lasell girls, Betty Wallace '39 and Betty Allyn '40, are associated with her in the same firm. Julia modestly adds, "I am only one of hundreds who are doing clerical work here, but I enjoy it, even though it is far removed from dietetics." She sends special greetings to Dean Margaret Rand and Miss Irwin, and hopes to revisit Lasell during her October vacation. News of the Class of 1939:

Sarajenny Annis, instructor in modern dancing at Lasell, is studying at the University of Ohio this summer.

Louisa Clark will be married on September 6th to Mr. Elliot Hersey Harrington. She has

transferred her duties as life secretary of the class to Meredith Prue.

Among Lasell graduates receiving degrees from senior colleges in June was Katharine C. Farnell, who completed her studies at Syracuse University.

Jean Michael's new address is 14 Sunset Road, Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Allison Starr continues to enjoy her work at M.I.T. where she has a secretarial position formerly held by Priscilla Winslow '35.

1906

Among the joyous aftermaths of our annual commencement are the appreciated messages received from members of the reunion classes. We are moved to share with former faculty members and students this note of appreciation from Maude Simes Harding '06:

"In spite of, or perhaps because of, the definite warning sent by Betty Schmidt to her mother's (Julia Potter Schmidt '06) former Dean that the doves observing their 35th reunion were not wholly white, the Class of '06 reached a safe and happy conclusion to three inspiring days.

"Of twenty-eight living members out of thirty-two (the largest class to graduate up to 1906), eleven responded to the Alumnae roll call, and ten others sent loyal messages.

"'06 marked this special milestone by making a gift of \$120 to the Caroline Carpenter Building Fund. The Class as a whole had decided that the presentation was a suitable gesture of aged dignity, for the first time omitting the 'stunt' which has characterized all previous reunions. Mildred Peirce Fuller, with her usual resourcefulness, surprised everyone, her own class most of all, by reading some vital sentences from Edward Yeoman's Shackled Youth (the book Maude Simes Harding calls the teacher's Bible), and by following them with a poem, 'To Those Who Teach,' written by a member of the '06 class [Maude Simes Harding] herself a teacher. Thus Mildred preserves tradition.

"Those who were privileged to enjoy their 35th home-coming give most sincere thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow for their heartwarm-

ing hospitality, and deeply appreciate the manifold kindnesses of all those whose friendliness contributed to our happy three days at Hawthorne House.

"The members of the class present were: *Ruth Marston Arey, Edith Anthony Carlow, Mildred Peirce Fuller, Maude Simes Harding, Elsie Young Hayden, Helen Carter Marcy, Dorothea Turner Moulton, Mary Florine Thielens Peeples '04-'05, Katharine Washburn Peyser, Irene Sauter Sanford, and Julia Potter Schmidt.*"

1911

Eight members of the Class of 1911 returned to Lasell in June for their thirtieth reunion, and all felt that it was a great success. We enjoyed meeting after all these years, and I must add that we are a fairly young-looking crowd. Of course that is from our point of view. Our one regret was that there was not a larger group this year to enjoy the good times and the very lovely events of the school Commencement week. Compared with a torchlight procession of twenty-six seniors, as ours was in 1911, one-hundred and eighty-nine this year made quite a parade through the streets of Auburndale.

Our class, as far as we know, has thirty children, twenty-one boys and nine girls, and we have among us two grandmothers, *Eleanor Warner Salisbury* and *Vera Bradley Findlay*. Vera is the mother of *Frances Findlay Douglass '35*.

Individually we have had many thrills from these class children, but the real thrillers come from the pen of our *Kathleen Knight*, author of *Death Blew Out the Match, Rendezvous with the Past*, and others. The scene of many of these stories is laid near Kathleen's summer home at Marthas Vineyard.

We also have in our class the Alumnae Treasurer, *Marion Ordway Corley*, who has spent long hours during the last ten years cataloguing and keeping in touch with Alumnae and Old Girls of Lasell.

In the service of our country we are well represented. *Helen Sayre Jacobs'* husband is Major Richard C. Jacobs of the United States

Army. *Beth Bradow Trumbull's* youngest son graduated from Annapolis last February, and is now stationed in Hawaii. *Grace Harvey Hall's* son is in the Army, and five other sons of 1911 (those of *Doris Powers Thomas, Alma Dumn DeLong, Marion Ordway Corley*, and two of *Edna MacDonald Sheppard*) are to enter the service this summer.

Members of the class present at reunion were: *Vera Bradley Findlay, Beth Bradow Trumbull, Grace Harvey Hall, Kathleen Knight, Doris Powers Thomas, Helen Sayre Jacobs, Marion Ordway Corley, and Margaret Jones Clemen*. We had very interesting letters and pictures from the following who were unable to be with us: *Georgia Boswell McEwen, Ruth Butterworth Kiley, Nina Dietz Harwood, Alma Dumn DeLong, Edna Kauffman Binder, Edna MacDonald Sheppard, Marion Shinn, Helen Thirkield Cook, and Eleanor Warner Salisbury*.

Submitted by *Margaret Jones Clemen*,
Secretary

We still have a thrilling recollection of the Class of 1911 as, at our Alumnae Meeting, they sang their hit song under the lively leadership of *Margaret Jones Clemen*, herself a living example of "once a Lasell girl, always a Lasell girl."

1916

The Class of 1916 turned out, sixteen strong, for its twenty-fifth reunion. The majority of our group remained two or three days, some even longer, renewing old acquaintances and seeing the latest improvements of the Lasell campus.

Our class luncheon was held at the Old House, Lexington, with thirteen members present. To distinguish ourselves from the other reunioning Alumnae, we wore blue arm bands and white sailor hats with gold bands and a '16 on the visor.

At the Alumnae Meeting later, we donated \$65 to the Building Fund. This amount was contributed by all present, and added to by a check from *Peg Bradley Reed*. *Laura Hale Gorton* wrote two songs which we sang at the meeting. A quotation from one of them

will give you some idea of their "serious" content:

"Now our hair is streaked with silver
Our 'black doves' have turned to gray,
And we've lost our 'girlish figure'
And they say we've had our day,
But our hearts are ever loyal
To Lasell—it's stood the test,
And to our '16 classmates
The finest and the best."

We sang our Class-Night processional and the old Lasell song, "One Friday Night" at the Alumnae Dinner in Bragdon. At the 1941 Class Night exercises we were proud to learn that the sophomore class president, who led the torch-light procession, was *Elizabeth Gorton '43*, daughter of our *Laura Hale Gorton*.

Those present for the reunion were: *Orissa M. Attwill, Gertrude Baker Davis, Adolphia Garnsey Ettinger, Pauline Ray Hamilton, Helen Gerrett, Gertrude Dana Gordon, Laura Hale Gorton, Maude Hayden Keeney, Mabel Straker Kimball, Mildred Cloake Norbury, Ruth Winslow Payne, Frances Reese, Elizabeth Richards, Frances Harris Spear, Alma Sweet, and Marion Griffin Wolcott.*

The secretary received letters from the following girls who regretted that they were unable to be with us: *Mildred Ordway Brachana, Charlotte Whiting Clark, Dorothy Crane Crowe, Dorothy Brate McPherrin, Marguerite Hall Perkins, Peg Bradley Reed, Carol Rice, Helen Merrill Strohecker.*

Submitted by *Mabel Straker Kimball*,
Secretary

1921

Twenty-two members of the Class of 1921 returned for their reunion in June. Two of our members flew to Boston for the occasion: *Ruth Rawlings Mott*, by clipper from Bermuda; and *Lillian Doane Maddigan*, from Buffalo, just in time for the luncheon. *Nell West Haigh, Dorothy Ely Bigham, and Margaret Loomis Collingwood* arrived on Wednesday before Commencement, so as not to miss any of the week's activities. *Viola Sullivan* and *Marion Stevens White* brought their daughters.

Mary King Sargent, Ruth Smith Coates, and Helen L. Beede planned the luncheon, which was held at the Abner Wheeler House in Framingham. The roll was called, and anyone who had news of absent members gave it at this time. There were also several letters and telegrams from classmates who were unable to be with us.

We collected \$30 for the Building Fund, which was later presented at the Alumnae Meeting.

Those who returned were: *Doris Bissett Bryant, Marion Bodwell Leshner, Pauline Butler Poore, Lillian Doane Maddigan, Dorothy Ely Bigham, Lillian D. Fontaine, Helen Johnson Olow, Mary King Sargent, Mildred Knight Norwood, Helen Linnehan Loud, Margaret Loomis Collingwood, Florence Mann Matzek, Hazel Morrison, Gladys Rathbone Moran, Ruth Rawlings Mott, Ruth Smith Coates, Marion Stevens White* and her daughter, *Janet, Esther H. Story, Viola Sullivan* and her daughter, *Viola, Grace Warner Strickland, Nell West Haigh, and Helen L. Beede.*

Submitted by *Helen L. Beede '21*

1926

The fifteenth reunion of the Class of 1926 found the following faithful members present to wear the "Gold and Purple": *Virginia Amos Farrington, Margaret Beck Hamlin, Marion Brown Schlosser, Constance Ely Coddington, Mariesta Howland Bloom, Edith Jensen White, Elizabeth S. Kimball, Kathryn Moore Silverwood, Elizabeth Oppel Morris, Margaret Rix Cole, Madeleine Roth White, Doris Schumaker Walthers, Churilla Silliman Greer, Elizabeth Van Cleve Giersch, and Louise Deane White '24-'25.*

Having dinner at Miss Wright's table 'midst songs and chatter brought back our younger years. Our true ages returned, however, as we saw *Nancy Cole*, our twelve-year-old Class Baby, daughter of "*Peg*" *Rix Cole*, seated at the head of the table. We asked "*Liz*" *Kimball* to be our song leader in the absence of "*Dot*" *Denney Edge*, who had sent a long letter of remembrances from her lovely new

home in Catonsville, Maryland.

Twelve of our class met earlier at the Wellesley Inn for a delicious luncheon, with photographs of all our precious offspring accompanying each course. *Mariesta* and "*Rothie*", our writing and traveling members, brought many interesting bits of news from far and wide. After luncheon the class divided, some gathering at *Margaret Beck Hamlin's* home in Weston, and others attending the Alumnae meeting at Winslow Hall.

Many cards of regret from absent members also contained the hope that the senders would be with us five years hence, when we meet for our twentieth reunion. It was such fun to get together this June; may the delegation be much larger in 1946.

Submitted by *Doris Schumaker Walthers*,
Secretary

1931

From thirty-one loyal *Thirty-One-ers* came messages on our happy tenth-reunion day, June 7th. Would that the original ninety-one classmates could have been present, but to the dear absentees, we who were gathered together send fond remembrances and a sincere request that you start planning now for that eventful day five years hence—the fifteenth reunion of the Class of '31.

"Long distance" honors go to *Ruth Bee Doble* who joined us all the way from Burlingame, California, and to *Virginia Hinshaw Wilks*, who left two charming future Lasell daughters in Kansas City, Missouri, to be with the class. *Lenna Lyon Hill*, *Dorothy Peabody Leshner*, and *Betty Dawn Kirkland* traveled to Auburndale together from Philadelphia suburbs. Also attending the luncheon at the Woodland Country Club, over which our loyal, jovial class advisor, Miss Mac, reigned supreme, were *Elizabeth Leach* of Brockton, Massachusetts; *Helen Schaack*, who came from New Jersey for the occasion; *Virginia Riley Richardson*, as jolly as ever, with our same choice May Queen, *Ruth Rohe Smith*; ever-faithful *Clara Giarla Albiani*; and dear *Sarah Fletchall*, who is making such a success with her weaving and artistic ability.

Miriam Abbe and *Dotha Warner Jope*, looking just exactly the same, came up from Connecticut, while striking *Mary O'Connell* and *Eunice Stack* flew from New York for the gala activities. *Virginia Whitman Cheney* came down from New Hampshire. *Dot Curtis* took time off from her duties at Massachusetts General Hospital where she is in training, and *Alma Mackinnon Dobra* and *Ruth Gerry Means*, each bringing pictures of their two beautiful children, completed our happy group.

Thank you, dear *Lorraine Lombard Roberts*, *Betty Condit Kessel*, *Pearl Thompson Hasey*, *Ruth Tilley*, *Mildred Fischer Langworthy*, *Dorothy Brown Kessel*, *Louise Houlihan*, *Helen Sears*, *Agatha Canfield*, *Mary Frances Wynkoop Benjamin*, and *Frances Long Bunnell*, for your loyal messages. We appreciated them very much indeed, and assure you that we sent special thoughts your way. May we always keep alive the spirit of '31, and our devotion to Lasell.

Submitted by *Karin I. Eliasson*, Secretary
1936

The Class of 1936 held its fifth-reunion luncheon at the Hotel Myles Standish in Boston on Saturday, June 7th. About forty-five members (over fifty per cent of our graduates) were present, and as an extra treat we had with us our Class Baby, *Phyllis Marcia Wells*, daughter of *Charlotte Littlefield Wells*. Our special thanks to *Carolyn Young Cate*, Class Secretary, and her committee, who planned the successful luncheon.

During a business meeting following the luncheon the class decided to start a fund to be used for a gift to the college at our twenty-fifth reunion.

Those members who were unable to be with us for the Alumnae Dinner at Bragdon Hall on Saturday night will be relieved to hear that the cap-and-gown song, '36's biggest reunion worry, was well done (*we think*). After the dinner our party dwindled, but about fifteen members "took over" the Barn (You would hardly know the place,—and the new chairs are so comfortable!) for an hour's

"hen" session before the class-night exercises began. There were twice as many graduates as in "our day," and the processional was most impressive. They have outgrown the tent now; class night is really in the open. Those of you who have not seen it as it is today should plan to be on hand next June for our sixth reunion.

The following news of individual graduate and non-graduate members of the class was gathered at the luncheon, from questionnaires, and from the Lasell Alumnae Office records. Please continue to send the *Personals* Editor these interesting items.

Selma Amdur attended the Juilliard School of Music after her graduation from Lasell. "Tommy" returned to Auburndale for the June fete in 1940, but we have heard no news from her since. What about it, "Tommy?"

Betty Anderson is a graduate of Simmons College, Class of 1938, and when last heard from was doing advertising work. Her sister, *Lura*, is a member of the Class of 1942 at Lasell.

Marjorie Andrews is secretary to the manager of the Boston office of Harriman Ripley & Co., Inc.

Jane Arend was married on June 7th to Mr. William A. Durbin, and is now living at 92 Auburn Street, Auburndale. Before her marriage Jane had a position with the Boston Better Business Bureau.

Marjorie Bassett MacMillan is now living in Auburndale. Her address—150 Melrose Street. She has been secretary at the Warren Steam Pump Company since 1938.

Hildegard Baxter Perkins is spending the summer at Christmas Cove, Maine. She holds B.S. and M.A. degrees from Boston University, and has used her training in teaching high school in Glastonbury, Connecticut, as well as in writing short stories, two of which were published this spring.

Orange Center Road, Orange, Connecticut is the address of *Mary Bradley Brixner*. She is secretary to an architect.

Marian Burke Walkey lives on High Street, South Hanson, Massachusetts, a few doors

away from *Marjorie Reed Colley*. Her son, John Robert, is just three years of age. Marian spoke of a visit, last winter, from *Ethel Kline '34-'37* of West Hollywood, California.

Ruth Buswell Isaacson has moved to 30 Hammond Street, Waltham, Massachusetts. Since her graduation from Lasell she has been a teller in the Waltham Savings Bank.

Until a year ago *Dorothea Eburne MacLeod* was employed as clerk in the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company. She has a daughter, Carol Elaine, born in December, 1939.

Our class president, *Dorothy Ell*, is a graduate of DePauw University, and last year received her M.Ed. from Boston University.

Mary Elton Remig is the mother of a son, William John, aged two-and-one-half years. We watch his progress on the Christmas cards which "Luke" and "Russ" send each year.

Frances Fairbrother is at home in Newport, Vermont.

Dorothy Forbes Keller has one son, Richard, born in 1938.

A recent marriage, reported in this issue, is that of *Elaine Frank Lieberman*. Elaine received her A.B. degree from Pembroke College in 1939, and then did graduate work at Brown University. She has been assistant in Spoken English at Pembroke, substitute teacher in Providence Secondary Schools, and is now giving private lessons in corrective speech.

Marjorie Gove is secretary to one of the officers of the Syracuse (New York) Trust Company.

Phyllis Gunn announced her engagement this spring to Mr. Arthur C. Rodgers of Norwood, Massachusetts. No date has been set for the wedding. At present "Phyl" is secretary and assistant to Dr. P. H. Thompson of Boston.

171 Watertown Street, Watertown, Massachusetts is the address of *Virginia Hall Thuerer*. She has one daughter, Charlotte Ann, born in October, 1938. Her sister, *Charlotte Hall '42*, has recently been elected editor-in-chief of the 1942 *Lamp*.

Virginia Hausler Heath moved recently to 220 West Ridley Avenue, Norwood, Pennsylvania. She is the mother of two children, a girl and a boy.

Priscilla Hay Nichols is living in Springfield, Massachusetts at 111 Spring Street. Before her marriage last year, "Cilla" was medical secretary at the Massachusetts Women's Hospital in Boston.

Norma Hill's address is 774 Front Street, South Weymouth, Massachusetts. She recently announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Keith of Worcester. Mr. Keith is an electrical engineer with the American Steel and Wire Company.

Natalie Hutchison Germaine has one daughter, Karin Louise.

Virginia Johnston Loud is working in the Personal Book Shop, with headquarters in Boston. Her daughter, Barbara, is four years old.

Jeanne Keck is continuing her work in music, having received a B.M. degree from Grinnell College, Iowa, and an M.M. from the American Conservatory in Chicago.

The correct address of *Elizabeth Kenney* is the Hotel Sheraton, 37th and Lexington, New York City.

Arlene Kerr Levine's baby son, Samuel David, will be two years old this August.

Ruth Keyes Wendt writes that she and her husband, Mr. Henry Wendt, Jr., expect to be transferred soon from their present location, in California, to New York.

Ruth Koritzky Kopelman is the mother of the class twins. At our reunion luncheon we enjoyed seeing pictures of these two little boys.

Marian Mapes is using her training at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, in her present position as apprentice to an interior decorator.

Laura Morse is another of our senior-college graduates, having received her B.S. degree from Massachusetts State College in 1938.

Mary Murray is a graduate dietitian of the Cambridge Hospital, and is home economist for the Cranberry Canners Inc. of Hanson, Massachusetts. For further details of her work we refer you to the May 1941 issue of the LEAVES.

Margaret Page Reuben is living at 89-38 164th Street, Jamaica, Long Island, New York, and is a stenographer for the Civic Concert Service, Inc. of Radio City.

Last winter *Dorothy Paine* wrote that she was busy doing occupational therapy work with acutely ill mental patients in a Rhode Island Hospital. "Dot" received her training at the Boston School of Occupational Therapy.

Margaret Pearl Ide announces that after October 1st her address will be Danville, Vermont. "Peg" has one son, John Timothy, better known as "Tim."

Elizabeth Pomeroy Craft, daughter of *Orra Hammond Pomeroy '12*, is a graduate of DePauw University, and also attended the Massachusetts General Hospital Training School. Her present address is 4450 Marcy Lane, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Another classmate with a sister attending Lasell is *Muriel Ray Hunt*. Her sister, *Marjorie Ray*, will be a senior next year. Muriel's husband, Mr. Charles G. Hunt, Jr., is an engineer, and they move about the country a good deal.

Margaret Raymond became Mrs. Donald C. McLean in June, 1940. "Peg" and her husband are now residing at 368 Court Street, North Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Marjorie Reed Colley's husband, Mr. George A. Colley, Jr., is an officer in the Colley Cranberry Company of Plymouth, Massachusetts, and also owns three cranberry bogs. "Midge" acts as secretary.

Janice Remig is sewing instructor for the Singer Sewing Machine Company in Manchester, Connecticut.

Helen Saul Foxwell's address is 60 Grove Street, Pawtucket, Rhode Island. She is secretary to the treasurer of Queen Valley Fabrics, Inc. of Pawtucket.

Secretary for her husband is *Ruth Schierenbeck Tambllyn*. Mr. Tambllyn is in the insurance business in California.

Adelaide Seeley Bull sent a picture of her two little girls, Audrey Elizabeth and Nancy Louise. "Dale" and her family are spending the summer at Lakeside Farm, Hampstead,

New Hampshire. Her sister, *Audrey Seeley Tompkins*, holds a B.S. degree from Boston University. Her baby daughter, *Janice Elisabeth*, was born June 1st of this year.

Janice Shutter Grant writes that her husband, Mr. Robert C. Grant, Jr., has been transferred to New Jersey, so that they expect to be moving soon. We await word of their new address.

Jeanne Siff Tapper attended Jackson College after leaving Lasell.

Audrey E. Smith is assistant treasurer of Heath Tree Service, Inc. of Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Esther Sosman has been Alumnae Secretary at Lasell since her graduation from Mount Holyoke College in 1939.

Caro Stevenson is doing stenographic work in Boston.

Ethel Stroud Hartley sent a charming group picture of her husband, the Rev. Robert W. Hartley, herself, and their small son, Robert, Jr. Their address is 2936 East 19th Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Marjorie Stuart Olds is secretary to Dean Margaret Rand at Lasell.

257 East Street, Pittsfield, Massachusetts is the address of *Hilda Theurer*. She is Home-Service Director of the Gas Company there.

Jeanette Tift Jeffcock is living at 19 Elizabeth Street, Baldwinsville, New York. Her baby daughter, Pamela, was born on May 5th.

Deborah York is vacationing in Harwichport, Cape Cod, but may return to M.I.T. as secretary later this summer.

Carolyn Young Cate moved in June to 16 Kendal Terrace, Newton, Massachusetts. She has a position in the Antique Shop at the Hotel Vendome, Boston.

And here is news of some Ex-'36ers:

June Austin was married to Mr. David H. Meek on June 3, 1939. They have one daughter, Constance. June studied at the New England Conservatory after leaving Lasell.

Irene Eisenman Bernstein has an A.B. degree from Jackson College. She taught piano privately after her graduation in 1938.

Joan Kennedy, of Buffalo, New York, has

a secretarial position with patent attorneys. She is active in the Buffalo Lasell Club, which, she declares, "is small, but a lot of fun."

Gertrude Leo-Wolf is clerk in a law firm.

Helen Meyercord became Mrs. Wesley E. Gwatin on June 5, 1939. Her address is now 1767 Main Street, Glastonbury, Connecticut. Helen attended Wellesley College, from which she received her degree in 1938. Until her marriage she did copy-writing work in the advertising department of Marshall Field Company in Chicago.

Another wedding of which we have just received word is that of *Gladys Packer* and Mr. Seymour H. Sugarman on November 5, 1939. Mr. and Mrs. Sugarman are now residing at 957 Maple Street, Fall River, Massachusetts. Gladys attended Pembroke College and Allen's Business School.

Persis-Jane Peebles, daughter of *Mary Thielen Peebles* '04-'05, has announced her engagement to Mr. Leonard H. Mayfield. Mr. Mayfield is a graduate of the University of Illinois. The wedding will take place next fall.

Agnes Savage's new address is 683 Asylum Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut. "Aggie" is an alumna of Connecticut College for Women, and at present has a secretarial position in a law firm.

Adelaide Shaffer is secretary to the vice president of a large New York corporation. She is also doing some interesting work in dramatics as State Chairman of Drama and Little Theatre Tournament for the New Jersey Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mary Smith Auten, a graduate of Mount Holyoke College, Class of 1938, is living in Somerville, New Jersey.

Submitted by the Class of 1936.

1940

The Class of 1940 enjoyed a most successful first reunion at the Woodland Country Club, where our luncheon was attended by sixty-four members. It was wonderful to return to Lasell and to see our classmates, even though many of us living near Boston and New York have been getting together each month for social meetings in those cities.

During the course of the luncheon, *Carol Birdseye*, in the absence of *Mary Mathews*, led us in a few songs. Our class advisor, *Karin Eliasson '31*, was attending her tenth reunion in an adjoining room, and she and her classmates sang their cap-and-gown song for us. We replied with our own.

Congratulations to *Doris Barry Ponte*, the proud mother of our class baby, *Judith Barry Ponte*. True to tradition, we awarded her the 1940 class banner.

It is almost impossible to keep some of us away from Lasell. There are three from the class working there now: "*Pussy*" *Aiken* in the main office, and "*Midge*" *Midgeley* and *Priscilla Sleeper* as Miss Beede's latest "*Pink Slippers*" in the Registrar's office. *Ruth Fulton*, who was at Lasell during the school year as student dietitian, is now at the Windmill Tea Room, West Yarmouth, Massachusetts for the summer. "*Patty*" *Kieser*, post-graduate student at Lasell during 1940-41, has the position of secretary to the Editor of *Playtime*, magazine of New England sports. *Barbara Furbush*, *Olive Gallupe*, *Eleanor Goulding*, and *Mildred Baldwin* are working at the Waltham Hospital. *Barbara* is to be married this August. Other girls in hospital work are: *Jane Hutchison*, Children's Hospital, Boston; *Thelma Doyle*, across the street from Jane, at the Boston Lying-In; *Sybil Lander*, Winchester Hospital; and *Marjorie Millard* at the Lahey Clinic. *Helen Bogert*, *Ann Hathaway*, and *Edith MacDonald* are medical secretaries, while *Bevely Burkhardt* is doing laboratory work in Holyoke. "*Pat*" *Hitchcock* and *Phyllis Burns* are in training at the Massachusetts General Hospital. The *Friedstein* twins, *Adele* and *Estelle* are at the Boston City Hospital, and *Janet Clark* is doing secretarial work at the Newington Home for Crippled Children, in Newington, Connecticut.

A few words about our married set. We were all very happy to see Mrs. Edgar Haselton, Jr., the former *Barbara Kimball*, and Mrs. Edward Disbrow, Jr., better known as *Lucille LaRiviere*. Both these girls announced their engagements at the Mother-

Daughter luncheon a year ago. Mrs. Kenneth Porter (*Elizabeth Jewett*), Mrs. Albert J. Drummond (*Doris Twitchell*), Mrs. Dana B. Poole (*Mary E. Hutchinson*), and Mrs. Kenneth Williams (*Evelyn Spaulding*) were unable to be present. *Mary-Carolyn Porter Morrison* (Mrs. William K.) was also among the missing, as she was on her honeymoon at Virginia Beach. Two recent marriages are those of *Marjorie Borden* and Mr. George Amos Hayward in June, and of *Eldora Kirton* and Dr. Leslie S. Jolliffe on July 1st. Dr. and Mrs. Jolliffe will live in Toronto, Canada.

The following girls are doing merchandising work, for which they were so well trained at Lasell: *Jeanetta Annis* is a pattern fitter for many of the leading stores in Toledo, Ohio. *Esther Bennett*, *Euphemia Burr*, *Dorothy Service*, and *Shirley Van Wart* are working in stores in or near Boston. *Barbara Wilband* and *Dorothea Mayer* are both doing well on the Executive Squad of Filene's, Boston. *Dorothy Arnold* is working in the Outlet, Providence, Rhode Island. *Betty Birkland* is employed by the Boston Store, Erie, Pennsylvania, as assistant to the Personnel Director. *Ruth Bowman* is in Filene's Falmouth store. *Mary Mathews* and *Edith Forman* are at Stern's New York. *Mary Mauroyen* has her own store in Claremont, New Hampshire. *Elizabeth Phillips* and *Jane Picker* have been working in McCreery's, New York; *Elizabeth Shugar* at Bamberger's, Newark, New Jersey; and *Dorothy Paddock* at Macy's, New York.

A number of girls in the class have been doing advanced work in colleges and vocational schools. *Nancy Bailey* spent last year studying for a degree in secretarial science at Boston University. Incidentally, "Bail" just announced her engagement to Paul Black of Salamanca, New York. *Dorothy Davis* is at Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School; *Cynthia Davis*, at the University of Michigan; *Elizabeth Davis*, Boston University; *Elizabeth English*, Boston University School of Music; *Barbara Donahue*, Forsyth Dental School; *Jane Jones*, College of William and Mary, School of Store Service; *Dorothy Dayton*, Boston Uni-

versity; Jayne Jewett, Bouvé-Boston School of Physical Education; Lois Linehan, Connecticut College for Women; and Catherine Buckley, Colby College, majoring in English.

Submitted by Priscilla Sleeper, Secretary
Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

The annual meeting of Lasell Alumnae, Inc. was held at Winslow Hall on Saturday, June 7, 1941. President Mildred Strain Nutter '17 called the meeting to order at 3:50 P. M., and extended a word of welcome to the Alumnae and Old Girls in attendance.

The minutes of the 1940 meeting were read by the Recording Secretary, and were accepted as read. Antoinette Meritt Smith '23, Corresponding Secretary, gave her report which was also accepted.

The Treasurer of Lasell Alumnae, Inc., Marion Ordway Corley '11, read a summary of receipts and expenditures for the year. A total of \$760 was received in alumnae dues, and the building fund has risen to over \$4,000.

The report of the auditor, Mr. Walter R. Amesbury, was read by the Recording Secretary, and placed on file with the audited statements of income and expense.

Lillian G. Bethel '28, chairman of the Scholarship Committee, announced that there had been no requests from students for loans for the coming year, but that some may be expected during the summer. A gift of \$25 from the Scholarship Fund has been made to a worthy self-help student.

Mrs. Nutter reported that a sum of about \$100 had been cleared for the Endowment Fund from the Garden Party on June 6, 1941. She urged any present who were not members of the association to join. The membership this year is larger than ever before, but has not yet reached the \$1000 goal. Life Memberships may be purchased in five consecutive payments of \$5 each.

Thanks were extended by Mrs. Nutter to Dr. Winslow and Miss Rand for their splendid co-operation with the Alumnae in planning the spring social at the college in May.

This new venture proved so successful that it will be held again in 1942.

Priscilla Alden Wolfe '19, Chairman of the Nominating Committee, presented the following slate of officers for the year 1941-42:

President: Mildred Strain Nutter '17.

Vice President: Hester Shaw '28.

Recording Secretary: Esther Sosman '36.

Corresponding Secretary: Dorothy Barnard '24.

Treasurer: Marion Ordway Corley '11.

Assistant Treasurer: Antoinette Meritt Smith '23.

Directors: Helen Perry '24, Ruth Hayden '20, Louise Tardivel '37.

Nominating Committee: Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22, Elizabeth Robinson Breed '06-'07, Karin Eliasson '31.

Scholarship Committee: Lillian G. Bethel '28, Chairman.

Nominee for the unfinished term of the late Edna Thurston Follett '03-'07 as a member of the Lasell Junior College Corporation: Olive Chase Mayo '19.

The Secretary was instructed to cast one ballot for the slate of officers as nominated.

Maude Simes Harding '06, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, paid tender tribute to the late members of Lasell Alumnae, Inc., whose names have been added to the Roll of Honor:

Life Members: Lydia F. Wadhams '83, Nellie Kidder Cutter '84, Mabel Case Viot '94.

Active Members: Isabel Treadwell Towne '68, up to this time the oldest living graduate. The matron of the home at which Mrs. Towne was residing wrote of her, "It was a privilege to have her in our home."; Lucy E. Curtis '80; Edna Dice Robertson '92; Emma White Welles '90-'93; Mary Hagar Lyman Durand '90-'91; Alice Burr Williams '93-'93; Mary Gurley Betts '99-'00; Edna Thurston Follett '03-'07; Gladys Stults Schenck '09-'10, President of the New York Lasell Club; Josephine Curry Warren '23; Mary M. Lippitt '38.

Mrs. Nutter recommended the following

Alumnae for election to the Lasell Junior College Corporation their term of service to be for five years commencing in October following their election:

Evelina Perkins '15

Antoinette Meritt Smith '23

Mildred Strain Nutter '17

Special mention was made by our Alumnae President of the loyal service of Helen Perry '24, Priscilla Alden Wolfe '19, Marion Ordway Corley '11, Lillian G. Bethel '28, and Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker '22.

An invitation to all Lasell girls to attend its annual meeting on the last Saturday in January was extended by the New York Lasell Club through its President, Helen Schaack '31. Mary Thielens Peeples '04-'05 brought greetings from the Chicago Alumnae, and spoke of a recent meeting of their active South Shore group. Montreal, Canada was represented by Annie Mae Pinkham Allyn '02, who extended a cordial invitation to all who came into her vicinity to call.

Dr. Winslow spoke of this year's large graduating class of 189 girls, and noted that it took the classes of 1854 through 1883 to give us a total of 184 graduates. Lasell has had a good year, and is already ahead of last year's enrollment. President Winslow asked Massachusetts Alumnae and Old Girls to get in touch with their senators immediately, urging them to vote against a bill before the State Senate which would prevent junior colleges' awarding degrees. Thirty-seven states, the Canal Zone, and the District of Columbia have given such permission to junior colleges. These cover a total of 176 institutions, few of which have the age or experience which Lasell has.

Words of welcome to returning Alumnae and Old Girls were extended by Mrs. Winslow, Dean Emeritus Lillie R. Potter '80, and Dean Margaret Rand. We were pleased to have them with us and to hear their words of greeting.

Laura Hale Gorton '16 took charge of the roll call of reunion classes, which began with

the Class of 1880 as represented by Lillie R. Potter '80, and continued to the Class of 1940, which had nearly seventy members at its luncheon. Gifts were received from the Classes of 1906 (\$120), 1916 (\$65), and 1921 (\$30).

Just before the close of the meeting Dr. Winslow announced another gift which he had received from an alumna a few weeks before. It is a check for \$2500 toward a new recitation building, so much needed by the college at this time.

The Corresponding Secretary was instructed to send words of greeting from the Alumnae to outstanding members of the association and of the faculty, who were unable to be with us at this time.

The meeting was adjourned at 5:45 P. M. with the singing of the alma mater.

Submitted by Esther B. Sosman '36

Recording Secretary

Congratulations to the Class of 1941, which has 100% membership in Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

WORCESTER COUNTY LASELL CLUB

The Worcester County Lasell Club gave a tea for the undergraduates at the Quinsigamond Boat Club on June 14th. We were most happy to have as our guest, Dean Emeritus Lillie R. Potter '80. Among the new members present from the 1941 graduating class were Shirley Johnson, of Fitchburg, and Norma Forsberg and Rosemary Ermilio, of Worcester.

Our annual Spring Formal was held June 20th at the Marlboro Country Club. Betty Lloyd '38, chairman, was ably assisted by Barbara McNaught Smith '35-'36, Helen Forsberg '39, Margaret Smith '39, Sylvia Brown '31-'32, and Dorothy Inett Taylor '30. The dance concluded our activities until the fall. The club has had a most successful year.

Marion Kingdon Farnum '29 has been elected president for the 1941-42 term, to succeed Eleanor Ramsdell Stauffer '35.

Submitted by Eleanor Parmer '39, Secretary



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